

1760 — THE *Interpretation*
VISIONS 1767

James OF *Boston*
Dom Francisco de Quevedo
VILLEGAS,
Knight of the Order
OF
St JAMES.

Made English by R. L.

The Seventh Edition Corrected.

LONDON,

Printed for *H. Herringman*, and are to be sold
by *Francis Saunders* at the *Blue-Anchor*,
in the Lower Walk of the New-
Exchange, 1689.

TO THE
READERS,
Gentle and Simple.

T*His Preface is merely
for Fashion-sake, to fill
a space, and please the
Stationer, who says 'tis
neither usual nor handsome, to leap
immediately from the Title-Page
to the Matter. So that in short, a
Preface ye have, together with the
Reason of it, both under One: but
as to the Ordinary Mode and Pre-
tence of Prefaces, the Translator
desires to be excus'd. For he makes
a Conscience of a Lye, and it were
a damn'd one, to tell ye, that he has*

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P R E F A C E.

publish'd This, either to gratifie the importunity of Friends, or to Oblige the Publick, or for any other Reason of a Hundred, that are commonly given in excuse of Scribling. Not but that he loves his Friends, as well as any man, and has taken their Opinion along with him. Nor but that he loves the Publick too (as many a man does a Coy Mistress that has made his heart ake) But to pass from what had no effect upon him in this Publication, to that which over-rul'd him in it. It was pure Spite. For he has had hard Measure among the Physicians, the Lawyers, the Women, &c. And Don Francisco de Quevedo, in English Revenges him upon all his Enemies. For it is a Satyre, that taxes Corruption of Manners, in all sorts and degrees of people, without

PREFACE.

out reflecting upon particular States
or Persons. It is full of Sharpness
and Morality; and has found so
good Entertainment in the World, that
it wanted only English of being ba-
ptiz'd into all Christian Langua-
ges.

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THE
FIRST VISION
OF THE

Algouazil (or Catchpole) posselt.

GOing t'other day to hear
Mass at a Convent in this
Town, the Door it seems
was shut, and a World of
people pressing and beg-
ing to get in. Upon enquiry, *What the
matter was*; they told me of a *Demoniac*
to be *exorcised*; or (*dispossest*) which
made me put in for one, to see the
Ceremony: though to little purpose;
for when I had half smothered my self
in the throng, I was e'en glad to get
out again, and bethink my self of my
Lodging. Upon my way homeward,
at the streets end, it was my for-
tune to meet a familiar Friend of mine
of the same Convent; who told me o-
ver again what I had heard before, and
taking notice of my curiosity, bad me
B follow

follow him; which I did, till with his *Passe-par-tout* he brought me through a little back-door into the Church, and so into the Vestry: where we saw a wretched kind of a dog-look'd fellow with a Tippet about his neck, as ill order'd as you'd wish; his Cloaths all in tatters, his hands bound behind him, roaring and tearing after a most hideous manner. Bless me, quoth I, (crossing my self) what spectacle have we here? This (said the good Father who was to do the Feat) is a man that's posselt with an *Evil Spirit*. *That's a damn'd iye* (with respect of the Company, cryed the Devil that tormented him) for this is not a *man* posselt with a *Devil*, but a *Devil* posselt with a *man*; and therefore you should do well to have a care what you say, for it is most evident, both by the Question and Answer, that you are but a Company of Sots. You are to understand that we *Devils* never enter into the body of a *Catchpole*, but by force, and in spight of our hearts; and therefore to speak properly, you are to say, This is a *Devil Catchpol'd*, and not a *Catchpole bedevil'd*.

And,

And, to give you your Due, *you men* can deal better with *us Devils*, than with the *Catchpoles*, for *we fly from the Cross*, whereas *They make use of it*, for a Cloak for their Villany.

But though we differ thus in our *Humours*, we hold a very fair Correspondence in our *Offices*: If *we* draw men into Judgment and Condemnation, so do the *Catchpoles*; *we* pray for an encrease of *wickedness* in the World, so do *they*; nay and more zealously than *we*, for it is their *livelihood*, and *we* do it only for company: And in this the *Catchpoles* are worse than the *Devils*; they prey upon their own Kind, and worry one another. For *our parts*, *we* are *Angels* still, though *black ones*, and were turn'd into *Devils* only for aspiring into an equality with our Maker: whereas *the very corruption of mankind is the generation of a Catchpole*. So that, my good Father, your labour is but lost in plying this Wretch with *Reliques*; for you may as soon redeem a Soul from Hell, as a Prey out of his Clutches. In fine, your *Algonazils* (or *Catchpoles*) and your *Devils* are both of an Order, only your

Catchpole-Devils wear Shoes and Stockings, and we go *barefoot* after the Fashion of this Reverend Father; and (to deal plainly) have a very hard time on't.

I was not a little surpriz'd to find the *Devil* so great a Sophister, but all this notwithstanding, the holy man went on with his *Exorcism*, and to stop the Spirits mouth, wash'd his Face with a little *Holy Water*, which made the *Demoniac* ten times madder than before, and set him a yelping so horridly, that it deafened the Company, and made the very ground under us to tremble. And now, says he, you may, perchance, imagine this extravagance to be the effect of your *Holy Water*; but let me tell you, that meer *Water* it self would have done the same thing; for your *Catchpole* hates nothing in this World like *Water*, [especially that of a *Grays-Inn Pump*.] But to conclude, They are so reprobated a sort of *Christians*, that they have quitted even the very name of *Misins*, by which they were formerly known, for that of *Algonazils*; the latter being of *Pagan Extraction*, and more sutable to their manners.

Come,

Come, come, says the Father, there is no ear, no credit to be given to this Villain, set but his tongue at liberty, and you shall have him fall foul upon the Government, and the Ministers of Justice for keeping the World in Order and suppressing wickedness, because it spoils his market. No more chopping of Logick, good Mr. *Conjurer*, says the *Devil*: for there's more in't than you are aware of; but if you'll do a poor *Devil* a good office, give me my dispatch out of this accursed *Algouazil*; for I am a *Devil*, you must know, of *Reputation* and *Quality*, and shall never be able to endure the gibes and affronts will be put upon me at my return to Hell, for having kept this Rascal Company. All in good time, said the *Father*, thou shalt have thy discharge; that is to say, in pity to this miserable Creature, and not for thy own sake. But tell me now, what makes thee torment him thus? Nothing in the World, quoth the *Devil*, but a contest betwixt him and me, which was the greater *Devil* of the two.

The *Conjurer* did not at all relish these wild and malicious replies; but to

me the Dialogue was extream pleasant, especially being by this time a little familiarized with the *Devil*. Upon which confidence, my *Good Father*, said I; here are none but Friends; and I may speak to you as my *Confessour*, and the Confident of all the secrets of my Soul; I have a great mind with your leave, to ask the *Devil* a few Questions, and who knows but a man may be the better for his Answers, though perchance contrary to his intention? Keep him only in the interim from tormenting this poor Creature. The *Conjuror* granted my request, and the *Spirit* went on with his babble. Well, says he smiling, the *Devil* shall never want a friend at Court, so long as there's a *Poet* within the Walls, And indeed the Poets do us many a good turn, both by Pimping and otherwise; but if *you*, said he, should not be kind to us, (looking upon me) you'll be thought very ungrateful, considering the honour of your entertainment now in Hell. I ask't him then what store of Poets they had: whole swarms, says the *Devil*; so many, that we have been forc'd to make more
room

room for them: Nor is there any thing in nature so pleasant as a Poet in the first Year of his *Probation*; he comes ye laden forsooth, with Letters of Recommendation to our Superiours, and enquires very gravely for *Charon*, *Cerberus*, *Rhadamanthus*, *Æacus*, *Minos*.

Well, said I, but what's their punishment (for I began now to make the Poets case my own.) Their punishments, quoth the *Devil*, are many, and suited to the Trade they drive. Some are condemn'd to hear other mens works: (and this is the Plague of the *Fidlers* too) We have others that are in for a thousand years, and yet still poring upon some old Stanza's they have made of Jealousie. Some again are beating their fore-heads with the palms of their hands, and even boring their very Noses with hot Irons; in Rage that they cannot come to a resolution, whether they shall say *Face* or *Visage*; whether they shall write *Jayl* or *Gaol*; whether *Cony* or *Cunny*, because it comes from *Cuniculus*, a *Rabbit*. Others are biting their Nails to the quick, and at their Wits end for a Rhime to *Chimney*, and

dozing up and down in a browne study, till they drop into some hole at last, and give us trouble enough to get them out again. But they that suffer the most, and fare the worst, are your Comick Poets for whoring so many Queens and Princesses upon the Stage, and coupling Ladies of Honour with Lacqueys, and Noblemen with common Strumpets, in the winding up of their Plays; and for giving the Bastinado to *Alexander* and *Julius Caesar* in their Interludes and Farces. Now be it known to you, that we do not lodge these with other Poets but with *Petty-Foggers* and *Attorneys*, as common Dealers in the Mystery of Shifting, Shuffling, Forging, and Cheating: And now for the discipline of Hell, you are to understand we have incomparable *Harbingers*, and *Quarter-Masters*: insomuch that let them come in whole *Carravans*, as it happen'd t'other day, every man is in his quarter before you can say *what's this*?

There came to us several Tradesmen; the first of them a poor Rogue, that had made profession of *drawing the long Bow*; and him we were about to put

put among the Armorsers, but one of the Company moved and carried it, that since he was so good at Draughts, he might be sent to the *Clerks* and *Scriveners*, a sort of people that will fit you with *Draughts*, good and bad, of all sorts and sizes, and to all purposes. Another called himself a *Cutter*, we ask'd him whether in *Wood* or *Stone*? Neither, said he, but in *Cloth* and *Stuffe*: (*Anglicè a Taylor*) and him we turn'd over to those that were in for *Detraction* and *Calumny*, and for cutting large Thongs out of other mens *Leather*. There was a *Blind Fellow* would fain have been among the *Poets*, but (for likeness sake) we quartered him among the *Lovers*. After him, came a *Sexton*, or (as he stiled himself) a *Burrier of the Dead*: and then a *Cook* that was troubled in Conscience for putting off *Cats* for *Hares*: These were dispatch'd away to the *Pastry-men*. A matter of half a dozen *Crack-brain'd Fools* we dispos'd of among the *Astrologers* and *Alchymists*. In the number, there was one notorious *Murtherer*, and him we pack'd away to the Gentlemen of

of the Faculty, the *Physicians*. The *Broken Merchants* we kennel'd with *Judas* for making ill Bargains. *Corrupt Ministers* and *Magistrates*, with the *Thief* on the left hand. The *Embroylers* of *Affairs*, and the *Water-bearers* take up with the *Vintners*; and the *Brokers* with the *Jews*. Upon the whole matter, the policy of Hell is admirable, where every man has his place according to his condition.

As I remember (said I) you were speaking e'en now concerning *Lovers*. Pray tell me, have you many of them in your Dominions? I ask, because I am my self a little subject to the itch of *Love* as well as *Poetry*. *Love* (says the Devil) is like a great spot of Oyl, that diffuses it self every where, and consequently Hell cannot but be sufficiently stockt with that sort of *Vermine*. But let me tell you now, we have several sorts of *Lovers*; some dote upon *themselves*; other upon their *Pelf*; these upon their own *Discourses*; those upon their own *Actions*; and once in an Age perchance, comes a fellow that dotes upon his *own Wife*; but this is very rare,

rate, for the Jades commonly bring their Husbands to repentance, and then the Devil may throw his Cap at them. But above all, for sport (if there can be any in Hell) commend me to those *Gawdy Monsieurs*, who by the variety of Colours and Ribbands they wear (*Favours* as they call them) one would swear, were only dress'd up for a *Sample*, or kind of *Inventory* of all the *Gew-Gaws* that are to be had for love or money at the *Mercers*. Others you shall have so overcharged with *Peruque*, that you'd hardly know the *Head* of a *Cavalier*, from the ordinary *Block* of a *Tire-Woman*: And some again you'd take for *Carriers*, by their Packets and Bundles of *Love-Letters*: which being made combustible by the fire, and flame they treat of, we are so thrifty, as to employ upon the finding of their own Tails, for the saving of better Fuel. But, oh! the pleasant postures of the Maiden-Lover, when he is upon the practice of the *Gentle Leere*, and embracing the Air for his Mistress! Others we have that are condemn'd for *Feeling*, and yet never come to the *Touch*: These pass for a
kind

kind of *Buffoon Pretenders*, ever upon the *Vigil*, but never arrive at the *Festival*. Some again have lost themselves with *Judas* for a *Kiss*.

One Story lower is the abode of *contented Cuckolds*; a nasty poisonous place, and strewed all over with the *Horns of Rams and Bulls*, &c. Now these are so well read in *Women*, and know their destiny so well before-hand, that they never so much as trouble their heads for the matter. Ye come next to the *Admirers of old Women*; and these are wretches of so depraved an Appetite, that if they were not kept tyed up, and in Chains, they'd horse the very *Devils themselves*, and put *Barabbas* to his Trumps to defend his Buttocks: For the Truth is, whatever you may think of a Devil, he passes with them for a very *Adonis* or *Narcissus*.

So much for your Curiosity; a word now for your Instruction. If you would make an interest in Hell, you must give over that Roguy way you have got of abusing the *Devils* in your Shews, Pictures, and Emblemes: One while forsooth we are Painted with *Claws* or *Talons*,

lons, like *Eagles* or *Griffons*. Another while we are drest up with *Tails*, like so many Hackney-Jades with their *Fly-flaps*: And now and then you shall see a *Devil* with a *Coxcomb*. Now I will not deny, but some of us may indeed be very well taken for *Hermites*, and *Philosophers*. If you can help us in this point, do; and we shall be ready to do ye one good turn for another. I was asking *Michael Angelo* here a while ago, why he drew the Devils in his Great Piece of the *Last Judgment*, with so many *Monkey Faces*, and *Jack-Pudding Postures*. His answer was, That he follow'd his Fancy, without any Malice in the World, for as then he had never seen any Devils; nor (indeed) did he believe that there were any; but he has now learn'd the contrary to his cost. There's another thing too we take extremely ill, which is, that in your ordinary Discourses, ye are out with your Purse presently to every Rascal, and calling of him *Devil*. As for Example, Do you see how this *Devil* of a *Taylor* has spoil'd my Suit? how the *Devil* has made me wait? how this *Devil* has couzen'd me, &c. which

is

is very ill done, and no small disparagement to our Quality, to be rank'd with *Taylor*s: A Company of Slaves, that serve us in Hell only for Brushwood; and they are fain to beg hard to be admitted at all: though I confess they have *possession* on their sides, and *Custom*, which is another *Law*. Being in *possession* of Theft, and *stolen Goods*, they make much more Conscience of keeping your *Stuffs*, than your *Holy-Days*, grumbling and domineering at every turn, if they have not the same respect with the Children of the Family. Ye have another trick too of giving every thing to the Devil, that displeases ye, which we cannot but take very unkindly. *The Devil take thee*, says one: A goodly present I warrant ye; but the *Devil* hath somewhat else to do, than to take and carry away all that's given him; if they'll come of themselves, let them come and welcome. Another gives that whelp of a *Lacquey* to the *Devil*; but the *Devil* will none of your *Lacqueys*, he thanks ye for your love; a pack of Rogues that are commonly worse than Devils, and to say the truth, they are
good

good neither roast nor sodden. I give that *Italian* to the *Devil*, cries a third; thank you for nothing; For ye shall have an *Italian* will chuse the *Devil* himself, and take him by the Nose like Mustard. Some again will be giving a *Spaniard* to the *Devil*; but he has been so cruel where ever he has got footing, that we had rather have his Room than his Company, and make a Present to the *Grand Seignior* of his *Nutmegs*.

Here the *Devil* stopt, and in the same instant there happened a slight scuffle, betwixt a couple of conceited Coxcombs, which should go foremost; I turn'd to see the matter, and cast my Eye upon a certain *Tax-gatherer*, that had undone a Friend of mine: And in some sort to revenge my self of this *Ass* in a *Lion's Skin*, I ask'd the *Devil*, whether they had not of that sort of Blood-Suckers among the rest, in their Dominions (an Informing, Projecting Generation of men, and the very bane of a Kingdom.) You know little (says he) if you do not know these Vermine to be the right Heirs of Perdition, and that they claim Hell for their Inheritance:

tance; and yet we are now e'en upon the point of discarding them, for they are so pragmatical and ungrateful, there's no enduring of them. They are at this present in Consultation about an *Impost* upon the *High-way* to *Hell*; and indeed payments run so high already, and are so likely to encrease too, that 'tis much fear'd in the end, we shall quite lose our Trading and Commerce. But if ever they come to put this in Execution, we shall be so bold as to treat them next bout, to the Tune of *Fortune my Foe*, &c. And make them cool their heels on the wrong side of the Door, which will be worse than *Hell* to them, for it leaves them no retreat, being expell'd *Paradise*, and *Purgatory* already. This Race of Vipers, said I, will never be quiet, till they tax the way to Heaven it self. Oh, quoth the *Devil*, that had been done long since, if they had found the Play worth the Candles: but they have had a Factor abroad now these half-score years, that's glad to wipe his Nose on his sleeve still, for want of a Handkercher. But these new impositions, upon what, I pray ye, do they intend

intend to levy them? For that (quoth the *Devil*) there's a Gentleman of the Trade at your Elbow can tell you all; pointing to my old Friend the Publican. This drew the Eyes of the whole Company upon him, and put him so damn'dly out of Countenance, that he pluckt down his Hat over his Face, clapt his Tail between his Legs, and went his way; with which we were all of us well enough pleas'd, and then the *Devil* went on. Well (says the *Devil*, and laugh) my Voucher is departed, ye see; but I think I can say as much to this point as himself. The Impositions now to be set on foot, are upon *bare-neck'd Ladies*, *Patches*, *Mole Skins*, *Spanish Paper*, and all the *Mundus Muliebris* more than what is necessary and decent; upon your *Tour à la Mode*, and *Treating Houses*; Excess in *Apparel*, *Collations*, *Rich Furniture*, your *Cheating* and *Blaspheming Gaming Ordinaries*, and in general, upon whatsoever serves to advance our Empire; so that without a Friend at Court, or some good Magistrate to help us out at a dead lift, and stick to us, we may e'en

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put up our Pipes, and you'll find *Hell* a very *Desert*. Well, said I, and methinks I see nothing in all this, but what is very reasonable; for to what end serves it but to corrupt good manners, stir up ill Appetites, provoke and encourage all sorts of Debauchery, destroy all that is good and Honourable in humane Society, and chalk out, in effect, the ready way to the Devil?

But you said something e'en now of Magistrates, I hope (said I) there are no *Judges* in *Hell*. You may as well imagine (cry'd the Spirit) that there are no *Devils* there, for let me tell you, (my Friend) your *corrupt Judges* are the great *Spanners* that supply our Lake; for what are those Millions of *Catchpoles*, *Proctors*, *Attorneys*, *Clerks*, *Barristers*, that come sailing to us every day in *Shoals*, but the *Fry* of such *Judges*! Nay sometimes, in a lucky year, for *cheating*, *forging*, and *forswearing*, we can hardly find Casks to pack them in.

From hence now, (quoth I) would you infer, that there's no *Justice* upon the face of the Earth. Very right (quoth the

the Devil) for *Astræa* (which is the same thing) is fled long since to Heaven. Do ye not know the story? No. (said I) Then (quoth the Devil) mind me, and I'll tell ye it.

Once upon a time, *Truth* and *Justice* came together to take up their Quarters upon the earth, but the one being naked, and the other very severe and plain dealing, they could not meet with any body that would receive them. At last, when they had wander'd a long time like Vagabonds in the open Air; *Truth* was glad to take up her Lodging with a *Mute*; and *Justice*, perceiving that though her *name* was much used for a Cloak to Knavery, yet that she her self was in no Esteem, took up a Resolution of returning to Heaven: and in order to her Journey, she bad adieu in the first place to all Courts, Palaces, and great Cities; and went into the Countrey, where she met with some few poor simple Cottagers, that gave her entertainment; but *Malice* and *Persecution* found her out in the end, and she was banished thence too. She presented her self in many places, and people askt her *what she was*? She

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answer'd them, *Justice*; for she would not lye for the matter. *Justice?* (cry'd they) *(he is a stranger to us; tell her here's nothing for her, and shut the door.* Upon these repulses, she took wing, and away she went to Heaven, hardly leaving so much as the bare print of her footsteps behind her. Her name however is not yet forgotten, and she's pictured with a Sceptre in her hand, and is still called *Justice*; but call her what ye will, she makes as good a Fire in Hell as a *Taylor*; and for sleight of Hand, puts down all the Giltts, Sharpers, Picklocks and Trepanners in the World: to say the truth, *Avarice* is grown to that height, that men employ all the faculties of Soul and Body, to *Rob*, and *Deceive*. The Leacher, does not he steal away the Honour of his Mistress? (though with her consent) The *Attorney* pick your Pockets, and shew you a Law for't; The *Comedian* get your Money and your Time, with reciting other mens Labours; The *Lower* cozens you with his Eyes; The *Eloquent* with his Tongue; The *Valiant* with his Arms; The *Musician* with his Voice,
and

and Fingers; The *Astrologer* with his Calculations; The *Apothecary* with Sickness and Health; The *Surgeon* with Blood; and the *Physician* with Death it self; And in some sort or other, they are all Cheats; but the *Catchpole* (in the name of *Justice*) abuses you with his *whole Man*; He watches you with his *Eyes*; follows you with his *Feet*; seizes with his *Hands*; accuses with his *Tongue*; and in fine, put in your *Litany*, From *Catchpoles* as well as *Devils*, *Libera nos, Domine.*

But how comes it (said I) that you have not coupled the *Women* with the *Thieves*? for they are both of a Trade. Not a word of *Women* as you love me; (quoth the Devil) for we are so tired out with their importunities, so deaf'd with the *Eternal Clack* of their *Tongues*, that we start at the very thought of them. And to say the truth, *Hell* were no ill *Winter Quarter*, if it were not so overstock'd with that sort of *Cattel*. Since the Death of the *Witch of Endor*, it has been all their business to improve themselves in subtilty and malice, and to set us together

by the Ears among our selves. Nay, some of them are confident enough to tell us to our Teeth, that when we have done our worst, they'll give us a *Rowland* for our *Oliver*. Only this comfort we have, that they are a cheaper plague to *Us* than they are to *You*; for we have no *Exchanges*, *Hide-Parks*, *Bassets*, or *Lotteries* in our Territories.

You are well stored then with *Women*, I see, but of which have you most, (said I) *Handsome*, or *Ill-favour'd*? Oh, of the *Ill-favour'd* six for one (quoth the Devil) For your *Beauties* can never want *Gallants* to lay their Appetites; and many of them when they come at last to have their Bellies full, e'en give over the sport, Repent and 'scape: Whereas no body will touch the *Ill-favour'd* without a pair of Tongs; and for want of Water to quench the Fire, they come to us such *Skeletons*, that they are enough to affright the Devil himself. For they are most commonly old, and accompany their last groans with a Curse upon the younger that are to survive them. I carried away one t'other day of threescore and ten, that

I took just in the nick, as she was upon a certain Exercise to remove obstructions: and when I came to land her; Alas for the poor Woman! What a terrible Fit had she got of the *Toothach*! When upon search, the Devil a Tooth had she left in her head, only she belied her Chops to save her Credit.

You have exceedingly satisfied me (said I) in all your answers; but pray'e once again, what store of *Beggars* have ye in Hell? *Poor People*, I mean. *Poor* (quoth the Devil) who are they? Those (said I) that have no Possessions in the World: How can that be, (quoth he) that those should be damn'd, that have nothing in the World? when Men are only damn'd for cleaving to't. And briefly I find none of their names in our Books, which is no wonder; for he that hath nothing to trust to, shall be left by the Devil himself in time of need. To deal plainly with you, where have you greater Devils, than your Flatterers, false Friends, lewd Company, envious Persons, than a Son, a Brother, or a Relation that lies in wait for your Life, to

get your Fortune; that mourns over you in your sickness, and wishes you already at the Devil. Now the *Poor* have none of this; They are neither flatter'd nor envy'd, nor befriended, nor accompanied: There's no gaping for their Possessions; and in short, they are a sort of people that live well, and dye better; and there are some of them that would not exchange their Rags for Royalty it self. They are at liberty to go and come at pleasure, be it War or Peace, free from Cares, Taxes, and publick Duties. They fear no Judgments or Executions, but live as inviolable as if their Persons were Sacred. Moreover they take no thought for to morrow, but setting a just value on their hours, they are good Husbands of the present; considering that what is past, is as good as *Dead*, and what's to come, *Uncertain*. But they say, *When the Devil preaches, the World is near an End.*

The divine hand is in this (said the Holy Man that performed the *Exorcism*) Thou art the Father of Lyes, and yet deliver'st Truths, able to mollifie
and

and convert a Heart of stone. But do not you mistake your self, quoth the Devil) to suppose that your Conversion is my business; for I speak these Truths to aggravate your Guilt, and that you may not plead Ignorance another day, when you shall be called to answer for your Transgressions. 'Tis true, most of you shed Tears at parting, but 'tis the Apprehension of Death, and no true Repentance for your sins that works upon you: for ye are all a pack of *Hypocrites*: Or if at any time you entertain those Reflexions, your trouble is, That your body will not hold out; and then forsooth ye pretend to pick a Quarrel with the *Sin* it self. Thou art an *Impostor* (said the Religious) for there are many Righteous Souls, that draw their sorrow from another Fountain. But I perceive you have a mind to amuse us, and make us lose time, and perchance your own hour is not yet come, to quit the Body of this miserable Creature; however, I conjure thee in the name of the most High, to leave tormenting him, and to hold thy Peace. The Devil obey'd; and the good Father

ther applying himself to us, My Masters, (says he) though I am absolutely of opinion, that it is the *Devil* that has talkt to us all this while through the Organ of this unhappy Wretch, yet he that well weighs what has been said, may doubtless reap some benefit by the Discourse. Wherefore, without considering whence it came; Remember, that *Saul* (although a wicked Prince) prophesied; and that Honey has been drawn out of the Mouth of a Lion. Withdraw then, and I shall make it my Prayer (as 'tis my Hope) that this sad and prodigious spectacle may lead you to a true sight of your Errours, and in the end to amendment of Life.

The End of the first Vision.

THE

THE
SECOND VISION
OF
DEATH and her EMPIRE.

MEan Souls do naturally breed
sad Thoughts; and in Soli-
tude, they gather together in
Troops to assault the Unfortunate;
which is the Tryal (according to my
observation) wherein the Coward does
most betray himself; and yet cannot I
for my Life, when I am alone, avoid
those Accidents and Surprizes in my
self, which I condemn in others. I have
sometime, upon reading the grave and
severe *Lucretius*, been seized with a
strange damp; whether from the stri-
king of his Counsels upon my Passions,
or some tacite reflection of shame upon
my self, I know not. However, to
render this confession of my weakness
the more excusable, I'll begin my Dis-
course

course with somewhat out of that elegant and excellent Poet ;

*' Put the Case (says he) that a Voice
' from Heaven should speak to any of us
' after this manner. What dost thou ail,
' O Mortal Man ? Or to what purpose is
' it to spend thy Life in Groans and Com-
' plaints under the apprehension of Death ?
' Where are thy past Tears and Pleasures ?
' Are they not vanish and lost in the Flux
' of Time, as if thou hadst put Water into
' a Sieve ? Bethink thy self then of a Re-
' treat, and leave the World with the same
' content and satisfaction, as thou wouldst
' do a plentiful Table, and a jolly Com-
' pany upon a full Stomach. Poor Fool
' that thou art ! Thus to macerate and
' torment thy self, when thou mayst enjoy
' thy Heart at ease, and possess thy Soul
' with Repose and Comfort, &c.*

This passage brought into my mind the Words of *Job*, Chap. 14. And I was carried on from one Meditation to another, till at length I fell fast asleep over my Book ; which I ascribed rather to a favourable Providence, than to my natural Disposition. So soon as my Soul felt her self at liberty, she gave
me

me the Entertainment of this following Comedy, my Fancy supplying both the Stage and the Company.

In the first Scene enter'd a Troop of *Physicians*, upon their Mules, with deep Foot-cloaths, marching in no very good Order, sometime fast, sometime slow, and to say the truth, most commonly in a huddle. They were all wrinkled and wither'd about the Eyes; I suppose with casting so many sower Looks upon the Piss-Pots and Close-Stools of their Patients; bearded like Goats; and their Faces so overgrown with Hair, that their Fingers could hardly find the way to their Mouths. In the left hand they held their Reins, and their Gloves rould up together; and in the right a Staff *à la mode*, which they carried rather for Countenance than Correction; (for they understood no other Menage than the Heel) and all along Head and Body went too, like a Baker upon his Panniers. Divers of them, I observ'd, had huge Gold Rings upon their Fingers, and set with Stones of so large a size, that they could hardly feel a Patient's Pulse, without minding him of his
his

his Monument. There were more than a good many of them, and a World of Puny Practisers at their heels, that came out *Graduates*, by conversing rather with the *Mules* than the *Doctors*: Well! said I to my self, if there goes no more than this to the making a *Physician*, it is no marvel we pay so dear for their Experience.

After these, follow'd a long Train of *Mountebank-Apothecaries*, laden with *Pestles*, and *Mortars*, *Suppositories*, *Spatula's*, *Glister-Pipes*, and *Syringes*, ready charg'd, and as mortal as Gun-shot, and several *Titled Boxes* with *Remedies* without, and *Poysons* within. Ye may observe that when a Patient comes to dye, the *Apothecaries Mortar* rings the *Passing-Bell*, as the Priests *Requiem* finishes the business. An *Apothecaries Shop* is (in effect) no other than the *Physicians Armory*, that supplies him with Weapons; and (to say the truth) the *Instruments* of the *Apothecary* and the *Souldiers* are much of a quality: What are their *Boxes* but *Petards*? Their *Syringes*, *Pistols*, and their *Pills*, but *Bullets*? And after all, considering their
Pur-

Purgative Medicines, we may properly enough call their *Shops Purgatory*; and why not their *Poysons Hell*? their *Patients* the *Damn'd*? and their *Masters* the *Devils*? These *Apothecaries* were in *Jacquets* wrought all over with *Rs* struck through like wounded Hearts, and in the form of the first Character of their *Prescriptions*; which (as they tell us) signifies *Recipe* (*Take Thou*) but we find it to stand for *Recipio* (*I Take*) Next to this Figure, they write *Ana*, *Ana*, which is as much as to say *An Ass*, *An Ass*, and after this march the *Ounces* and the *Scruples*; an incomparable Cordial to a dying Man; the former to dispatch the *Body*, and the latter to put the *Soul* into the High-way to the *Devil*. To hear them call over all their *Simples*, would make you swear, they were raising so many *Devils*. There's your *Opopanax*, *Bupkthalphus*, *Astaphylinos*, *Alectrolophus*, *Ophioscoridon*, *Anemosphorus*, &c.

And by all this formidable Bombast, is meant nothing in the World but a few paltry Roots, as Carrots, Turneps, Skirrets, Radish and the like. But they have

have the Old Proverb at their Fingers end; *He that knows thee will never buy thee*: And therefore every thing must be made a Mystery, to hold their Patients in Ignorance, and keep up the price of the Market. And were not the very names of their Medicines sufficient to fright away any Distemper, 'tis to be fear'd the Remedy would prove worse than the Disease. Can any pain in nature, think ye, have the confidence to look the Physician in the Face? that comes arm'd with a Drug made of *Man's Grease*? though disguis'd under the name of *Mummy*, to take of the horror and disgust of it: Or to stay for a dressing with *Dr. Whachum's Plaister*, that shall fetch up a man's Leg to the size of a Mill post? When I saw these people Herded with the *Physicians*, methought the Old fluttish Proverb that says, *There is a great distance between the Pulse and the Arse*, was much to blame for making such a difference in their Dignities, for I find none at all; but the *Physician* skips in a trice from the *Pulse* to the *Stool* and *Urinal*, according to the Doctrine of *Galen*, who sends

sends all his Disciples to those unfavour-
ry Oracles: from whose hands the De-
vil himself, if he were sick would not
receive so much as a Glyster. Oh!
these cursed and lawless Arbitrators
and Disposers of our lives! that with-
out either Conscience or Religion, di-
vide our Souls and Bodies, by their
damn'd poysonous *Potions*, *Scarificati-
ons*, *Incisions*, *Excessive Bleedings*, &c.
which are but the several ways of exe-
cuting their Tyranny and Injustice up-
on us.

In the tail of these came the *Surge-
ons* laden with *Pincers*, *Crane-bills*, *Ca-
theters*, *Desquamatories*, *Dilaters*, *Scif-
fers*, *Saws*: and with them so horrid an
Outcry, of *Cut*, *Tear*, *Open*, *Saw*, *Flay*,
Burn, that my Bones were ready to
creep one into another for fear of an
Operation.

The next that came in, I should have
taken by their *Mien*, for *Devils* disguis'd,
if I had not spyed their Chains of Rot-
ten Teeth, which put me in some hope
they might be *Tooth-Drawers*, and so
they prov'd; which is yet one of the
lewdest Trades in the World; for they

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are

are good for nothing but to depopulate our Mouths, and make us old before our time. Let a Man but yawn, and ye shall have one of those Rogues examining his *Grinders*, and there's not a sound *Tooth* in your head, but he had rather see't at his Girdle, than in the place of its *Nativity*: Nay rather than fail he'll pick a quarrel with your *Gums*. But that which puts me out of all patience, is to see these Scoundrels ask twice as much for drawing an *old Tooth* as would have bought ye a *new One*.

Certainly (said I to my self) we are now past the worst unless the Devil himself come next: And in that instant I heard the brushing of *Guitars*, and the Ratling of *Citerns*, Raking over certain *Passacailles* and *Sarabands*. These are a *Kennel of Barbers* thought I, or I'll be hang'd; and any man that had ever seen a Barber's Shop, might have told you as much without a Conjur-er, both by the Musick and by the very Instruments, which are as proper a part of a *Barber's Furniture*, as his *Comb-Cases* and *Wash-balls*. It was to me a pleasant entertainment, to see them
lather-

lathering of *Asses heads*, of all sorts and sizes, and their Customers all the while winking and sputtering over their *Bassons*.

Presently after these, appear'd a Consort of loud and tedious Talkers, that tir'd and deafn'd the Company with their shrill and restless Gaggles: but as one told me, these were of several sorts. Some they call'd *Swimmers*; from the motion of their Arms in all their Discourses, which was just as if they had been *Padling*. Others they call'd *Apes*, (and we *Mimicks*) these were perpetually making of *Mopps* and *Mowes*, and a thousand Antick Ridiculous Gestures, in derision and imitation of Others. In the third place, were *Make-bates*, and *Sowers of Dissention*, and these were still Rolling their Eyes (like a *Bartlemey Puppet*, without so much as moving the Head) and learing over their Shoulders, to surprize people at unawares in their Familiarities, and Privacies, and gather matter for *Calumny* and *Detraction*. The *Lyers* follow'd next; and these seem'd to be a jolly contented sort of People, well Fed, and well Cloathed;

and having nothing else to trust to, methought it was a strange Trade to live upon, I need not tell you, that they are never without a full Audience, since *all Fools, and Impertinents* are of their *Congregation*.

After these, came a Company of *Medlers*; a Pragmatical, Insolent Generation of men that will have an Oar in every Boat, and are indeed the Bane of honest Conversation, and the Troublers of all Companies and Affairs; The most prostitute of all Flatterers; and only devoted to their own Profit. I thought this had been the last Scene, because no more came upon the Stage for a good while; and indeed I wonder'd that they came so late themselves, but one of the *Bablers* told me, (unaskt) that this kind of Serpent carrying his Venom in his Tail, it seem'd reasonable, that being the most Poysonous of the whole Gang, they should bring up the Rear.

I began then to take into thought, what might be the meaning of this *Oglio* of People of several Conditions and Humours met together; but I was quickly diverted

diverted from that Consideration, by the Apparition of a Creature which lookt as if 'twere of the Feminine Gender. It was a Person of a thin and slender *make*; laden with *Crowns, Garlands, Scepters, Scythes, Sheep-hooks, Pattins, Hob-nail'd-Shoes, Tiaras, Straw-Hats, Mitres, Monmouth-Caps, Embroideries, Skins, Silk, Wooll, Gold, Lead, Diamonds, Shells, Pearl, and Pebles*: She was drest up in all the Colours of the Rainbow; she had one eye shut, the other open, young on the one side, and old o' the other. I thought at first she had been a great way off, when indeed she was very near me, and when I took her to be at my Chamber-Door, she was at my Bed's head. How to unriddle this mystery I knew not; nor was it possible for me to make out the meaning of an Equipage so Extravagant, and so fantastically put together. It gave me no affright however, but on the contrary I could not forbear laughing, for it came just then into my mind that I had formerly seen in *Italy* a *Farce*, where the *Mimick*, pretending to come from the

other World was just thus Accoutred, and never was any thing more Nonsensically pleasant. I held as long as I could, and at last I askt what she was? she answered me, I am *Death*. *Death!* (the very word brought my Heart into my Mouth) and I beseech you, Madam, quoth I (with great Humility and Respect) whither is your Honour a going? No further (said she) for now I have found you, I am at my Journey's End. Alas, Alas! and must I die then (said I) No, no, (quoth *Death*) but I'll take thee Quick along with me: For since so many of the *Dead* have been to visit the *Living*. It is but equal for once, that one of the *Living* should Return a Visit to the *Dead*. Get up then and come along and never hang an Arse for the matter: for what you will not do willingly, you shall do in spite of your Teeth. This put me in a Cold Fit: but without more delay up I started, and desired leave only to put on my Breeches. No, no, (said she) no matter for Cloaths, no body wears them upon this Road; wherefore come a way, naked, as you are, and you'll Travel the better.

So

So up I got, without a word more, and follow'd her; in such a Terrour and Amazement, that I was but in an ill Condition to take a strict account of my Passage; yet I remember that upon the way, I told her; Madam, under Correction, you are no more like the *Deaths* that I have seen, than an *Apple's* like an *Oyster*. Our *Death* is pictur'd with a *Scythe* in her hand; and a *Carkass* of bones, as clean, as if the Crows had pick'd it: Yes, yes, (said she) turning short upon me, I know that very well: but in the mean time your Designers, and Painters, are but a Company of Buzzards. The *Bones* you talk of, are the Dead, or otherwise *the miserable Remains* of the *Living*! but let me tell you, that you your selves are your own *Death*, and that which you call *Death* is but the *Period* of your *Life*, as the *first moment* of your *Birth* is the *beginning* of your *Death*: And effectually, ye *Dye Living*, and your *Bones* are no more than what *Death* has left, and committed to the Grave. If this were rightly understood, every man would find a *Memento Mori*, or a *Death's Head*.

in his own Looking-glass; and consider every House with a Family in't, but as a Sepulchre fill'd with dead Bodies; a Truth which you little dream of, though within your daily View and Experience. Can you imagine a *Death* elsewhere, and not in your selves? Believ't y'are in a shameful mistake; for you your selves are *Skeletons* before ye are aware.

But, Madam, under favour, what may all these people be that keep your *Ladyship Company*? and since you are *Death* (as you say) how comes it, that the *Bablers*, and *Make-bates* are nearer your Person, and more in your Good Graces than the *Physicians*? Why (said she) there are more people *Talk'd* to *Death* and dispatch by *Bablers*, than by all the *Pestilential Diseases* in the World. And then your *Make-bates*, and *Medlers* kill more than your *Physicians*, though to give the Gentlemen of the Faculty their due, they labour night and day for the enlargement of our Empire. For you must understand, that though *distemper'd humours* make a man sick, 'tis the *Physician Kills* him; and
looks

looks to be well paid for't too: (and 'tis fit that every man should live by his Trade) so that when a man is askt, what such or such a one dy'd of; He is not presently to make answer, that he dy'd of a *Fever, Pleurisie, the Plague, Purples*, or the like; but that *He dyed of the Doctor*. In one point however I must needs acquit the *Physicians*; Ye know that the stile of *Right Honourable*, and *Right Worshipful*, which was heretofore appropriate only to Persons of Eminent Degree and Quality, is now in our days used by all sort of little people; Nay the very *Barefoot Fryars* that live under Vows of *Humility* and *Mortification*, are stung with this Itch of *Title* and *Vain Glory*. And your ordinary *Trades-men*, as *Vintners, Taylors, Masons* and the like, must be all drest up forthwith in the *Right Worshipful*: whereas the *Physician* does not so much court *Honour* of *Appellation* (though if it should rain Dignities, he might be persuaded happily to venture the wetting) but sits down contented with the *Honour* of disposing of your *Lives* and *Moneys*; without troubling himself

self about any other sort of Reputation

The entertainment of these Lectures, and discourses, made the way seem short and pleasant, and we are just now entering into a Place, betwixt Light and Dark; and of Horrour enough, if *Death* and I had not by this time been very well acquainted. Upon one side of the Passage I saw *three moving Figures*; *Arm'd* and of *Humane shape*, and so alike, that I could not say which was which. Just Opposite, on the other side, a *Hideous Monster*, and these *Three* to *One*, and *One* to *Three*, in a Fierce, and Obstinate *Combat*. Here *Death* made a stop, and facing about, askt me, if I knew these People. Alas! No (quoth I) Heaven be prais'd, I do not, And I shall put it in my Litany, that I never may. Now to see thy ignorance, cry'd *Death*, These are thy old Acquaintance, and thou hast hardly kept any other Company since thou wert born. *Those three* are, the *World*, the *Flesh*, and the *Devil*; the Capital Enemies of thy Soul: and they are so like one another, as well in Quality as Appearance, that

that Effectually, whoever has One, has All. The Proud, and Ambitious man thinks he has got the *World*, but it proves the *Devil*. The *Lecher*, and the *Epicure*, perswade themselves that they have gotten the *Flesh*, and that's the *Devil* too; and in fine, thus it fares with all other kinds of Extravagants. But what's He there, said I, that appears in so many several shapes? and fights against the other three? That (quoth *Death*) is the *Devil* of *Money*, who maintains that *He* himself *Alone* is Equivalent to them *Three*, and that wherever *He* comes, there's no need of *Them*. Against the *World*, He argues from their own Confession, and Experience; for it passes for an Oracle; that *There's no World but Money; He that's out of Money, 's out of the World*. Take away a man's *Money*, and take away his *Life*. *Money* answers *All things*. Against the *second* Enemy, he pleads that *Money* is the *Flesh* too: witness the *Girls* and the *Ganymedes* it procures, and maintains. And against the *Third*, He urges that there's nothing to be done without this *Devil* of *Money*, *Love* does
much

much, but Money does All: And Money will make the Pot boyl, though the Devil piss in the Fire. So that for ought I see (quoth I) the Devil of money has the better end of the Staff.

After this, advancing a little further, I saw on one hand *Judgment*; and *Hell* on the other (for so *Death* call'd them) Upon the sight of *Hell*, making a stop, to take a stricter Survey of it, *Death* askt me, what it was I lookt at? I told her it was *Hell*; and I was the more intent upon it, because I thought I had seen it somewhere else before. She question'd me, where? I told her, that I had seen it in the *Corruption* and *Avarice* of *Wicked Magistrates*; In the *Pride* and *Haughtiness* of *Grandeers*; in the *Appetites* of the *Voluptuous*, in the *lewd Designs* of *Ruine* and *Revenge*; in the *Souls* of *Oppressors*; and in the *Vanity* of divers *Princes*. But he that would see it whole, and Entire, in one subject must go to the *Hypocrite*, who is a kind of a *Religious Broker*, and puts out at five and forty per Cent, the very *Sacraments*, and ten *Commandments*.

I am very glad too (said I) that I have

have seen *Judgment* as I find it here, in its Purity ; for that which we call *Judgment* in the World, is a meer mockery : If it were like This, men would live otherwise than they do. To conclude, if it be expected that *our Judges* should govern Themselves and Us by *This Judgment*, the World's in an ill Case ; for there's but little o'st there. And to deal plainly, as matters are, I have no great maw to go home again : for 'tis better being with the *Dead*, where there's *Justice*, than with the *Living*, where there's *None*.

Our next step was into a fair and spacious *Plain* encompassed with a huge Wall, where he that's once in, must never look to come out again. Stop here (quoth *Death*) for we are now come to my *Jndgment-Seat*, and here it is that I give *Audience*. The *Walls* were hung with *Sighs* and *Groans*, *Ill-News*, *Fears*, *Doubts*, and *Surprizes*. *Tears* did not there avail either the *Lover* or the *Beggar* ; but *Grief* and *Care* were without both *Measure* and *Comfort* ; and serv'd as *Vermine*, to gnaw the Hearts of *Emperours* and *Princes*, feeding upon the
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Insolent and Ambitious, as their proper Nourishment. I saw *Envy* there drest up in a *Widow's Vail*, and the very Picture of the *Governante* of one of your Noblemen's Houses. She kept a Continual *Fast* as to the *Shambles*, *Preying* only upon *her self*; and could not but be a very *slender Gentlewoman*, upon so *spare a Diet*. Nothing came amiss to her *Teeth* (*Good or Bad*) which made the whole set of them *Yellow* and *Rotten*, and the Reason was, that though she *bit*, and set her *mark* upon the *Good* and the *Sound*, she could never *swallow* it. Under her, sate *Discord*; the Legitimate Issue of her own Bowels. She had formerly convers'd much with *married People*, but finding no need of her there, away she went to *Colledges* and *Corporations*, where it seems they had more already than they knew what to do withal: and then she betook herself to *Courts* and *Palaces*, and *Officiated* there, as the *Devil's Lieutenant*. Next to *Her*, was *Ingratitude*, and she out of a certain *Paste* made up of *Pride* and *Malice*, was moulding of *New Devils*. I was extream glad of this Discovery,

very, being of Opinion, till now, that the *Ungrateful* had been the *Devils Themselves*, because I read, that the *Angels* that fell were made *Devils* for their *Ingratitude*. To be short, the whole Place Echo'd with *Rage* and *Curses*. What a Devil have we here to do (said I) does it rain *Curses* in this Country? With that, a *Death* at my Elbow askt me, what a Devil could I expect else in a place where there were so many *Match-makers*, *Attorneys*, and *Common-Barretters*, who are a Pack of the most Accursed Wretches in Nature? Is there any thing more common in the World, than the Exclamations of *Husbands* and *Wives*? Oh! that *Damn'd Devil* of a *Pander*: A heavy Curse upon that Bitch of a *Bawd* that ever brought us together: The *Pillory* and ten thousand *Gibbets* to boot, take that *Pick-pocket Attorney*, that advis'd me to this *Law suit*; h'as ruin'd me for ever. But pray'e (said I) what do all these *Match-makers* and *Attornies* here together; Do they come for *Audience*? *Death* was here a little quick upon me, and call'd me *Fool* for so *Impertinent* a Question. If there were
no

no *Match-makers* (said she) we should not have the tenth part of these *Skeletons*, and *Desperado's*. Am not I here the fifth Husband of a Woman yet living in the World, that hopes to send twice as many more after me, and drink *Maudlin* at the fifteenth Funeral? you say well (said I) as to the business of *Match-makers*; but why so many *Petty-Foggers* I pray'e? Nay then I perceive (quoth *Death*) now you have a mind to teize me; for that Rascally sort of *Catterpillers* have been my undoing. Had not a man better dye by the *Common-Hangman*, than by the hand of an *Attorney*; to be killed by *Falsities*, *Quirks*, *Cavils*, *Delays*, *Exceptions*, *Cheats*, *Circumventions*? Yes, yes, And it must not be deny'd; that these *Makers of Matches*, and *Splitters of Causes*, are the *Principal support of this Imperial Throne*.

At these words, I rais'd my Eyes, and saw *Death* seated in her Chair of state, with abundance of little *Deaths* crowding about her; As the *Death of Love*, of *Cold*, *Hunger*, *Fear*, and *Laughter*; All, with their several *Ensigns* and *Devices*,

Devices. The *Death of Love*, I perceived, had very *little Brain*, and to keep her self in Countenance, she kept Company with *Pyramus*, and *Thisbe*; *Hero* and *Leander*, and some *Amadis's* and *Palmerins d' Oliva*; all Embalm'd, steep'd in good Vinegar, and well dry'd. I saw a great many other sorts of Lovers too, that were brought in all Appearance, to their last Agonies, but by the singular Miracle of Self-Interest recover'd to the Tune of

*If Looking well won't move her,
Will Looking ill prevail?*

The *Death of Cold*, was attended by as many *Prelates*, *Bishops*, *Abbots*, and other *Ecclesiasticks*; who had neither Wives nor Children, nor indeed any body else that cared for them, further than for their Fortunes. These, when they come to a Fit of *Sickness*, are *Pil-lag'd* even to their *Sheets* and *Bedding*, before ye can say a *Pater-Noster*. Nay many times they are *stript*, e're they are *Laid*, and destroy'd for want of Cloaths to keep them warm.

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The *Death of Hunger* was encompassed with a Multitude of *Avaritious Misers*, that were cording up of *Trunks*; *Bolting of Doors*, and *Windows*; *Locking up of Cellars*, and *Garrets*: and *Nailing down of Trap-doors*; *Burying of Pots of Money*, and starting at every Breath of Wind they heard. Their *Eyes* were ready to drop out of their heads for want of *sleep*; their *Mouths* and *Bellies* complaining of their *Hands*, and their *Souls* turn'd into *Gold* and *Silver* (the Idols they ador'd.)

The *Death of Fear*, had the most *Magnificent Train and Attendance*, of all the rest, being accompanied with a great number of *Usurpers*, and *Tyrants*, who commonly do *Justice* upon Themselves, for the Injuries they have done to Others: Their own Consciences doing the Office of Tormentors, and Avenging their publick Crimes by their Private Sufferings; for they live in a perpetual Anguish of Thought, with Fears and Jealousies.

The *Death of Laughter*, was the last of all, and surrounded with a Throng of people, *hasty to Believe*, and *slow to Repent*;

Repent; Living without fear of Justice, and Dying without hope of Mercy. These are they that pay all their Debts and Duties with a Jest. Bid any of them, give every man his Due, and return what he has either Borrowed, or wrongfully taken, His answer is, You'd make a man dye with Laughing. Tell him, my Friend, you are now in Years, your dancing days are done, and your Body is worn out; what should such a Scar Crow as you are, do with a Bed-fellow? Give over your Bawdy Haunts for shame, and don't make a Glory of a Sin, when you are past the Pleasure of it, and your self upon all Accompts contemptible into the Bargain. This Fellow (says he) would make a man break his heart with Laughing. Come, come, say your Prayers, and bethink your self of Eternity, you have one Foot in the Grave already, and 'tis high time to fit your self for the other World. Thou wilt absolutely kill me with Laughing, I tell thee, I'm as sound as a Roche, and I do not Remember that ever I was better in my Life. Others there are, that let a man advise them upon their Death-

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Beds,

Beds, and even at the last Gasp, to send for a Divine, or to make some handsome settlement of their Estates, Alas, Alas ! they'll cry ; I have been as bad as this many a time before : and (with Falstaffe's Hostess) I hope in the Lord there's no need to think of him yet. These men are lost for ever, before they can be brought to understand their Danger. This Vision wrought strangely upon me, and gave me all the Pains and Marks Imaginable of a true Repentance. Well, (said I) since so it is, that Man has but one Life allotted him, and so many Deaths ; but one way into the World, and so many Millions out of it, I will certainly at my Return, make it more my Care than it has been, to live with a Good Conscience, that I may dye with Comfort.

The last Words were scarce out of my Mouth, when the Cryer of the Court with a loud Voice, called out, *The Dead, The Dead ; Appear the Dead.* And so immediately, I saw the *Earth* begin to Move, and gently opening it self, to make way, first for *Heads* and *Arms*, and then by Degrees for the *whole Bodies*

dies of Men and Women, that came out, half muffled in their Night-Caps, and ranged themselves in an excellent Order, and with a profound Silence. Now (says Death) let every one speak in his Turn; And in the instant, up comes One of the Dead to my very Beard, with so much Fury and Menace in his Face and Action, that I would have given him half the Teeth in my Head for a Composition. These Devils of the World (quoth he) what would they be at? my Masters, cannot a poor Wretch be quiet in his Grave for ye? but ye must be casting your Scorns upon him, and charging him with things that, upon my Soul, he's as innocent of as the Child that's Unborn. What hurt has he done any of you (ye Scoundrels you) to be thus Abused? And I beseech you, Sir, said I (under your Favourable Correction) who may you be? For I confess I have not the Honour either to know or understand ye. I am (quoth he) the Unfortunate Tony, that has been in his Grave now this many a fair Year, and yet your wise Worships forth have not Wit enough to make your

Selves and your Company merry, but Tony must still be one half of your Entertainment and Discourse. When any Man plays the Fool or the Extravagant, presently he's a Tony. Who drew this or that Ridiculous Piece? Tony. Such or such a one was never well taught: No, he had a Tony to his Master. But let me tell ye, he that shall call your Wisdoms to shrift, and take a strict account of all your words and actions, will upon the Upshot find you all a Company of Tonys: and in effect the Greater Impertinents. As for Instance: Did I ever make Ridiculous Wills (as you do) to oblige others to pray for a man in his Grave, that never pray'd for Himself in his Life? Did I ever rebel against my Superiours? Or, was I ever so arrant a Coxcomb, as by colouring my Cheeks and Hair, to imagine that I could reform Nature and make my self young again? Can ye say that ever I put an Oath to a Lye; or broke a solemn Promise, as you do every day that goes over your Heads? Did I ever enslave my self to Money? Or, on the other side make Ducks and Drakes with it? and squander it away in Gaming, Revel.

Revelling, and Whoring? Did my Wife ever wear the Breeches? Or, did I ever marry at all, to be reveng'd of a false Mistress? Was I ever so very a Fool as to believe any Man would be true to me, who had betray'd his Friend? Or to venture all my hopes upon the Wheel of Fortune? Did I ever envy the Felicity of a Court-Life, that sells and spends all for a Glance? What pleasure did I ever take in the lewd Discourses of Hereticks and Libertines? Or did I ever list my self in the party, to get the name of a Gifted Brother? Who ever saw me insolent to my Inferiours, or basely servile to my Betters? Did I ever go to a Conjurer, or to your Dealers in Nativities and Horoscopes upon any occasion of Loss or Death? Now if you your selves be guilty of all these Fopperies, and I innocent, I beseech ye where's the Tony? so that you see Tony is not the Tony you take him for. But (to crown his other Vertues) he is also endued with so large a Stock of Patience, that whoever needed it, had it for the asking: Unless it were such as came to borrow Money; or in Cases of Women, that claim'd Marriage of him:

or *Lacquais* that would be making sport with his Bauble; and to These he was as resolute as *John Florio*.

While we were upon this Discourse, another of the Dead came marching up to me, with a Spanish Pace and Gravity, and giving me a Touch o'the Elbow, *Look in my Face* (quoth he with a Stern Countenance) *and know; Sir, that you are not now to have to do with a Tony*. I beseech your Lordship (said I, saving your Reverence) let me know your Honour, that I may pay my Respects accordingly, for I must confess, I thought all People here had been *Hail Fellow well met*. I am call'd (quoth he) by Mortals, *Queen Dick*; and whether you know me or not, I'm sure you think and talk of me often enough, and if the Devil did not possess ye, you would let the Dead alone, and content your selves to prosecute one another. Ye can't see a High Crown'd Hat, a Thread bare Cloak, a Basket-Hilt Sword or a Dudgeon Dagger, nay not so much as a Reverend Matron well stricken in years, but presently ye cry, This or that's of the Mode or Date of
Queen

Queen Dick. If ye were not every Mother's Child of ye stark mad, ye would confess that *Queen Dick's* were Golden Days to those ye have had since, and 'tis an easie matter to prove what I say. Will ye see a Mother now teaching her Daughter a Lesson of good Government? *Child* (says she) *you know that Modesty is the great Ornament of your Sex; wherefore be sure when ye come in Company, that you don't stand staring the Men in the Face, as if ye were looking Babies in their Eyes, but rather look a little Downward, as a Fashion of Behaviour more suitable to the Obligations of your Sex.* Downward? (says the Girl) I beseech you, Madam, Excuse me: This was well enough in the Days of *Queen Dick*, when the poor Creatures knew no better. Let the Men look downward toward the Clay of which they were made, but Man was our Original, and it will become us to keep our Eyes upon the Matter from whence we came. If a Father give his Son in Charge, to *Worship his Creator, to say his Prayers Morning and Evening, to give Thanks before and after Meat, to have a*
care

care of Gaming and Swearing. Ye shall have the Son make Answer, that 'tis true, this was practis'd in the time of *Queen Dick*; but it is now quite out of Mode: and in plain *English*, Men are better known now adays by their *Atheism* and *Blasphemy*, than by their *Beards*.

Hereupon, *Queen Dick* withdrew, and then appear'd a large *Glass-Bottle*, wherein was Luted up (as I heard) a famous *Necromancer*, hackt and minc'd according to his own Order, to render him immortal. It was boiling upon a Quick Fire, and the Flesh by little and little began to piece again, and made first an Arm, then a Thigh, after that a Leg; and at last there was an entire Body, that rais'd it self upright in the Bottle. Bless me (thought I) what's here? a *Man* made of a *Pottage*, and brought into the World out of the Belly of a Bottle? This Vision affrighted me to the very Heart; and while I was yet panting and trembling, a Voice was heard out of the Glass. *In what Tear of our Lord are we?* 1636. (quoth I) *And welcome, said he, for 'tis the happy Tear*

Year I have longed for so many a day.
Who is it, I pray'e (quoth I) that
I now see and hear in the Belly of
this Bottle? I am (said he) the Great
Necromancer of Europe; and certainly
you cannot but have heard both of my
Operations in general, and of this par-
ticular Design. I have heard talk of
you from a Child (quoth I) but all those
Stories I took only for old Wives Fa-
bles. You are the Man then it seems;
I must confess, that at first, at a distance
I took this Bottle for the Vessel that the
ingenious *Rablais* makes mention of;
but coming near enough to see what
was in it, I did then imagine it might
be some *Philosopher by the Fire*, or some
Apothecary doing Penance for his Er-
rours. In fine, it has cost me many a
heavy Step to come hither, and yet to
see so great a Rarity I cannot but think
my Time and Pains very well bestowed.
The *Necromancer* call'd to me then to
unstop the Bottle, and as I was breaking
the Clay to open it: Hold, Hold a lit-
tle, he cry'd; and I prithee tell me first
how go squares in *Spain*? What Money?
Force? Credit? The *Plate Fleets* go
and

and come (said I) reasonably well; but the Foreigners that come in for their Snips have half spoil'd the Trade. The *Genoeses* run out as far as the Mountains of *Potosi*, and have almost drain'd them dry. My Child (quoth He) That Trade can never be secure and open, so long as *Spain* has any Enemy that's Potent at Sea. And for the *Genoeses*, they'll tell you this is no Injustice at all, but on the Contrary, a new way of quitting old Scores, and justifying his Catholick Majesty for a good Pay-Mister. I am no Enemy to that Nation, but upon the Accompt of their Vices and Encroachments; and I confess, rather than see these Rascals prosper, I'd turn my self into a *Bouillon* again, as ye saw me just now; nay, I did not care if 'twere into a *Powder*, though I ended my Days in a *Tabaco Box*. Good Sir, (said I) comfort your self, for these People are as miserable as you'd wish them. You know they are *Cavaliers* and *Signiors* already, and now (forsooth) they have an Itch upon them to be *Princes*: A Vanity that gnaws them like a *Cancer*; and by drawing on great Expences, breeds a
Worm

Worm in their Traffick, so that you'l find little but Debt and Extravagance at the Foot of the Accompt. And then the *Devil's* in them for a Wench, inso-much, that 'tis well if they bring both Ends together; for what's gotten upon the *Change* is spent in the *Stews*.

This is well (quoth the *Necromancer*) and I'm glad to hear it. Pray'e tell me now, what price bears *Honour* and *Honesty*, in the World? There's much to be said (quoth I) upon that Point; but in brief, there was never more of it in *Talk*, nor less in *Effect*. Upon my *Honesty*, crys the *Tradesman*: Upon my *Honour*, says his *Lordship*. And in a word, every Man has it, and every Thing is it in some Disguise or other: but duly considered, there's no such thing upon the Face of the Earth. The *Thief* says, 'tis more *Honourable* to *Take* than *Beg*. He that asks an *Alms*, pleads, that 'tis *Honest* to *Beg* than *Steal*. Nay the *False Witnesses* and *Murderers* themselves, stand upon their Points, as well as their Neighbours, and will tell ye that a *Man of Honour* will rather be *buried alive* than *Submit*: (though they will

will not always do as they say) Upon the whole matter, every Man sets up a *Court of Honour* within himself; pronounces every thing *Honourable* that serves his *Purpose*, and laughs at them that think otherwise. To say the truth, all things are now *Topsie Turvie*. A good *Faculty* in *Lying* is a fair Step to *Preferment*; and to pack a game at Cards, or help the frail Dye, is become the *Marque* and *Glory* of a *Cavalier*. The *Spaniards* were heretofore, I confess, a very brave and well-govern'd People: But they have *Evil Tongues* among them now adays, that say they might e'en go to School to the *Indians* to learn *Sobriety* and *Vertue*. For they are not really *Sober*, but at their own Tables, which indeed is rather *Avarice*, than *Moderation*; for when they Eat or Drink at another Man's Cost, there are no greater Gluttons in the World; and for Fudling, they shall make the best *Pot-Companion* in *Switzerland* knock under the Table.

The *Necromancer* went on with his Discourse, and askt me what store of *Lawyers* and *Attorneys* in *Spain* at present?

sent? I told him, that the whole World swarm'd with them, and that there were of several sorts; some, by *Profession*; Others by *Intrusion*, and *Presumption*; and some again by *Study*, but not many of the last, though indeed sufficient of every kind to make the People pray for the *Egyptian Locusts* and *Caterpillars* in Exchange for that *Vermine*. Why then (quoth the *Necromancer*) if there be such Plagues abroad, I think I had best e'en keep where I am. It is with *Justice* (said I) as with *Sick-men*; in time past, when we had fewer *Doctors* (as well of *Law* as of *Physick*) we had more *Right*, and more *Health*: but we are now destroy'd by *Multitudes*, and *Consultations* which serve to no other End than to enflame both the *Distemper*, and the *Reckoning*. *Justice*, as well as *Truth*, went naked in the Days of Old; One single *Book* of *Laws* and *Ordinances*, was enough for the best Order'd Government in the World. But the *Justice* of our Age, is trickt up with *Bills*, *Parchments*, *Writs*, and *Labels*; and furnish'd with Millions of *Codes*, *Digests*, *Pandeets*,
Pleadings,

Pleadings, and Reports; And what's their Use, but to make *wrangling* a *Science*? and to Embroil us in Seditions, Suits and Endless Trouble and Confusion? We have had more Books published this last Twenty years, than in a Thousand before; and there hardly passes a Term without a new Author, in four or five Volumes at least, under the Titles of *Glosses, Commentaries, Cases, Judgments, &c.* And the great Strife is, who writes *Most*, not *Best*; so that the whole Bulk is but a *Body* without a *Soul*, and fitter for a *Church-Yard* than a *Study*. To say the truth, These *Lawyers* and *Sollicitors*, are but so many *Smoak Merchants, Sellers of Wind,* and *Troublers of the Publick Peace*. If there were no *Attorneys*, there would be no *Suits*; if no *Suits*, No *Cheats*, No *Serjeants*, No *Catchpoles*, No *Prisons*; If no *Prisons*, No *Judges*; No *Judges*, No *Passion*; No *Passion*, No *Bribery*, or *Subornation*.

See now what a *Train of Mischiefs* one wretched *Petty Fogger* draws after him; if you go to him for *Counsel*, he hears your *Story*, Reads your *Case*,
and

and tells you very gravely: Sir, This is a nice Point, and would be well handled; We'll see what the Law says. And then he runs ye over with his Eye and Fingers, a matter of a hundred Volumes, grumbling all the while like a Cat that claws in her play 'twixt Jest and Earnest. At last down comes the Book, he shews the Law, bids you leave your Papers, and he'll study the Question. But your Case is very good (says he) by what I see already, and if you'll come again in the *Evening*, or to *morrow Morning*, I'll tell ye more. But pardon me, Sir, now I think on't, I am retain'd upon the Business of the *Fens*, it cannot be till *Monday next*, and then I'm for ye. When ye are to part, and that you come to the Greasing of his Fist; (The best thing in the World both for the Wit and Memory) *Good Lord! Sir*, (says he) *what do you mean? I beseech you, Sir; Nay pray'e, Sir*: and if he spies you drawing back, the Paw opens, seizes the *Guineys*, and good *morrow, Country-man*. Say'st thou me so? (quoth the good Fellow in the Glass) stop me up close again as thou lov'st me then:

F

for

for the very Air of these Rascals will poyson me, if ever I put my head out of this Bottle, till the whole Race of them be extinct: in the mean time, take this for a Rule: *He that would thrive by Law must see his Enemies Counsel as well as his own.*

But now ye talk of great Cheats; what News of the *Venetians*? Is *Venice* still in the World or no? *In the World* do you say? Yes, marry is't (said I) and stands just where it did. Why then (quoth he) I prithee give it to the Devil from me as a Token of my Love; for 'tis a Present equal to the severest Revenge. Nothing can ever destroy that Republick but Conscience; and then you'l say 'tis like to be Long-liv'd; for if every Man had his own, it would not be left worth a *Groat*. To speak freely, 'tis an odd kind of *Common wealth*. 'Tis the very *Arse-Gut*, the *Drain* and *Sink* of *Monarchies*, both in War and Peace. It helps the *Turk* to Vex the *Christians*, and the *Christians* to Gall the *Turk*, and maintains it self to torment both. The *Inhabitants* are neither *Moors* nor *Christians*, as appears
by

by a *Venetian Captain*, in a *Combate* against a *Christian Enemy*: Stand to't my *Masters* (says he) *Ye were Venetians before ye were Christians.*

Enough, enough of this, cry'd the *Necromancer*, and tell me, how stand the people affected? what *Malecontents* and *Mutineers*? *Mutiny* (said I) is so universal a Disease, that every Kingdom is (in effect) but a great Hospital, or rather a Bedlam (for all men are mad) to entertain the disaffected. There's no stirring for me then (quoth the *Necromancer*) but pray'e commend me however to those busie Fools, and tell them, that carry what Face they will, there's *Vanity* and *Ambition* in the *Pad*. *Kings* and *Princes* have the Nature much of *Quick-Silver*. They are in perpetual *Agitation*, and without any *Repose*. Press them too hard (that is to say beyond the Bounds of Duty and Reason) and they are lost. Ye may observe, that your *Gilders*, and great Dealers in *Quick-Silver*, are generally troubled with the *Palsie*: and so should all *Subjects* tremble that have to do with *Majesty*, and better to do it at first, out

of *Respect*, than afterward, upon *Force* and *Necessity*.

But before I fall to pieces again as you saw me e'en now (for better so than worse) I beseech you one Word more, and it shall be my last. *Who's King of Spain now?* You know (said I) that *Philip* the Third is *dead*: Right (quoth he) A Prince of incomparable Piety and Vertue (or my Stars deceive me) After him, (said I) came *Philip* the IV. If it be so (quoth he) break, break my Bottle immediately, and help me out: for I am resolv'd to try my Fortune in the World once again, under the Reign of that Glorious Prince. And with that Word, he dasht the Glas to pieces against a Rock, crept out of his Case, and away he ran. I had a good mind to have kept him Company; but as I was just about to start, Let him go, let him go, cry'd one of the Dead; (and laid hold of my Arm) He has Devilish Heels, and you'l never overtake him.

So I staid, and what should I see next? but a wondrous Old Man, whose Name might have been *Bucephalus* by his *Head*, and

and the *Hair* on his Face might very well have stuffed a couple of Cushions; take him together, and you'll find his Picture in the Map, among the *Savages*, I need not tell ye that I stared upon him sufficiently; and he taking notice of it, came to me, and told me; Friend (says he) my Spirit tells me that you are now in *Pala* to know who I am; Understand that my Name is *Nostradamus*. Are you the Author then (quoth I) of that *Gallimaufry* of *Prophecies*, that's publisht in your Name? *Gallimaufry* say'st thou? Impudent and Barbarous Rascal that thou art; to despise Mysteries that are above thy Reach, and to revile the Secretary of the Stars, and the Interpreter of the Destinies; Who is so brutal as to doubt the Meaning of these Lines?

From second Causes, This I gather,
Nought shall befall us, Good or Ill,
Either upon the Land or Water,
But what the Great Disposer will.

Reprobated and befotted Villains
that ye are! what greater Blessing
F 3 could

could betide the World than the Accomplishment of this Prophecy? would it not establish Justice and Holiness, and suppress all the vile Suggestions and Motions of the Devil? Men would not then any longer set their Hearts upon Avarice, Cozening, and Extortion; and make Money their God; That Vagabond Money, that's perpetually trotting up and down like a wandering Whore, and takes up most commonly with the unworthy, leaving the *Philosophers* and *Prophets*, which are the very *Oracles* of the *Heavens* (such as *Nostradamus*) to go bare-foot. But let's go on with our *Prophecies*, and see if they be so frivolous and dark, as the World reports them.

When the marry'd shall marry,
Then the Jealous will be sorry,
And though Fools will be talking,
To keep their Tongues walking;
No man runs well, I find,
But with's Elbows behind.

This gave me such a Fit of Laughing,
that it made me cast my nose up into the
Air,

Air, like a Stone Horse that hath got a Mare in the Wind: Which put the *Astrologer* out of all patience. Buffoon, and Dog-whelp, as ye are (quoth he) There's a Bone for you to pick; you must be snarling and snapping at every thing. Will your Teeth serve you now to fetch out the Marrow of this Prophecie? Hear then in the Devil's name, and be mannerly. Hear, and learn, I say, and let's have no more of that Grinning, unless you have a mind to leave your Beard behind ye. Do you imagine that all that are *marry'd*, *marry*? No, not the one half of them. When you are *marry'd*, the *Priest* has done his part; but after that, to *marry* is to do the Duty of a *Husband*. Alack! how many *marry'd* Men live as if they were single; and how many *Bachelors* on the other side as if they were *marry'd*! after the Mode of the Times. And *Wedlock* to divers Couples, is no other than a more sociable state of *Virginity*. Here's one half of my Prophecie expounded already, now for the rest. Let me see you run a little for Experiment, to try if you carry your El-

bows *before* or *behind*. You'll tell me perhaps that this is Ridiculous, because every Body knows it. A pleasant Shift. As if Truth were the worse for being plain. The things indeed which you deliver for *Truths*, are for the most part meer *Fooleries* and *Mistakes*; and it were a hard matter to put Truth in such a Dress as would please ye. What have ye to say now, either against my Prophecy or my Argument? not a Syllable I warrant ye, and yet somewhat there is to be said, for *There's no Rule without an Exception*. Does not the *Physician* carry his *Elbow before him*, when he puts back his Hand to take his Patients Money? And away he's gone in a trice, so soon as he has made his Purchase. But to proceed, here's another of my Prophecies for ye:

Many Women shall be Mothers,
And their Babbies,
Their N'own Daddies.

What say you to this now? are there not many *Husbands* do ye think (if the Truth were known) that Father *more*
Children

Children than their own? Believe me (Friend) A Man had need have good security upon a Woman's Belly, for Children are commonly made in the Dark, and 'tis no easie matter to know the Workman, especially having nothing but the Woman's bare word for't. This is meant of the Court of Assistance; and whoever interprets my Prophecies to the prejudice of any Person of Honour, abuses me. You little think what a World of our Gay Folks in their Coaches and six, with Lacquies at their Heels by the Dozens, will be found at the last Day, to be only the Bastards of some Pages, Gentlemen-Ushers, or Valets de Chambre of the Family; nay perchance the Physician may have had his Hand in the wrong Box, and in case of a necessity, good use has been made of a lusty Coachman. Little do you think (I say) how many Noble Families upon that Grand Discovery, will be found extinct for want of Issue.

I am now convinc'd (said I to the *Mathematician*) of the Excellency of your Predictions; and I perceive (since you have been pleas'd to be your own
Inter-

Interpreter) that they have more weight in them, than we are aware of. Ye shall have one more (quoth he) and I have done.

This Year, if I've any skill i'th' Weather,
Shall many a one take Wing with a
Feather.

I dare say that your Wit will serve ye now to imagine, that I'm talking of *Rooks* and *Jack-Daws*; but I say, No. I speak of *Lawyers*, *Attorneys*, *Clerks*, *Scriveners*, and their *Fellows*, that with the dash of a *Pen*, can defeat their *Clients* of their *Estates*; and *fly away with them* when they have done.

Upon these Words *Nostradamus* vanished, and some body plucking me behind, I turn'd my Face upon the most meagre, melancholick Wretch that ever was seen, and cover'd all in white. For pity's sake (says he) and as you are a good Christian, do but deliver me from the Persecution of these *Impertinents* and *Bablers* that are now tormenting me, and I'll be your Slave for ever (casting himself at my Feet in the same Moment;

Moment ; and crying like a Child) And what art thou (quoth I) for a miserable Creature? I am (says he) an ancient and an honest Man, although defam'd with a thousand Reproaches and Slanders : And in fine, some call me *Another*, and others *Some body*, and doubtless ye cannot but have heard of me. As *Some body* says, crys one, that has nothing to say for himself ; and yet till this instant, I never so much as open'd my Mouth. The *Latines* call me *Quidam*, and make good use of me to fill up Lines, and stop Gaps. When ye go back again into the World, I pray ye do me the Favour to own that you have seen me, and to justifie me for one that never did, and never will either speak or write any thing, whatever some Tatling Ideots may pretend. When they bring me into *Quarrels* and *Brawls*, I am call'd forth, *A certain Person* : In their *Intrigues*, I know not *who* : and in the *Pulpit*, *A certain Author* : and all this to make a Mystery of my Name, and lay all their Fooleries at my Door. Wherefore I beseech ye help me ; which I promis'd to do.

And

And so this Vision withdrew to make place for another. *

And that was the most frightfull piece of *Antiquity* that ever Eye beheld in the shape of an *Old Woman*. She came nodding towards me, and in a Hollow, Ratling Tone (for she spoke more with her *Chops*, than her *Tongue*) *Pray'e* (says she) *Is there not some body come lately hither from the other World?* This Apparition, (thought I) is undoubtedly one of the *Devil's Scare-Crows*. Her *Eyes* were so sunk in their *Sockets*, that they lookt like a pair of *Dice* in the bottom of a couple of *Red-Boxes*. Her *Cheeks* and the *Soles* of her *Feet*, were of the same *Complexion*. Her *Mouth* was pale, and open too; the better to receive the *Distillations* of her *Nose*. Her *Chin* was cover'd with a kind of *Goose-Down*, as *Toothless* as a *Lam-prey*; and the *Flaps* of her *Cheeks* were like an *Ape's Bag*; her *Head* danc'd, and her *Voice* at every Word kept time to't. Her *Body* was veil'd, or rather wrapt up in a *Shroud* of *Cre'pe*. She had a *Crutch* in one hand, which serv'd her for a *Supporter*: and a *Rosary* in t'other,
of

of such a length, that as she was stooping over it, a man would have thought she had been fishing for *Deaths Heads*, When I had done gaping upon this *Epitome of past Ages*; *Hola! Grannam* (quoth I, good lustily in her Ear, taking for granted that she was deaf) what's your pleasure with me? with that she gave a Grunt, and being much in wrath to be called *Grannam*; clapt a pair of Spectacles upon her Nose, and pinking through them; I am, quoth she, neither *Deaf* nor *Grannam*; but may be call'd by my Name as well as my Neighbours, (giving to understand, that Women will take it ill to be called Old, even in their very Graves.) As she spake, she came still nearer me, with her Eyes dropping, and the Smell about her perfectly of a dead Body. I begg'd her pardon for what was past, and for the future her Name, that I might be sure to keep my self within the Bounds of Respect. I am call'd, (says she) *Donegna*, or *Madam the Gouvernante*. How's that? quoth I, in a great amazement. Have ye any of those Cattle in this Country? Let

Let the Inhabitants pray heartily for Peace then; and all little enough to keep them quiet. But to see my Mistake now. I thought the *Women* had dyed, when they came to be *Gouvernantes*, and that for the punishment of a wicked World, the *Gouvernantes* had been *immortal*. But I am now better inform'd, and very glad truly to meet with a Person I have heard so much talk of. For with us, Who but *Madam the Gouvernante* at every turn? Do you see that *Mumping Hag*, crys one? Come here, ye *Damn'd Jade*, crys another. That *Old Bawd*, says a third, has forgotten, I warrant ye, that ever she was a *Whore*, and now see if we do not remember ye: You do so, and I'm in your Debt for your remembrance, the *Great Devil* be your *Pay-Master*, ye Son of a *Whore*, you; Are there no more *Gouvernantes* than my self? Sure there are, and you may have your choice, without affronting me. Well, well, (said I) have a little Patience, and at my return I'll try if I can put things in better order. But in the mean time, what business have you here?

here? Her Reverence upon this was a little Qualified, and told me, that she had now been *eight hundred Years in Hell*, upon a design to erect an Order of the *Gouvernantes*; but the Right *Worshipfull the Devil-Commissioners*, are not as yet come to any Resolution upon the Point. For, say they, if your *Gouvernantes* should come once to settle here, there would need no other Tormentors, and we should be but so many *Jacks out of Office*. And besides, we should be perpetually at *Daggers Drawing* about the *Brands* and *Candle-Ends*, which they would still be filching, and laying out of the way; and for us to have our Fuel to seek, would be very inconvenient. I have been in *Purgatory* too (said she) upon the same Project, but there so soon as ever they set eye on me, all the Souls cry'd out unanimously, *Libera nos, &c.* As for *Heaven* That's no place for *Quarrels, Slanders, Disquiets, Heart-burnings*, and consequently none for *Me*. The *Dead* are none of my Friends neither, for they grumble and bid me let them alone as they do me; and be gone into the
World

World again if I please, and there (they tell me) I may play the *Gouvernante in secula seculorum*. But truly I had rather be here at my Ease, than spend my Life crumpling, and brooding over a Carpet at a Bed-side, like a thing of Clouts, to secure the Poultry of the Family from strange Cocks, which would now and then have a Brush with a Virgin Pullet, but for the Care of the *Gouvernantes*. And yet 'tis she, good Woman, bears all the Blame, in case of any Miscarriage : The *Gouvernante* was presently of the Plot, She had a *Feeling in the Cause*, a *Finger in the Pye*. And 'tis she, in fine, that must answer for all. Let but a Sock, an old Handkerchief, the Greasie Lining of a Masque or any such Frippery piece of business be missing; Ask the *Gouvernante* for this or for that. And in short they take us certainly for so many *Storks* and *Ducks*, to gather up all the filth about the House. The *Servants* look upon us as *Spies* and *Tell-Tales* : My *Cousin* forsooth, and t'others *Aunt* dares not come to the house, for fear of the *Gouvernante*. And indeed I have

have made many of them cross themselves, that took me for a Ghost. Our *Masters* they curse us too, for Embroidering the Family. So that I have rather chosen to take up here, betwixt the *Dead* and the *Living*, than to return again to my Charge of a *Donegna*, the very sound of the Name being more Terrible than a Gibbet. As appears by one that was lately Travelling from *Madrid* to *Vailladolid*, and asking where he might lodge that Night; Answer was made at a small Village call'd *Donegnas*. But is there no other place (quoth he) within some reasonable Distance either short or beyond it? They told him no, unless it were at a *Gallows*. That shall be my *Quarter* then (quoth he) for a thousand *Gibbets* are not so bad to me as one *Donegna*. Now ye see how we are abus'd (quoth the *Gouvernante*) I hope you'll do us some Right when it lies in your Power.

She would have talkt me to Death, if I had not given her the slip upon the removing of her Spectacles; but I could not scape so neither, for looking about me for a Guide to carry me home

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again;

again; I was arrested by one of the *Dead*: a good proper Fellow, only he had a pair of *Rams-Horns* on his Head, and I was about to salute him for *Aries* in the *Zodiac*: but when I saw him plant himself, just before me, with his *best Leg* forward, stretching out his Arms, clutching his Fists, and looking as Sour as if he would have *Eaten* me without *Mustard*; Doubtless, (said I) *The Devil is Dead, and this is He*. No, No, cry'd a By-stander, This is a *Man*: Why then (said I) he's *Drunk*, I perceive, and *Quarrelsome in his Ale*, for here's no body has touched him. With that as he was just ready to fall on, I stood to my Guard, and we were arm'd at all points alike, only he had the Odds of the Head-piece. Now, Sirrah, (says he) *have at ye*, Slave that you are to make a Trade of defaming Persons of Honour. By the Death that commands here, I'll ha' my Revenge, and *turn your Skin over your Ears*: This Insolent Language stir'd my Choler, I confess, and so I call'd to him; *Come, come on, Sirrah; a little nearer yet, and if ye have a mind to be twice kill'd,*
I'll

I'll do your business; who the Devil brought this Cornuto hither to trouble me? The word was no sooner out, but we were immediately at it. Tooth and Nail, and if his Horns had not been flatted to his Head, I might have had the worst on't. But the whole Ring presently came in to part us, and did me a singular kindness in't, for my Adversary had a Fork, and I had none. As they were *Staving and Tayling*, You might have had more Manners (cry'd one) than to give such Language to your Betters, and to call *Don Diego Moreno Cuckold*. And is this that *Diego Moreno* then, said I? Rascal that he is to charge me with abusing Persons of Honour. A Scoundrel (said I) that 'tis a shame for Death to be seen in's Company, and was never fit for any thing in his whole life, but to furnish Matter for a Farce. And that's my Grievance, Gentlemen, (quoth *Don Diego*) for which with your Leave he shall give me satisfaction. I do not stand upon the matter of being a Cuckold, for there's many a brave Fellow lives in *Cuckolds-Row*. But why does he not name *others*, as well as

me? As if the Horn grew upon no bodies Head but mine: I'm sure there are others that a thousand times better deserve it. I hope he cannot say, that ever I gor'd any of my Superiours; or that my being *Cornuted* has rais'd the Price of *Post-horns*, *Lanthorns*, or *PocketInk-horns*. Are not *Shooing-horns*, and *Knife Handles* as cheap now as ever? Why must I walk the stage then more than my Neighbours? Beyond question there never liv'd a more peaceable Wretch upon the Face of the Earth all things considered than my self. Never was man freer from *Jealousie*, or more careful to step aside at the time of Visit: For I was ever against the spoiling of Sport when I could make None my self. I confess I was not so charitable to the Poor as I might have been; The truth of't is, I watcht them as a Cat would do a Mouse, for I did not love them. But then in Requital, I could have out-snorted the seven Sleepers, when any of the better sort came to have a Word in private with my Wife. The short on't is, We agreed blessedly well together, she and I: for I did whatever

ever she would have me : and she would say a thousand and a thousand times : *Long live my poor Diego, the best Condition'd, the most complaisant Husband in the World : whatever I do is well done, and he never so much as opens his Mouth good or bad.* But by her leave that was little to my Credit, and the Jade when she said it was besides the Cushion. For many and many a time have I said, *This is well* and *That's ill*. When there came any *Poets* to our House, *Fiddlers* or *Morrice-Dancers*, I would say, *This is not well*. But when the *Rich Merchants* came ? *Oh very good*, would I say, *This is as well as well can be*. Sometime we had the hap to be visited by some *Pennyless Courtier*, or *Low-Country Officer* perchance ; then should I take her aside, and Rattle her to some Tune : *Sweet heart*, would I say, *Pray'e what ha' we to do with these Frippery Fellows, and Damme Boys, shake them off, I'd advise ye, and take this for a Warning.* But when any came that had to do with the *Mint* or *Checquer*, and spent freely, (for lightly come, lightly go) *I marry, my Dear* (quoth I) *there's*

nothing to be lost by keeping such Company. And what hurt in all this now? Nay, on the contrary, my poor Wife enjoy'd her self happily under the Protection of my shadow, and being a *Femme Couverte*, not an Officer durst come near her. Why should then this Buffoon of a Poetaster make me still the *Ridiculous Entertainment* of all his *Interludes* and *Farces*, and the *Fool in the Play*? By your favour (quoth I) we are not yet upon even Terms; And before we part, you shall know what 'tis to provoke a Poet. If thou wert but now alive, I'd write thee to Death, as *Archilochus* did *Lycomnes*. And I'm resolv'd to put the History of thy Life in a Satyre, as sharp as Vinegar, and give it the Name of *The Life and Death of Don Diego Moreno*; It shall go hard, (quoth he) but I'll prevent that, and so We fell to't again, Hand and Foot, till at length the very Fancy of a Scuffle wak'd me, and I found my self as weary, as if it had been a Real Combat. I began then to reflect upon the Particulars of my Dream, and to consider what Advantage

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tage I might draw from it; for the
Dead are past fooling, and Those are the
soundest Counsels, which we receive from
such as advise us without either Passion
or Interest.

The End of the second Vision.

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THE

THE
THIRD VISION
OF THE
LAST JUDGMENT.

H*omer* makes *Jupiter* the Author, or Inspirer of Dreams; especially the Dreams of Princes and Governors; and if the matter of them be pious and important. And it is likewise the Judgment of the Learned *Propertius*, that *Good Dreams* come from above, have their weight, and ought not to be slighted. And truly I am much of his mind, and in the Case of a Dream I had the other Night. As I was reading a Discourse touching the *End of the World*, I fell asleep over the Book, and Dreamt of *The last Judgment*. (A thing which in the House of a Poet is scarce admitted so much as in a Dream.) This Phancy minded me of a Passage in *Claudian*; *That all Creatures*
dream

dream at Night of what they have heard and seen in the Day: as the Hound dreams of hunting the Hare.

Methought I saw a very handsome Youth trowing in the Air, and sounding of a Trumpet; but the forcing of his Breath did indeed take off much of his Beauty. The very Marbles, I perceived, and the Dead obey'd his Call; for in the same Moment the Earth began to open, and set the Bones at Liberty, to seek their Fellows. The first that appear'd, were *Sword-men*, As *Generals of Armies*, *Captains*, *Lieutenants*, *Common-Souldiers*; who supposing that it had sounded a *Charge*, came out of their Graves, with the same Briskness and Resolution, as if they had been going to an Assault or a Combat. The *Misers* put their Heads out all Pale and Trembling, for fear of a *Plunder*. The *Cavaliers* and *Good Fellows* believed they had been going to a *Horse Race*, or a *Hunting-match*. And in fine, though they all heard the *Trumpet*, there was not any Creature knew the meaning of it. (For I could read their Thoughts by their Looks and Gestures)

stures) After this, there appear'd a great many *Souls*, whereof some came up to their *Bodies*, though with much Difficulty and Horrour; Others stood wondring at a Distance, not daring to come near so hideous and frightful a Spectacle. This wanted an Arm, That an Eye, T'other a Head. Upon the whole, though I could not but smile at the Prospect of so strange a variety of Figures; yet it was not without just matter of Admiration at the *all-powerful Providence*, to see Order drawn out of *Confusion*, and every part restor'd to the right Owner. I Dreamt my self then in a *Church-Yard*; and there, methought, divers that were loth to appear, were changing of Heads; and an *Attorney* would have demurr'd upon pretence that he had got a Soul was none of his Own, and that his Body and Soul were not fellows.

At length, when the whole Congregation came to understand that This was *the Day of Judgment*, it was worth the while, to observe what shifing and shuffling there was among the *Wicked*. the *Epicure* and *Whoremaster* would
not

not own his *Eyes*, nor the *Slanderer* his *Tongue*, because they'd be sure to appear in Evidence against them. The *Pick-Pockets* ran away as hard as they could drive from their own *Fingers*. There was one that had been Embalm'd in *Egypt*, and (saying for his *Tripes*, an Old Usurer askt him, if the *Bags* were to rise with the *Bodies*? I could have laugh't at this Question, but I was presently taken up with a Crowd of *Cut-purses*, running full speed from their own Ears (that were offer'd them again) for fear of the sad Stories they expected to hear. I saw all this from a Convenient Standing; and in the instant there was an Out-cry at my Feet, *Withdraw, Withdraw*. The word was no sooner given, but down I came, and immediately a great many *Handsome Ladies* put forth their Heads and call'd me Clown, for not paying them that Respect and Ceremony which belonged to their Quality. (Now you must know that the *Women* stand upon their *Pantoffles*, even in Hell it self) They seem'd at first very Gay and Frolick; and truly well enough pleased to be
seen

seen naked, for they were *clean skin'd* and *well-made*. But when they came to understand that this was *the great Day of Accompt*; Their Consciences took Check, and all the Jollity was dash'd in a Moment: Whereupon they took to the Valley, miserably Listless and out of Humour; There was One among the rest that had had *seven Husbands*, and promis'd every one of them never to marry again, for she could never love any thing else, she was sure; This Lady was casting about for Fetches, and Excuses, and what answer she should make to that Point. Another that had been as Common as *Ratcliff High-way*, would *neither Lead nor Drive*, and stood *Humming* and *Hawing* a good while, pretending she had forgot her *Night-Geer*, and such Fooleries; but spite of her heart, she was brought at last within sight of the Throne; where she found a World of her old Acquaintance that she had carry'd part of their way to Hell; who had no sooner set Eye on her, but they fell a *Pointing* and *Hooting*, so that she took up her Heels and Herded herself in a Troop of *Serjeants*.
After

After this, I saw a many People driving a *Physician* along the Bank of a River, and these were only such as He had unnecessarily dispatcht before their Time. They follow'd him with Cries of *Justice, Justice*, and forc'd him on toward the *Judgment-Seat*, where they arriv'd in the end with much ado. While This pass'd, I heard, methought, upon my left hand, a *Padling* in the *Water*, as if one had been Swimming, and what should this be, but a *Judge* in the middle of a River, washing and rinsing his hands over and over. I askt him the meaning of it; and he told me, that *in his life time he had been often damb'd in the Fist, to make the business slip the better, and he would willingly get out the Grease before he came to hold up his hand at the Bar.* There follow'd next a multitude of *Vintners* and *Taylors*, under the Guard of a Legion of *Devils*, arm'd with *Rods, Whips, Cudgels*, and other Instruments of Correction: and these counterfeited themselves Deaf, and were very loth to leave their Graves, for fear of a worse Lodging. As they were passing on, up
started

started a little *Lawyer*, and askt whither they were going? They made answer, that they were going to give an account of their Works. With that the *Lawyer* threw himself flat upon his Belly in his Hole again: if I am to go downward at last, (says he) I am thus much onward of my Way. The *Vintner* sweat as he walkt till one drop follow'd another; That's well done cry'd a *Devil* at's Elbow, to purge out thy Water, that we may have none in our Wine. There was a *Taylor* wrapt up in *Sarcenets*, *Crook-finger'd* and *Baker-leg'd*, spake not one word all the way he went, but *Alas! Alas!* how can any man be a *Thief* that dies for want of Bread? but his Companions gave him a Rebuke for discrediting his Trade. The next that appeared were a *Band* of *Higb-way-men*, following upon the Heels one of another, in great Distrust and Jealousie of Thieves among themselves. These were fetcht up by a party of Devils in the turning of a hand and lodg'd with the *Taylor*s; for (said one of the Company) your *Higb-way-man* is but a *Wild Taylor*. They were a litle Quarrellsome

at first, but in the Conclusion, they went down into the Valley, and kennel'd quietly together. After these came *Folly* with her Gang of *Poets, Fiddlers, Lovers* and *Fencers*: The people of all the World, that Dream the least of a Day of Reckoning; These were disposed of among the *Hang-men, Jews, Scribes,* and *Philosophers*. There were also a great many *Sollicitors* wondring among themselves, that they should have so much *Conscience* when they were *Dead*, and none at all *Living*. In fine, the *Word* was given, *Silence*.

The *Throne* being *Erected* and the great *Day* come: A Day of *Comfort* to the *Good*, and of *Terrour* to the *Wicked*. The *Sun* and the *Stars* waited on the *Foot-stool*, the *Wind* was *still*, the *Water* *quiet*; the *Earth* in *suspence* and *Anguish* for fear of her *Children*: And in brief, the whole *Creation* was in *Anxiety* and *Disorder*. The *Righteous* they were employed in *Prayers* and *Thanksgivings*; and the *Ungodly* in framing of *Shifts* and *Evasions*, to extenuate their *Pains*. The *Guardian Angels* were at hand, on the one side to acquit themselves

selves of their Duties and Commissions. And on the other side, were the *Devils* hunting for more matters of Aggravation and Charge against Offenders. The *Ten Commandments* had the Guard of a *Narrow Gate*, which was so strait that the most mortify'd Body could not pass it without leaving a good part of his Skin behind him.

On one hand there were in Multitudes, *Disgraces*, *Misfortunes*, *Plagues*, *Griefs*, and *Troubles* : All in a Clamour against the *Physician*. The *Plague* confest indeed, that she had struck many ; but 'twas the *Doct̃or* did their business. *Melancholy* and *Disgrace* said the like ; and *Misfortunes* of all sorts made open Protestation, that they never brought any man to his Grave, without the Help and Advice of a *Doct̃or*. So that the *Gentlemen of the Faculty* were call'd to Account for those they had kill'd, They took their Places upon a Scaffold, with Pen, Ink and Paper about them ; and still as the Dead were call'd, some or other of them answered to the Name, and declared the Year and Day when such a Patient passed through his Hand.

They

They began the enquiry at *Adam*, who, methought, was severely handled about an Apple. Alas (cry'd *Judas* that was by) if that were such a fault, what will become of me that sold and betray'd my Lord and Master? Next came the *Patriarchs*, and then the *Apostles*, who took their places by Saint *Peter*. It was worth the noting, that at this day there was no distinction between *Kings* and *Beggars*, before the Judgment-Seat. *Herod* and *Pilate*, so soon as they put out their Heads, found it was like to go hard with them. My Judgment is just (quoth *Pilate*) Alack! (cry'd *Herod*) what have I to trust to? *Heaven* is no place for me, and in *Limbo*, I should fall among the Innocents I have murder'd; so that without more ado I must e'en take up my Lodging in *Hell*: The common Receptacle of Notorious Malefactors.

There came in immediately upon this, a kind of a sowre rough-hewn Fellow; Look ye (says he) stretching out his arm, here are my Letters. The Company wonder'd at his Humour, and askt the Porter what he was; which

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he himself over hearing, I am (quoth he) *a Master of the noble Science of Defence*: and plucking out several seal'd Parchments, These (said he) are the Attestations of my Exploits. At which words all his Testimonials fell out of his Hand, and a Couple of Devils would fain have whipt them up, to have brought them in Evidence against him at his Tryal; but the Fencer was too nimble for them, and took them up himself. At which time, an *Angel* offer'd him his hand to help him in; but he for fear of an *Attacque*, leapt a step backward, and with great Agility, *alonging* withal, Now, (seys he) if ye think fit, I'll give ye a Taste of my skill. The Company fell a laughing, and this Sentence was past upon him; *That since by his Rules of Art he had occasioned so many Duels and Murthers; He should himself go to the Devil by a perpendicular Line.* He pleaded for himself, that he was no *Mathematician*, and knew no such Line: But while the word was in his Mouth, a Devil came up to him, gave him a turn and a half, and down he tumbled.

After

After him, came the *Treasurers*, and such a Cry following them, for Cheating and stealing, that some said, the *Thieves* were coming; Others said, No; And the Company was divided upon't. They were much troubled at the word, *Thieves*, and desir'd the benefit of Counsel to plead their Cause. And very good reason (says one of the *Devils*) Here's a *discarded Apostle* that has executed both Offices, Let them take him, where's *Judas*? When the *Treasurers* heard that, they turn'd aside, and by chance, spy'd in a Devil's hand a huge Roll of *Accusations* ready drawn into a formal Charge against them. With that, one of the boldest among them, *Away, Away*, (cry'd he) with these *Informations*; We'll rather come to a Fine and Compound, though it were for ten or twenty thousand Years in *Purgatory*. Ha! Ha! (quoth the Devil, a cunning Snap, that drew up the Charge) if ye are upon those Terms ye are hard put to't. Whereupon the *Treasurers*, being brought to a forc't put, were e'en glad to make the best of a bad Game, and follow the Fencer.

H 2

These

These were no sooner gone, but in came an unlucky *Pastry-man*; They askt him if he would be try'd. That's e'en as't hits; (said he) At that Word, the Devil that manag'd the Cause against him, prest his Charge, and laid it home to him; that he had put off *Cats* for *Hares*; and fill'd his *Pyes* with *Bones* instead of *Flesh*; and not only so, but that he had sold *Horse-flesh*, *Dogs*, and *Foxes*, for *Beef* and *Mutton*. Upon the Issue, it was prov'd against him, that *Noah* never had so many *Animals* in his *Ark* as this poor Fellow had put in his *Pyes*, (for we read of no *Rats* and *Mice* there) so that he e'en gave up his Cause, and went away to see if his Oven were hot. Next, came the *Philosophers* with their *Syllogisms*, and it was no Ill Entertainment, to hear them chop *Logick*, and put all their *Expostulations*, in *Mood* and *Figure*. But the pleasantest People in the World were the *Poets*; who insisted upon it, that they were to be try'd by *Jupiter*: and to the Charge of *Worshipping false Gods*, their Answer was, that through them they worshipt the *True One*,

One, and were rather mistaken in the Name, than in the Worship. *Virgil* had much to say for himself, for his *Sicelides Musæ*; but *Orpheus* interrupted him; who being the Father of the Poets, desir'd to be heard for them all. What, He? (cry'd one of the Devils) Yes; for teaching that *Boyes* were better *Bed-fellows* than *Wenches*; but the *Women* had comb'd his *Coxcomb* for him, if they could have catcht him. Away with him to *Hell* once again, then they cry'd; and let him get out now if he can. So they all fil'd off, and *Orpheus* was their Guide; because he had been there once before. So soon as the *Poets* were gone, there knockt at the Gate a *Rich Penurious Chuffe*; but 'twas told him, that the *Ten Commandments* kept it, and that he had not kept them. It is impossible (quoth he) under favour, to prove that ever I broke any one of them. And so he went to justify himself from Point to Point: He had done this and that; and he had never done that nor t'other: but in the end, he was delivered over to be rewarded according to his Works. And then came

on a Company of *House-Breakers*, and *Robbers*: so dextrous, some of them, that they sav'd themselves from the very *Ladders*. The *Scriveners*, and *Attorneys*, observing that; Ah! thought they; if we could but pass for *Thieves*, now! And yet they set a Face good enough upon the business too: which made *Judas* and *Mahomet* hope well of themselves: for (said they) if any of these Fellows come off, there's no fear of us: Whereupon they advanc'd boldly, with a resolution to take their Tryal; Which set the *Devils* all a laughing, the *Guardian-Angels* of the *Scriveners*, and *Attorneys*, mov'd that the *Evangelists* might be of their *Counsel*; which the *Devils* oppos'd; for (said they) we shall insist only upon the matter of *Fact*, and leave them without any possibility of *Reply*, or *Excuse*. We might indeed content our selves with the bare proof of what they are; for 'tis Crime enough that they are *Scriveners*, and *Attorneys*. With that, the *Scriveners* deny'd their Trade, alledging that they were *Secretaries*:

taries: and the *Attorneys* call'd themselves *Sollicitors*. All was said, in effect, that the Case would bear; but the best part of their Plea was *Church-membership*. And in fine, after several *Replifications* and *Rejoinders*, they were all sent to *Old Nick*; save only two or three, that found *Mercy*. Well (cry'd one of the *Scriveners*) *This 'tis to keep lewd Company!* The *Devils* call'd out then, to clear the Bar, and said they should have occasion for the *Scriveners* themselves, to enter *Protestations* in the Quality of *Publick Notaries*, against Lawless and Disorderly People: but the poor Wretches it seems could not hear on that Ear. To say the Truth, the *Christians* were much more troublesome than the *Pagans*, which the *Devils* took exceeding Ill; but they had this to say for themselves, that they were *Christen'd* when they were *Children*, so that 'twas none of their Fault, and their *Parents* must answer for't. *Judas* and *Mahomet* took such Courage, when they saw two or three of the *Scriveners*, and *Attorneys* sav'd, that they were just upon the point of *Challenging their Clergy*.

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But

But they were prevented by the *Doctor* I told ye of, who was set first to the *Bar*, in company with an *Apothecary*, and a *Barber*, when a certain *Devil*, with a great bundle of *Evidences* in his hand, inform'd the Court, that the greatest part of the *Dead* there present, were sent thither by the *Doctor* then at the *Bar*, in Confederacy with his *Apothecary*, and *Barber*, to whom they were to acknowledge their Obligation for that fair Assembly. An *Angel* then interposing for the *Defendent*, recommended the *Apothecary* for a Charitable Person, and one that *Physick'd the Poor for nothing*; No matter for that (cry'd the *Devil*;) for I have him in my Books, and am able to prove, that he has kill'd more People with *two little Boxes*, than the *King of Spain* has done with *two thousand Barrels of Powder*, in the *Low-Country Wars*. All his Medicines are corrupted, and his Compositions hold a perfect intelligence with the Plague: He has utterly unpeopled a couple of his Neighbour Villages in a matter of three weeks time. The *Doctor* he let fly upon the *Apothecary* too, and said he would maintain

maintain against the whole Colledge, that his *Prescriptions* were according to the *Dispensatory*: and if an *Apothecary* would play the *Knave* or the *Fool*, and put in *This* for *That*, he could not help it. So that without any more words, The *Pothecary* was put to the *Summer-Salt*, and the *Doctor* and *Barber* were brought off, at the Intercession of St. *Cosmus* and St. *Damian*.

After these, came a *Dapper Lawyer*, with a Tongue steep'd in oyl, and a great Master of his words and actions; a most exquisite *Flatterer*, and no man better skill'd in the Art of moving the Passions than himself; or more ready at bolting a lucky Precedent at a dead lisse or at making the best of a bad Cause; for he had all the shifts and starting-holes in the Law at his Fingers ends: but all this would not serve, for the Verdict went against him, and he was *Order'd to pay Costs*. In that instant, there was a Discovery made of a Fellow that hid himself in a Corner, and lookt like a *Spye*. They askt him what he was? He made answer, an *Empirick*; what (said a *Devil*) my Old Friend *Pontaus*?
Alas!

Alas! Alas! Thou hadst ten thousand times better be in *Covent-Garden* now, or at *Charing-Cross*; for upon my word thou'lt have nothing to do here, unless, perhaps, for an Ointment for a Burn, or so; And so *Ponteus* went his way. The next that appear'd were a Company of *Vintners*, who were accused for *Adulterating*, and *mingling Water* with their *Wines*. Their Plea was, that in Compensation they had furnisht the *Hospitals* with *Communion-Wine* that was *Right*, upon *Free-cost*; but this Excuse signify'd as little as that of the *Taylors* there present, who suggested that they had *Cloath'd* so many *Fryars gratis*; and so they were dispatch'd away together. After these, follow'd a Number of *Bankquiers*, that had turn'd *Bankrupt*, to cozen their *Creditors*; who finding there several of their old *Correspondents*, that they had reduced to a *Morsel of Bread*, began to treat of Composition; but one of the *Devils* presently cry'd out, All the rest have had enough to do to answer for themselves; but these people are to reckon for other mens Scores, as well as their own. And hereupon, they

they were forthwith sent away to *Pluto* with Letters of Exchange ; but as it happen'd at that time, the *Devil* was out of Cash.

After this enter'd a *Spanish Cavalier*, as *Upright*, as *Justice* itself. He was a matter of a Quarter of an hour in his *Legs*, and *Reverences*, to the Company. We could see no Head he had for his prodigious starcht Ruffe that stood staring up like a *Turkey-Cock's-Tail*, and cover'd it. In fine, it was so Phantastick a Figure, that the Porter was gaping at it a good while, and askt him if it were a *Man*, or No ? It is a *Man* (quoth the *Spaniard*) upon the Honour of a Cavalier, and his Name is *Don Pedro Rhodomontadoso*, &c. He was so long a telling his Name and Titles, that one of the *Devils* burst out a laughing in the middle of his Pedigree, and demanded, *What he would be at ?* *Glory*, (quoth he :) which they taking in the worse sense for *Pride*, sent him away immediately to *Lucifer*. He was a little severe upon his Guides, for disordering his *Mustachoes*, but they help't him presently to a pair of
of

of *Beard-Irons*, and all was well again.

In the next place, came a Fellow weeping and wailing ; But, my Masters, (says he) my Cause is never the worse for my *Crying* ; for if I would stand upon my Merits, I could tell ye that I have kept as good Company and had as much to do with the *Saints*, as another Body. What have we here (cry'd one) *Dioctesian* or *Nero* ? For they had enough to do with the *Saints*, though 'twere but to persecute them. But upon the Upshot, what was this poor Creature, but a small *Officer*, that swept the Church, and dusted the Images and Pictures. His Charge was for stealing the *Oyl* out of the Lamps, and leaving all in the dark ; pretending that the *Owls* and *Jack-Daws* had drunk it up. He had a Trick too of Cloathing himself out of the *Church-Habits*, which he got new dy'd ; and of *Crumming his Porrage with Consecrated Bread*, that he stole every *Sunday*. What he said for himself, I know not ; but he had his *Mittimus*, and took the Left-hand way at parting.

With

With that, a voice was heard, *Make way there, Clear the passage*: And this was for a *Bevy* of handsome, buxom, *Bona Roba's* in their *Caps* and *Feathers*, that came *dancing, laughing, and singing* of *Ballads* and *Lampoons*, and as merry as the day was long. But they quickly chang'd their Note; for so soon as ever they saw the hideous Looks of the Devils, they fell into violent Fits of the Mother; beating their Breasts, and tearing their Hair with all the horreur and fury imaginable. There was an Angel offer'd in their favour, that they had been great Frequenters of *Our Lady's Chappel*; Yes, yes (cry'd a Devil) *less of her Chappel and more of her Vertue* would have done well. There was a notable Whipster, among the rest, that confest, the Devil had reason. And then her Tryal came on, for making a Cloak of a *Sacrament*; and only *marrying* that she might play the *Whore* with *Priviledge*, and never want a *Father* for her *Bastards*. It was her fortune alone to be condemn'd and going along, Well! she cry'd; if I had thought 'twould have come to this, I should ne're have troubled my self with so many Masses. And

And now, after a long waiting, came *Judas* and *Mahomet* upon the Stage, and to them *Jack of Leyden*: Up comes an Officer, and askt which of the three was *Judas*? I am he, quoth *Jack of Leyden*. Nay, but I am *Judas* cry'd *Mahomet*. They're a couple of *lying Rascals*, says *Judas* himself for I am the Man; only the Rogues make use of my Name to save their Credit. 'Tis true, I sold my Master once, and the World has ever since been the better for't: But these Villains sell him and themselves too, every hour of the Day, and there follows nothing but Misery and Confusion. So they were all three packt away to their Disciples.

The Angel that kept the Book, found that the *Serjeants* and *Remembrancers* wereto come on next; whereupon they were call'd, and appear'd: but the Court was not much troubled with them; for they confest Guilty at first word, and so were ty'd up without any more ado.

The next that appear'd was an *Astrologer*, loaden with *Almanacks*,
Globes,

Globes, Astrolabes, &c. making Proclamation as loud as he could bawl, that there must needs be a gross mistake in the reckoning, for *Saturn* had not finish't his Course, and the World could not be yet at an end. One of the Devils that saw how he came provided, and lookt upon him as his own already: A provident Slave (quoth he) I warrant him, to bring his Firing along with him. But this I must needs tell ye (says he to the *Mathematician*) 'Tis a strange thing, ye should create so many *Heavens* in your *Life*, and go to the *Devil* for want of one after your *Death*. Nay, for *Going* (cry'd the *Astrologer*) ye shall excuse me; but if you'll *carry me, Well and good*. And immediately Order was given to carry him away and pay the Porter.

Hereupon methought, the Court rose, the Throne vanish'd; the Shadows and Darkness withdrew; the Air sweetn'd; the Earth was cover'd with Flowers; the Heavens clear: And then I waked; not a little satisfy'd to find that after all this, I was still in my Bed, and among the Living. The Use I made

112. *The third Vision of, &c.*

made of my Dream was this; I betook my self presently to my Prayers, with a firm Resolution of changing my Life, and putting my Soul into such a Frame of Piety and Obedience, that I might attend the coming of the Great Day with Peace and Comfort.

The End of the third Vision.

THE

THE
FOURTH VISION
OF
LOVING FOOLS.

A Bout four of the Clock in a Cold Frosty Morning, when it was much better being in a *Warm Bed* with a *good Bedfellow*, than upon a *Biere* in the *Church-Yard*; as I lay advising with my Pillow, Tumbling and Tossing a thousand Love-Toys in my Head, I past from one Phancy to another, till at last, I fell into a slumber; and there appear'd the *Genius* of *Disabuse*; Laying before me all the *Follies*, and *Vanities of Love*; and supporting her Opinions, with great Authorities, and Reasons. I was carry'd then (methought) I knew not how into a fair Meadow: A Meadow pleasant and agreeable infinitely beyond the very Fictions of your half-witted Poets,
I with

with all their far-fetch'd Gilding, and Enameling; for a Paper of Verses is worth nothing with them, unless they force Nature for't, and rifle both the *Indies*. This Delicious Field was water'd with two *Riv'lets*; the *One bitter*, the *Other sweet*; and yet they mingled their Streams with a pretty kind of Murmur, Equal perhaps to the best Musick in the World. The use of these *Waters* was, (as I observ'd) to temper the Darts of *Love*; for while I was upon the Prospect of the Place, I saw several of *Cupid's little Officers*, and Subjects, dipping of *Arrows* there, for their Entertainment and Ease. Upon this, I phansy'd my self in one of the Gardens of *Cyprus*, and that I saw the very *Hive* where the *Bee* liv'd that stung my *Young Master*, and occasion'd that Excellent Ode which *Anacreon* has written upon the Subject. The next thing I cast my Eye upon was a *Palace*, in the midst of the Meadow; a rare *Piece*, as well for the *Structure*, as *Design*. The *Porches* were of the *Dorick Order*, excellently wrought; And the *Pedestals*, *Bases*, *Columns*, *Cornishes*, *Capitals*, *Architraves*,

chitraves, *Freezes*, (and in short, the whole *Front* of the *Fabrick*) was Beautified with imaginary *Trophies*, and *Triumphs* of *Love*, and *Half Relief*, which as they were intermix'd with other Phantastick Works and Conceits, carry'd the face of several little *Histories*, and gave a great Ornament to the Building. Over the *Porch*, there was in Golden Letters, upon Black Marble, This Inscription,

This is call'd *Fools Paradise*,
From the *Loving Fools* that dwell in't :
Where the *Great Fools* rule the *Less*,
The *Rest* Obey, and all do well in't.

The *Finishing* and *Materials* were pleasant to Admiration. The *Portal* spacious, the *Doors* always open, and the *House* free to all *Comers*, which were very many. The *Porter's Place* was supply'd by a *Woman*; exquisitely handsome, both for *Face* and *Person*; *Tall*, *Delicately shap'd*, and set off with great Advantages of *Dress*, and *Jewels*. She was made up in fine, of *Charms*, and her *Name* (as I understood) was

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Beauty,

Beauty. She would let a man in to see the House for a *Look*; and that was all I paid for my passage. In the first Court, I found a many of both Sexes, but so alter'd in Habit, and Countenance, that they could scarce know one another. They were *sad, pensive*; and their Complexions tainted with a yellow *Paleness* (which *Ovid* calls *Cupid's Livery*) there was no talk of being *True to Friends*; *Loyal to Superiours*; and *Dutiful to Parents*: But Kindred did the Office of *Procurers*; and *Procurers* were called *Consins*. *Wives* lov'd their *Husbands* *She-Friends*, and *Husbands* did as much for *Them*, in loving their *Gallants*.

While I was upon the Contemplation of these Encounters of Affection, there appear'd a strange *Extravagant Figure*, but in the likeness of a *Humane Creature*. It was neither perfectly *Man*, nor perfectly *Woman*, but had indeed a Resemblance of Both. This Person I perceiv'd was ever busie, up and down, going and coming; beset all over with Eyes and Ears, and had one of the Craftiest Distrustful Looks (*Me-thought*)

thought) that ever I saw. And withal, (as I observ'd) no small Authority in the Place, which made me enquire after this Creature's *Name* and *Office*. My *Name* (quoth She) (for now it prov'd to be a *Woman*) is *Jealousie*, and methinks you and I should be better acquainted, for how came you here else? However for your satisfaction, you are to understand that the greater part of the Distemper'd people you see here, are of my bringing; and yet I am not their *Physician*, but their *Tormentor*; and serve only to *Aggravate* and *Embitter* their *Misfortunes*. If you would know any thing further of the *House*, never ask me, for 'tis Forty to One I shall tell you a Lye; I have not told you half the Truth even of my self; and to deal plainly with you, I am made up of *Inventions*, *Artifice*, and *Imposure*: But the Good Old man that walks there is the *Major Domo*, and will tell you all, if you will but bear with his slow way of Discourse.

Thereupon I went to the Good Man, whom I presently knew to be *Time*: and desir'd him to let me look into the se-

veral Quarters and Lodgings of the House, for there were some *Fools* of my Acquaintance there I'd fain Visit; He told me that he was at present so busie about making of *Candles*, *Cock-Broths*, and *Gellies* for his Patients, that he could not stir; but yet he directed me where I might find all those I enquired for, and gave me the freedom of the House to walk at pleasure.

I past out of the *First Court* into the *Maids Quarter*, which was the very strongest part of the whole Building, and so't had need; for divers of the *Young Wenches* were so extravagant and furious, that no other place would have held them. (The *Wives* and *Widows* were in another Room apart.) Here ye shall have *One*, sobbing and raging with *Jealousie* of a *Rival*. There *Another*, *Stark mad* for a *Husband*; and inwardly bleeding because she durst not discover it. A *Third* was writing of Letters all *Riddle* and *Mystery*, Mending and Marring, till at last the Paper had more *Blots* than *whole Words* in it. Some were practising in the *Glass* the *Gracious Smile*, the *Rowl* of the *Eye*, the *Velvet-Lip*, &c. Others again

again were in a Diet of *Oatmeal, Clay, Chalk, Cole, Hard Wax*, and the like. Some were conditioning with their Servants for a *Ball*, or a *Serenade*, that the whole Town might ring of the *Address*. Yes, yes, they cry'd, *You can go to the Park with This Lady, and to a Play with That Lady, and to Banstead with T'other Lady, and spend whole Nights at Beste or Ombre with my Lady Pen-Tweezel; but by my Troth I think you are asham'd to be seen in my Company.* Some I saw upon the very point of *Sealing and Delivering.* *I am Thine* (crys one) *and Thine alone, or let all the Devils in Hell, &c.* But be sure you be constant. If I be not (says he) let my Soul, &c. and the silly Jade believes him. In one Corner ye should have them praying for *Husbands*, that they might the better love at *Random*: In another, nothing would please them but to be *Marry'd Mens Wives*, and this Disease was lookt upon as a little Desperate. Some again stood ready furnished with *Love-Letters* and *Tickets* to be cast out at the Window, or thrust under the Door, and these were look'd upon not only as *Fools* but *Beasts*.

I had seen as much already as I desir'd, for I had learn'd of Old, that *He that keeps such Company, seldom comes off without a scratch'd Face:* but if he misses a *Mistress*, he gets a *Wife*, and stands condemn'd to a *Repentance during Life*, without *Redemption*, unless One of the Two dyes. For *Women* in this Case are worse than *Pyrates*; a *Gally-Slave* may compound for his *Freedom*, but there is no thought of *Ransom* in Case of *Wedlock*. I had a good mind to a little Chat with some of them, but (thought I) they'll fanſie I'm in Love with them. And ſo I e'en march'd off into the *Marry'd Quarter*,

Where there was ſuch *Ranting*, *Damning*, and *Tearing*, as if *Hell* had been broke looſe. And what was all This? but a Number of *Women* that had been lockt up and shackl'd by their *Husbands*, to keep them in *Obedience*, and had now broken their *Prisons*, and their *Chains*, and were grown ten times madder than before. Some I ſaw *Careſſing* and *Cokeſing* their *Husbands*, in the very moment they deſign'd to betray them. Others were picking their *Husbands* Pockets

Pockets to pay now and then for a By-Blow. Some again were upon a Religious point, and all upon the Humour (for-sooth) of Pilgrimages and Lectures; when alas! they had no other business with the Altars or Churches, than a Sacrifice to Venus, or a Love-meeting. Divers there were that went to the Bath; But Bathing was the least part of their Errand. Others to Confession, that mistook their Martyr for their Confessor: some to be reveng'd of Jealous Husbands, were resolving to do the thing they fear'd; and pay them in their own Coin. Others were for making sure beforehand by way of Advance; for that's the Revenge, they say that's as sweet as Muskadine and Eggs. One was melancholy for a Delay; Another for a Defeat; A Third is preparing to make her Market at a Play. There was one among the rest, was never out of her Coach; and asking her the Reason, she told me, she lov'd to be Jolted. In this Croud of Women, you must know that there were no Wives of Embassadors, Souldiers, or Merchants that were abroad upon Commission; for such were considered in effect as single Women,

Women, and not allow'd as Members of this Common-wealth.

The next Quarter was that of the *Grave and Wise*; the *Right Reverend Widows*; *Women* in appearance of *Marvelous severity* and *reserve*, and yet every One of them had her weak side, and ye might read her *Folly* and *Distemper* through her *Disguise*. One of them I saw crying with one Eye for the loss of one Husband, and laughing with t'other upon him that was to come next. Another, with the *Ephesian Matron*, was solacing her self with her Gallant, before her Husband was thorough cold in the mouth; considering that he that dy'd half an hour ago, is as dead as William the Conquerour. There were several others passing to and again, quite out of their Mourning, that lookt so demurely (I warrant ye) as if Butter would not have melted in their mouths, and yet *Apostate Widows* (as I was told) and there they were kept as strictly, as if they had been in the *Spanish Inquisition*. Some were laying wagers, whose Mourning was most *a-la-mode*, and best made: or whose *Peak* or *Veil* became

became her best : and setting themselves off, with a Thousand tricks of Ornament and Dress. The Widows I observ'd that were marching off, with the mark out of their Mouths, were hugely concern'd to be thought Young, and still talking of Masques, Balls, Fiddles, Treats ; Chanting and Jigging to every Tune they heard, and all upon the Hoyty-Toyty like mad Wenches of fifteen. The Younger, on the other side, made use of their Time and took pleasure while 'twas to be had. There were too of the Religious strain ; a people much at their Beads, and in private ; and These were there in the Quality of Love Hereticks, or Platonicks, and under the Penance of perpetual Abstinence from the Flesh they lov'd best (which is the Most Mortifying Lent of all Other) Some that had skill in Perspective, were before the Glass with their Boxes of Patch and Paint about them ; Shadowing, Drawing out, Refreshing, and in short, Covering, and Palliating all the Imperfections of Feature and Complexion, every one after her own Humour. Now these Women were abso-

absolutely insufferable, for they were most of them *Old* and *Head-strong*, having got the better of their *Husbands*, so that they would be taking upon them to *domineer* here, as they had done at home; and indeed they found the Master of the Colledge enough to do.

When I had tyr'd my self with this Variety of *Folly* and *Madness*, I went to the *Devotes*; where I found a great many *Women* and *Girls* that had *Cloystered* up themselves from the Conversation of the *World*, and yet were not a jot *soberer* than their *Fellows*. These one would have thought might have been easily cur'd, but many of them were in for their *Lives*, in despite of either *Counsel* or *Physick*. The Room where they were was *Barricado'd* with strong Bars of *Iron*: and yet when the *Toy* took them, They'd make now and then a *Sally*: for when the *Fit* was upon them, they'd own no *Superiour* but *Love*, come what would on't in the Event. The greater part of these good People, were writing of *Tickets* and *Dispatches*, which had still the *Sign* of the *Cross* at the *Top*, and *Satan* at the
Bottom,

Bottom, concluding with *This*, or some such *Postscript*: *I commend this Paper to your Discretion.* The *Fools of This Province* would be *Twatling* Night and Day: and if it happened that any one of them had talk'd her self a weary, (which was very rare) she would presently take upon her very gravely to admonish the Rest, and read a *Lecture of Silence* to the *Company*: There were some that for want of better Entertainment fell in Love with one another; but these were look'd upon as a sort of *Fops* and *Ninnies*, and therefore the more favourably us'd; but they'd have been of another mind, if they had known the Cause of their Distemper.

The Root of all these several Extravagancies was *Idleness*, which (according to *Petrarch's* Observation) never fails to make way for *Wantonness*. There was one among the Rest, that had *more Letters of Exchange upon the Credit of her insatiable Desires, than a whole Regiment of Banquiers*. Some of them were sick of their *Old Visitor*, and call'd for a *Fresh man*. Others, by intervals, I perceived, had their Wits about them, and contented

tented themselves discreetly with *the Physician of the House*. In short, It e'en pity'd my heart to see so many poor people in so sad a Condition, and without any hope of Relief, as I gather'd from him that had them in care: for they were still Puddering and Royling their Bodies; and if they got a little Ease for the present, they'd be down again, as soon as they had taken their Medicine.

From thence, I went to the *single Women* (such as made Profession never to marry) which were the least Outragious, and discompos'd of all; for they had a thousand ways to *Lay the Devil*, as well as to *Raise* him. Some of them liv'd like *common High-way-men*, by *Robbing Peter to pay Paul*; and stripping honest Men to clothe Rascals, which is (under favour) but a lewd kind of Charity. Others there were, that were absolutely out of their seven senses, and as Mad as *March-Hares* for this *Witt*, and *t'other Poet*; that never fail'd to pay them again in *Rhimes*, and *Madrigals*, with *Ruby Lips*; *Pearly Teeth*: so that to read their Verses, a Man would swear

swear the whole Woman to be directly
Petrify'd.

*Of Sappir fair, or Crystal clear,
Is the Forehead of my Dear, &c.*

I saw One in Consultation with a
Cunning-man to know her *Fortune*;
Another, dealing with a *Conjuror* for
a *Philtre*, or *Drink* to make her Be-
lov'd. A third was *daubing* and *patch-*
ing up an *Old ruin'd Face*, to make it
fresh and young again: but she might
as well have been *washing of a Black-*
moor to make him White. In fine, a world
there were, that with their *borrow'd*
Hair, Teeth, Eyes, Eye-brows, look'd
like fine Folks at a distance, but would
have been left as Ridiculous as *Æsop's*
Crow, if every Bird had fetch'd away
his own Feather. Deliver me (thought
I, smiling and shaking my Head) if *This*
be *Woman.*

And so I step'd into the *Mens Quar-*
ter, which was but next Door, and only
a thick Wall between. Their great Mi-
sery was that they were *deaf to good ad-*
vice, obstinately *hating*, and *despising*
both

both *Physick*, and *Physician*: for if they would have either *quitted*, or *chang'd*, they might have been *cured*. But they chose rather to *dye*, and though they saw their *Errour*, would not mend it. Which minded me of the Old Rhyme,

*Where Love's in the Case,
The Doctor's an Ass.*

These *Fools male* were all in the same Chamber; and one might perfectly read their *Humour*, and *Distemper* in their *Looks* and *Gestures*, Oh! how many a gay Lad did I see there, in his *Poynt-Band*, and *Embroidered Vest*, that had not a whole *Shirt* to his *Back*! How many *Huffs* and *Highbboys*, that had nothing else in their *Mouths*, but the *Lives* and *Fortunes* they'd spend in their sweet *Ladies service*! that would yet have run five miles on your *Errand*, to have been treated but at a *Three-penny Ordinary*! How many a poor *Devil* that wanted *Bread*, and was yet troubled with the *Rebellion of the Flesh*! Some there were that spent much time in setting their
Peruques,

Peruques, ordering the *Mustache*, and dressing up the very Face of *Lucifer* himself for a *Beauty*; (The Woman's Privilege, and in truth, an Encroachment, to their prejudice) There were others, that made it their Glory to pass for *Hectors*, *Sons of Priam*, *Brothers of the Blade*; and talk'd of nothing but *Attacques*, *Combats*, *Reverses*, *Stramazons*, *Stoccadoes*: not considering that a *naked Weapon* is present Detab to a *timorous Woman*. Some were taking the Round of their *Ladies Lodgings*, at *Midnight*, and went to bed again as wise as they rose. Others fell in *Love* by *Contagion*, and merely conversing with the *Infected*. Some again went Post from *Church* to *Chappel*, every *Holy-day*, to hunt for a *Mistress*; and so turn'd a day of *Rest* into a Day of *Labour*. Ye might see others skipping continually from house to house, like the *Knight* upon a *Chess-board*, without ever catching the (*Queen* or) *Dame*. Some, like crafty *Beggars*, made their *Case* worse than 'twas: And others though 'twere ne'er so bad, durst not so much as open their *Mouths*. Really it griev'd me for

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the poor *Mutes*, and I wish'd with all my heart, their *Mistresses* had been *Witches*, that they might have known their meaning by their *Mumping*; but they were lost to all Counsel, so that there was no advising them. There was another sort of *Elevated* and *Conceited Lovers*: and these, forsooth, were not to be satisfy'd without the *Seven Liberal Sciences*, and the *Four Cardinal Vertues* in the shape of a *Woman*: and their Case was desperate. The next I observ'd, were a Generation of *modest Fools*, that past there under the Notion of people *diffident of themselves*. They were generally Men of good Understanding, but for the most part *Younger Brothers*, of *low Fortunes*, and such as for want of wherewithal to go to the price of *higher Amours*, were fain to take up with *ordinary Stuff*, that brought them nothing in the end, but *Beggary* and *Repentance*. The *Husbands*, I perceiv'd, were horribly furious, although in *Manacles* and *Shackles*. Some of them left their own *Wives*, and sell upon their *Neighbours*. Others, to keep the good *Women* in *Awe* and *Obedience*,

dience, would be taking upon them, and playing the *Tyrants*, but upon the Upshot they found their mistake, and that though they came on as *fierce as Lions*, they went off as *tame as Muttons*. Some were making Friendships with their *Wives She-Friends*: and agreeing upon a *Cross Gossiping* whoever should have the first Child.

The *Widowers*, that had bit of the *Bridle*, pass'd from place to place, where they stay'd more or less, according to their Entertainment, and so were in effect *as good as marry'd, for as long, or as little a while as themselves pleas'd*. These liv'd single, and spent their time in visiting first one Friend, then another. Here they fell in *Love*; There they kindled a *Jealousie*, which they contracted themselves in one place, and cur'd it in another. But the Miracle was, that they all knew and confess'd themselves a Company of *Mad Fools*; and yet continu'd so. Those that had skill in *Musick*, and could either *Sing* or *Fiddle*, made use of their Gifts, to put the silly Wenches that were but *half Mop'd* before, directly out of their *Wits*.

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They that were *Poetical* were perpetually hammering upon the Subjects of *Cruelty* and *Disappointment*. One tells *his Good Fortune* to another, that requites him with a story of *his Bad*. They that had set their Hearts upon *Girls*, were beating the Streets *all day*, to find what *Avenues* to a Lady's Lodgings *at night*. Some were tampering and caressing the *Chamber-maid*, as the ready way to the *Mistress*. Others chose rather to put it to the push, and attempt the Lady her self. Some were examining their *Pockets*, and taking a view of their *Furniture*; which consisted much in *Love-Letters*, delicately seal'd up with *perfum'd Wax*, upon *raw Silk*; and a thousand pretty *Devices* within; all wrapt up in *Riddle* and *Cypher*. Abundance of *Hair-Bracelets*, *Locketts*, *Pomanders*, *Knots of Ribband*, and the like. There were others that were call'd the *Husbands Friends*, who were ready upon all occasions to do this, and to do that Kindness for the *Husband*. Their *Purse*, *Credit*, *Coach* and *Horses*, were all at his service; And in the mean time, who but they to *Gallant*

lant the *Wife* to the *Park*, the *Gardens*, to a *Treat*, or a *Comedy*; where forty to one, by the greatest good luck in the *World*, they stumble upon an *Aunt*, an old *House-keeper* of the *Family*, or some such Reverend *Goer-between*, that's a *Well Willer* to the *Mathematicks*; She takes the hint, performs the *Good Office*, and the *Work* is done.

Now there were two sorts of *Fools* for the *Widows*; The one was *Belov'd*, and the other *not*. The latter were content to be a kind of *Voluntary Slaves*, for the compassing their ends: but the other were the *Happier*; for they were ever at perfect *Liberty* to do their pleasure, unless some *Friend* or *Child* of the *House* perchance came in, in the mischievous *Nick*, and then in *Case* of a little colour more than ordinary, or a tumbled *Handkercher*, 'twas but changing the *Scene* and *Strugling* for a *Paper* of *Verses* or some such business to keep all in *Countenance*. Some made their *Assaults* both with *Love* and *Money*, and they seldom fail'd, for they came doubly arm'd; and your *Spanish Pistols*

are a sort of Battery hardly to be resisted.

I came now to reflect upon what I had seen, and as I was walking (in that Meditation) toward another Lodging, I found my self (e'er I was aware) in the *first Court* again; where I enter'd, and in it I observ'd new Wonders: I saw that the Number of the *Mad Fools* encreas'd every moment; Although Time, (I perceiv'd) did all that was possible to recover them. There was *Jealousie* tormenting even those that were most confident of the Faith of what they lov'd. There was *Memory* rubbing of *old Sores*, There was *Understanding* lock'd up in a *dark Cellar*: and *Reason* with both her *Eyes out*: I made a little pause, the better to observe these Varieties and Disguises. And when I had lookt my self a weary, I turn'd about and spy'd a Door; but so narrow, that it was hardly passable; and yet strait as it was, divers there were that *Ingratitude* and *Infidelity* had set at liberty; and made a shift to get through. Upon which opportunity of returning I made what haste I could to be one of the first at the
Door,

Door, and in that instant my Man drew the Curtain of my Bed, and told me the Morning was far gone. Whereupon I wak'd, and recollecting my self, found all was but a *Dream*. The very Phancy however of having spent so much time in the Company of Fools and Madmen, gave me some disorder, but with this comfort, that both sleeping and waking, I had experimented *passionate Love* to be nothing else than a mere *Phrensie* and *Folly*.

The End of the fourth Vision.

THE
FIFTH VISION
OF THE
WORLD.

IT is utterly impossible for any thing in this World to fix our *Appetites*, and *Desires*, but they are still flitting and restless like *Pilgrims*; delighted and nourish'd with *Variety*: which shews how much we are mistaken in the Value and Quality of the things we covet. And hence it is, that what we pursue with the greatest *Delight* and *Passion* imaginable, yields us nothing but *Satiety* and *Repentance* in the *Possession*; yet such is the power of these *Appetites* of ours, that when they call and command, we follow and obey; though we find in the end, that what we took for a *Beauty* upon the *Chase*, proves but a *Carcass* in the *Quarry*; and we are sick

sick on't as soon as we have it. Now the *World*, that knows our *Palate* and *Inclination*, never fails to feed the Humour, and to flatter and entertain us with all sorts of *Change* and *Novelty*; as the most certain Method of gaining upon our Affections.

One would have thought that these Considerations might have put sober thoughts and resolutions in my Head, but it was my Fate to be taken off, in the very middle of my *Morality* and *Speculations*; and carry'd away from my self by *Vanity* and *Weakness*, into the wide World, where I was for a while after, not much unsatisfy'd with my Condition. As I pass'd from one place to another, several that saw me (I perceiv'd) did but make sport with me: for the further I went, the more I was at a loss in that *Labyrinth* of *Delusions*. One while I was in with the *Sword-men*, and *Bravoes*; up to the Ears in *Challenges*, and *Quarrels*; and never without an Arm in a Scarff, or a broken Head. Another Fit, I was never well, but either at the *Fleece-Tavern*; or Bear at *Bridge-foot*, stuffing my Guts with Food,
and

and *Tipple* till the *Hoops* were ready to burst. Beside twenty other Entertainments that I found, every jot as extravagant as these, which to my great trouble and admiration left me not so much as one moment of Repose.

As I was in one of my unquiet and penfive Moods; some body call'd after me, and pluckt me by the Cloak: which prov'd to be *A Person of a Venerable Age; His Cloaths miserably poor and tatter'd; and his Face just as if he had been trampled upon in the Streets, which did not yet hinder, but that he had still the Air and Appearance of one that deserv'd much Honour and Respect.* Good Father, (said I to him) why should you envy me my Enjoyments? Pray'e let me alone, and do not trouble your self with me or my doings. *You're past the pleasure of life your self, and can't endure to see other people merry, that have the World before them.* Consider of it; you are now upon the point of leaving the World, and I am but newly come into't. But 'tis the trick of all Old men to be carping at the actions of their Juniors.

Son,

Son, (said the Old man, smiling) I shall neither hinder, nor envy thy Delights, but in pure pity I would fain reclaim thee. *Do'st thou know the price of a Day, an Hour, or a Minute?* Did'st ever examine the value of *Time*? If thou had'st, thou would'st employ it better; and not cast away so many blessed opportunities upon trifles; and so easily and insensibly part with so inestimable a Treasure. *What's become of thy past Hours?* have they made thee a promise to come back again at a Call when thou hast need of them? Or, can'st thou shew me which way they went? No, No; They are gone without recovery; and in their flight, methinks, Time seems to turn his head, and laugh over his shoulder in derision of those that made no better use of him, when they had him. Do'st thou not know, that all the minutes of our life, are but as so many Links of a Chain, that has Death at the end on't? and every moment brings thee nearer thy expected end, which perchance, while the word is speaking, may be at the very Door: And doubtless at thy rate of living, it will be

be upon thee before thou art aware. *How stupid is he, that dyes while he lives for fear of Dying! How wicked is he that lives, as if he should never dye; and only fears Death when he comes to feel it!* which is too late for comfort, either to Body or Soul. And he is certainly none of the Wisest that spends all his days in Lewdness and Debauchery; without considering that of his whole life, any minute might have been his last.

My Good Father (said I) I am beholden to you for your excellent Discourses, for they have deliver'd me out of the power of a thousand frivolous and vain Affections, that had taken possession of me. But who are you, I pray'e? And what is your Business here? *My Poverty and these Rags,* quoth he, *are enough to tell ye that I am an honest man; a Friend to Truth, and one that will not be mealy-mouth'd, when he may speak it to purpose.* Some call me the Plain-Dealer; Others, the Undeceiver-General. You see me all in Tatters, Wounds, Scars, Bruises. And what is all this but a *Requital* the World gives

gives me for my *Good Counsel*, and *Kind Visits*? And yet after all this endeavour to get shut of me; they call themselves my *Friends*: though they curse me to the Pit of Hell, as soon as ever I come near them; and had rather be hang'd than spend one Quarter of an hour in my Company. If thou hast a mind to see the *World* I talk of, come along with me, and I'll carry thee into a place where thou shalt have a full Prospect of it; and without any inconvenience, see all that's in't; or in the People that dwell in it, and look it through and through. What's the Name of this place? quoth I. It is call'd, said he, *The Hypocrites Walk*; and it crosses the *World* from one Pole to t'other. It is *large* and *populous*: for I believe there's not any man alive, but has either a House or a Chamber in't. Some live in't for *altogether*; Others take it only in *Passage*, for there are *Hypocrites* of several sorts; but all Mortals have more or less, a *Tang* of the *Leven*. That Fellow there in the Corner, came but t'other day from the *Plow-Tayl*, and would now fain be a *Gentleman*.

Gentleman. But had not he better pay his Debts, and walk alone, than *break* his *Promises* to keep a *Lacquey*? There's another *Rascal* that would fain be a *Lord*; and would venture a *Voyage* to *Venice* for the *Title*, but that he's better at buidilng *Castles* in the *Air*, than upon the *Water*. In the mean time he puts on a *Nobleman's Face* and *Garb*; he *swears* and *drinks* like a *Lord*, and keeps his *Hounds* and *Whores*, which 'tis feared in the end will devour their Master. Mark now that piece of *Gravity* and *Form*; He *walks*, ye see, as if he mov'd by *Clock-work*; His words are *few* and *low*; He makes all his *Answers* by a *Shrug* or a *Nod*. This is the *Hypocrite* of a *Minister of State*; who with all his *Counterfeit of Wisdom*, is one of the veriest *Noddies* in Nature.

Face about now, and mind those decrepit *Sots* there, that can scarce lift a *Leg* over a threshold, and yet they must be *dying* their *Hair*, *colouring* their *Beards*, and playing the *Young Fools* again, with a thousand *Hobby-horse-Tricks* and *Antick Dresses*. On the other side, Ye have a Company of *Silly Boys*,
taking

taking upon them to govern the World, under a *Vizor of Wisdom and Experience*. What Lord is that (said I) in the *Rich Cloaths there, and the fine Laces?* That Lord (quoth he) is a *Taylor*, in his *Holy-day-Cloaths*; and if he were now upon his *Shop-board*, his own *Scissers* and *Needles* would hardly know him: And you must understand, that *Hypocrisie* is so *Epidemical* a Disease, that it has laid hold of the *Trades* themselves, as well as the *Masters*. The *Cobler* must be saluted *M^r Translatour*. The *Groom* names himself *Gentleman of the Horse*. The Fellow that carries *Guts* to the *Bears* writes, *One of his Majestie's Officers*. The *Hangman* calls himself a *Minister of Justice*. The *Mountebank*, an *Able-man*. A common *Whore* passes for a *Courtesan*. The *Bawd* acts the *Puritan*. *Gaming Ordinaries* are call'd *Academies*; and *Bawdy-Houses*, Places of Entertainment. The *Page* styles himself the *Child of Honour*; and the *Foot-boy* calls himself my *Lady's Page*. And every *Pick-Thank* names himself a *Courtier*. The *Cuckold-maker* passes for a *fine Gentleman*; and the *Cuckold* himself for the *best-natur'd Husband*

Husband in the World: and a very *Ass*, commences *Master Doctor*. *Hocus Pocus Tricks* are call'd *Slight of Hand*; *Lust*, *Friendship*; *Usury*, *Thrift*; *Cheating* is but *Gallantry*; *Lying* wears the Name of *Invention*: *Malice* goes for *Quickness of Apprehension*; *Cowardice*, *Meekness of Nature*; and *Rashness* carries the Countenance of *Valour*. In fine, this is all but *Hypocrisie* and *Knavery* in a *Disguise*; for Nothing is call'd by the right Name. Now there are beside these, certain general *Appellations* taken up, which by long *Ulage*, are almost grown into *Prescription*. Every little *Whore* takes upon her to be a *Great Lady*; Every *Gown-man*, to be a *Counsellor*; Every *Huff* to be a *Soldat*; Every *Gay thing* to be a *Cavalier*; Every *Parish Clerk* to be a *Doctor*, and every *Writing Clerk* in the *Office* must be call'd *M^r Secretary*.

So that the whole *World*, take it where you will, is but a *meer Juggle*; and you will find that *Wrath*, *Gluttony*, *Pride*, *Avarice*, *Luxury*, *Murder*, and a thousand other heinous *Sins*, have all of them *Hypocrisie* for their *Source*, and this,

ther They'l return again. It would be well (said I) if you could prove what you say; But I can hardly see, how so great a *Diversity of Waters* should proceed from one and the same *Fountain*. I do not wonder (quoth he) at your Distrust, for you are mistaken in very good Company; to phansie a *Contrariety* in many things, which are, in effect, so much alike. It is agreed upon, both by *Philosophers* and *Divines*, that *all Sins are Evil*; and you must allow that the *Will embraces, or pursues, no Evil but under the Resemblance of Good*: Nor does the *Sin lye in the Representation, or Knowledge of what is Evil*, but in the *Consent to it*. Which *Consent* it self is *sinful*, although without any *Subsequent Act*: It's true, the *Execution* serves afterward for an *Aggravation*, and ought to be considered under many *Differences and Distinctions*. But in fine; evident it is, that the *Will entertains no Ill*, but under the shape of some *Good*. What do ye think now of the *Hypocrite, that cuts your Throat in his Arms, and Murders you, under pretence of Kindness*? What is the Hope of

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an Hypocrite ? says *Job*. He neither has nor can have any : For he is *Wicked* as he is an *Hypocrite* ; and even his best Actions are worth nothing , because they are not what they seem to be. So that of all Sinners he has the most to answer for. Other Offenders sin only *against God* , but the Hypocrite sins *with Him* , as well as *against Him* , making use of *his holy Name* as a *Cloak* and *Countenance* for his *Wickedness*. For which reason, our Blessed Saviour, after many *Affirmative Precepts* delivered to his Disciples , for their *Instruction* ; gave only *This Negative*, *Be not sad as the Hypocrites* : which lays them open in few Words ; And he might as well have said, *Be not Hypocrites, and ye shall not be Wicked*.

We were now come to the Place the Old Man told me of, where I found all according to my Expectation, and took the higher ground, that I might have the better Prospect of what past. The first remarkable thing I saw was a long *Funeral Train* of *Kindred* and *Guests*, following the *Corps* of a *Deceas'd Lady*, in Company with the *Disconsolate*
Widower ;

Widower ; who marcht with his Chin upon his Breast, a sad and a heavy pace ; muffled up in a mourning Hood, enough to have stifled him, with at least Ten yards of Cloth upon his Body, and no less in his Train. Alack, Alack ! cry'd I, that ever I should live to see so dismal a Spectacle ! Oh Blessed Woman ! How did this Husband love Thee in thy *Life Time*, That follows thee with this Infinite Faith and Affection, even to thy *Grave* ! And happy the Husband, doubtless, in a Wife that deserv'd this Kindness ! and in so many tender Friends, and Relations, to take part with him in his Sorrows. My Good Father, let me entreat you to observe this doleful Encounter. With that (shaking his head and smiling) My Son, quoth he, Thou shalt by and by perceive, that all is nothing in the World but *Vanity*, *Imposture*, and *Constraint* ; and I will shew thee the Difference between *Things Themselves*, and their *Appearances*. To see this Abundance of *Torches*, with the Magnificence of the *Ceremony* and *Attendance*, One would think there should be some mighty matter in the

business: but let me assure thee, that all this Pudder comes to no more, than *much ado about Nothing*. The *Woman* was *Nothing* (effectually) even while she liv'd: The *Body* now in the *Coffin*, is somewhat a less *Nothing*: and the *Funeral Honours*, which are now paid her, come to just *Nothing* too. But the *Dead* it seems must have their *Vanities*, and their *Holy-days* as well as the *Living*. Alas! What's a *Carcass*? but the most *Odious sort of Putrefaction*? A *Corrupted Earth*; fit neither for *Fruit*, nor *Tillage*. And then for the *sad Looks* of the *Mourners*; They are only troubled at the *Invitation*; and would not care a pin, if the *Inviter*, and *Body* too were both at the *Devil*. And that you might see by their *Behaviour*, and *Discourses*; for when they should have been *Praying for the Dead*, they were prating of her *Pedigree*, and her last *Will and Testament*. I'm not so near a kin (says one) but I might have been spar'd; and I had twenty other things to do. Another should have met a Company at a *Tavern*. A third, at a *Play*. A fourth mutters that he is not plac'd according to his *Quality*.

Quality. Another crys out, *A Pox of your Meetings, where there's nothing stirring but Worms meat.* Let me tell ye further that the *Widower Himself* is not griev'd as you imagine for the *Dead Wife*; but for the damn'd Expence in *Blacks*, and *Scutcheons*, *Tapers*, and *Mourners*: and that she was not fairly laid to *Rest*, without all this ado: for He perswades himself, that *she might have found the way to her Grave without a Candle.* And since she was to dye, 'tis his opinion, that she should have made quicker work on't: For a *Good Wife*, is (like a *Good Christian*) to put her Conscience in order betimes, and get her gone: without lingring in the Hands of *Doctors*, *Pothecaries*, and *Surgeons*; to murder her Husband too. Or (to save Charges) she might have had the Discretion to have dy'd of the *Plague*. which would have stav'd off *Company*. This is the *Second Wife* he has already turn'd over, and, (to give the Man his Due) He has had the wit to secure himself of a *Third*, while *This* lay on her *Death-bed*. So that His Case is no more than Chopping of a *Cold Wife* for

a Warm one, and He'll recover his Affliction, I warrant you.

The Good man, methought, spoke Wonders; and being thoroughly convinc'd of the Danger of trusting to *Appearances*, I took up a Resolution, *never to conclude upon any thing, though never so plausible, without due Examination, and Inquiry.* With that, the Funeral vanisht, leaving Us behind; and for a Farewell, this Sentence: *I am gone before; you are to follow; and in the mean time, to accompany others to their Graves, as you have done me; and as I, when time was, have attended many others, with as little Care and Devotion as your selves.*

We were taken off from this Meditation by a Noise we heard in a House behind Us; where we had no sooner set foot over the Threshold; but we were entertain'd with a Consort of Six Voices, that were Set and Tun'd to the Sighs and Groans of a Woman newly become a Widow. The Passion was Acted to the Life; but the Dead little the better for't. They would be ever and anon, Clapping and Wringing of their Hands;

Hands; Groaning and Sighing, as if their Hearts would break. The *Hangings*, *Pictures*, and *Furniture*, were all taken down, and remov'd; The *Rooms* hung with *Black*. And in one of them lay the poor *Disconsolate*, upon a Couch with her Condoling Friends about her. It was as dark as Pitch, and so much the better, for the Parts they had to play; for there was no discovering of the *Horrid Faces*, and *Strains* they made, to fetch up their *Artificial Tears*, and *Lamentations*. Madam (says one) Tears are but thrown away; and really the Grief to see your Ladiship in this Condition, has made me as lost a Woman to all thought of Comfort as your self. I beseech you, Madam, chear up; (crys another with almost as many Sighs as Words) your Husband's e'en happy that he is out of this miserable World. He was a Good man, and now he finds the sweet on't. Patience, Patience, Dear Madam, (crys a Third) 'Tis the Will of Heaven, and there's no contending. Do'st talk of Patience (says she) and no contending? Wretched Creature that I am! to outlive that Dear man! Oh that Dear Husband

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band of Mine! Oh that I should ever live to see this Day! and then she fell to Blubbering, Sobbing, and Raving a thousand times worse than before. Alas, Alas! who will trouble himself with a poor Widow? I have never a Friend left to look after me! What shall become of me?

At this Pause came in the *Chorus*, with their *Nose-Instruments*; and there was such *Blowing, Snobbing, Sniveling*, and *throwing Snot about*, that there was no enduring the House. And all this, you must know, serv'd them to a double purpose; that is to say, for *Physick*, and for *Complement*: for it past for the *Condoling-Office*, and purg'd their *Heads of Ill-Humours* all under one. I could not chuse but compassionate the poor *Widow*; a Creature forsaken of all the World; and I told my Guide as much; and that a *Charity* (as I thought) would be well bestow'd upon her. The *Holy Writ* calls them *Mutes*; according to the Import of the *Hebrew*: in regard that they have no body to speak for them. And if at any time they take heart to speak for themselves, They had

had e'en as good hold their tongues, for no body minds them. Is there any thing more frequently given in Charge throughout the whole *Bible*, than to *Protect the Fatherless, and Defend the Cause of the Widow* ? as the highest and most necessary Point of *Christian Charity*; in regard that they have neither *Power*, nor *Right* to defend themselves. Does not *Job* in the depth of his *Misery*, and *Disgraces*, make Choice to clear himself toward the *Widow*, upon his *Expostulations* with the *Almighty* ? [*If I have caus'd the Eyes of the Widow to fail*] (or *consum'd the Eyes of the Widow* ; after the *Hebrew*) so that it seems to me, beside the *general Duty of Charity*, We are also bound by the *Laws of Honour*, and *Generosity*, to assist them : for the poor Souls are fain to *plead* with their *Eyes*, and *beg with their Ears*, for want of Either *Hands* or *Tongues* to help themselves. Indeed you must pardon me (my good Father, said I) if I cannot hold any longer from bearing a part in this *Mournful Consort*, upon this sad Occasion. And is this (quoth the old man) the fruit of your boasted *Divinity* ?

Divinity? to sink into *Weakness*, and *Tears*, when you have the greatest Need of your *Resolution* and *Prudence*. Have but a little *Patience*, and I'll unfold you this *Mystery*; though (let me tell ye) 'Tis one of the hardest things in *Nature*, to make any man as wise as he should be, that conceits himself wise enough already. If this Accident of the *Widow* had not happen'd, we had had none of the fine things, that have been started upon't: for 'tis *Occasion* that awakens both our *Vertue* and *Philosophy*; and 'tis not enough to know the *Mine* where the *Treasure* lies, unless a man has the skill of *Drawing it out*, and making the best of what he has in his *Possession*. What are you the better for all the Advantages of *Wit* and *Learning*, without the faculty of reducing what you know, into apt and proper Applications?

Observe me now, and I will shew you, that this *Widow* that looks as if she had nothing in her Mouth, but *The Service for the Dead*, and only *Hallelujahs* in her Soul; that *This mortify'd Piece of Formality*, has green Thoughts under

der her *black Veil*, and *brisk Imaginations* about her, in despite of her *Calamity* and *Misfortune*. The *Chamber* you see is dark; and their *Faces* are *muffled* up in their *Funeral Dresses*. And what of all this? when the whole *Course* of their *mourning* is but a *Thorough Cheat*. Their *Weeping* signifies nothing more than *Crying*, at so much an *Hour*; for their *Tears* are *Hackney'd* out, and when they have *wept* out their *stage*, they take up and are quiet. If you would relieve them, leave them to *Themselves*; and as soon as your *Back* is turn'd, you shall have them *Singing* and *Dancing*, and as merry as *Greeks*; for take away the *Spectators*, their *Hypocrisie* is at an *End*, and the *Play* is done: and now the *Confident Game* begins. Come, come, *Madam*, 'faith we must be *Merry*; (crys one) we are to live by the *Living*, and not by the *Dead*. For a *Bonny young Widow* as you are, to ly *whimpering* away your *Opportunities*, and lose so many brave *Matches*! There's you know who, I dare swear, has a *Months mind* to you; By my *Troth* I would you were in *Bed together*, and I'd be hang'd, if you did not find

find one Warm Bedfellow worth twenty Cold ones. Really, Madam (crys a second) she gives you good Counsel; and if I were in your Place, I'd follow it, and make use of my Time. 'Tis but One Lost and Ten Found. Pray'e tell me, Madam, if I may be so bold; what's your Opinion of that Cavalier that was here yesterday? Certainly he has a great Deal of Wit; and methinks he's a very handsome, proper Gentleman. Well! If that Man has not a strange Passion for you, I'll never believe my Eyes again for his sake; and in good faith, if all Parties were agreed, I would you were e'en well in his Arms the Night before to morrow. Were it not a burning shame to let such a Beauty lye fallow? This sets the Widow a Pinking, and Simpering like a Frumety-Kettle; at length she makes up the pretty little Mouth, and says, 'tis somewhat of the soonest to talk of those Affairs; but let it be as Heaven pleases. However, Madam, I am much beholden to you for your Friendly Advice. You have here the very bottom of her Sorrow; she has taken a second Husband into her Heart, before her first was in his Grave.

Grave. I should have told you that your right Widow Eats, and Drinks more the first day of her Widowhood, than in any other of her whole Life: for there appears not a *Visitant*, but presently out comes the *Groaning Cake*; a *Cold bak't Meat*, or some *Restorative Morsel* or other, to comfort the *Afflicted*; and the *Cordial Bottle* and *St* not be forgotten neither, for *Sorrow* is dry. So to't they fall, and at every *Bit* or *Gulp*, the *Lady Relict* fetches ye up a heavy Sigh, pretends to *chew false*, and makes *protestation* that for her part, she can taste nothing she has quite lost her *Digestion*; and has such an oppression in her *Stomach*, that she dares not eat any more, for fear of over-charging Nature. And (in truth says she) how can it be otherwise? since (Unhappy Creature that I am!) He is gone that gave the *Relish* to all my Enjoyments: but there is no *Recalling* him from the *Grave*, and so *no Remedy but Patience*. By this time, you see, (quoth the Old Man) whether your *Exclamations* were reasonable, or no.

The Words were hardly out of his Mouth,

Mouth, when hearing an uproar among the Rabble in the Street, we lookt out to see what was the matter. And there we saw a *Catchpole*, without either *Hat* or *Band*, out of *Breath*. and his *Face* all bloody, crying out, *Help, Help, in the King's Name; Stop Thief, Stop Thief:* and all the while, running as hard as he could drive, after ~~an~~ *Thief* that made away from him, ~~as if~~ the Devil had been at his Breech. After him, came an *Attorney* all dirty; a world of *Papers* in his hand; an *Inkborn* at his *Girdle*; and a Croud of nasty people about him; and down he sat himself just before us, to write somewhat upon his Knee. Bless me (thought I) how a Cause prospers in the Hand of one of these Fellows, for he had fill'd his Paper in a Trice. These *Catchpoles* (said I) had need to be well paid, for the Hazards they run to secure us in our *Lives* and *Fortunes*; and indeed they deserve it. Look how the poor Wretch is Torn, Bruis'd and Batter'd, and all this for the Good and Benefit of the Publick.

Soft, and fair, quoth the old man; I
think

think thou wouldst never leave Talking, if I did not stop thy Mouth sometime. You must know, that *He that made the Escape, and the Catchpole, are a couple of Ancient Friends, and Pot-Companions.* Now the Catchpole quarrels the Thief for not giving him a Snip in the last Booty; and the Thief, after a great struggle, and a good lusty Rubber at Cuffs, has made a shift to save himself. You'll say the Rogue had need of good Heels to outrun this Gallows-Beagle; for *there's hardly any Beast will outstrip a Bailiff that runs upon the View of a Quarry.* So that there's not the least thought of a publick Good in the Catchpole's Action; but meerly a Prosecution of his own Profit, and a Spight to see himself chous'd. Now if the Catchpole, I confess, without any private Interest, had made this Attempt upon the Thief, (being his Friend) to bring him to Justice, It had been well: And yet, take this along with you: *It is as natural to let slip a Serjeant at a Pick-pocket, as a Grey-Hound at a Hare.* The Whip, The Pillory, The Axe, and the Halter make up the best part of the
Catch-

Catchpoles Revenue. These people are of all sorts the most odious to the World; and if Men in Revenge would resolve to be Vertuous, though but for a Year or two, they might starve them all. It is in fine an unlucky Employment, and *Catchpoles*, as well as the *Devils* themselves, have the *Wages* of *Tormentors*.

I hope, said I to my Guide, that the *Attorneys* shall have your good Word too. Yes, yes, ye need not doubt it (said the old Man) for *your Attorney* and *your Catchpoles* always hunt in Couples. The *Attorney* draws the *Information*, and has all his Forms ready, so that 'tis no more then, but to fill up the *Blanks*, and away to the *Jail* with the *Delinquent*: if there be any thing to be gotten, 'tis not a half penny matter, whether the Party be *guilty* or *innocent*: Give but an *Attorney*, *Pen*, *Ink*, and *Paper*, and let him alone for *Witnesses*. In case of an *Examination*, he has the Grace not to insist too much upon *plain* and *naked Truth*; but to set down only what makes for his purpose, and then when they come to signing, to read over in
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the Deponent's Sense (for his Memory is good) what he has written in *his own*: And by this Means, the Cause goes on as He pleases. To prevent this Villany, *it were well, if the Examiners were as well sworn to write the Truth, as the Witnesses are to speak it.* And yet there are some honest men of all sorts, but among the *Attorneys*; the very *Calling*, does by the *honest Catchpoles, Marshal's men, and their Fellows*, as the *Sea by the Dead*: It may Entertain them for a while, but in a very short space it spews them up again

The Good man would have proceeded, if he had not been taken off by the Ratling of a *Gilt Coach*, wherein was a *Courtier*, that was blown up as big, as *Pride and Vanity* could make him. He sat stiff, and Upright, as if He had swallow'd a stake; and made it his Glory to shew himself in that posture: It would have hurt his Eyes, to have exchange'd a Glance with any thing that was Vulgar, and therefore He was very sparing of his Looks. He had a *deep lac'd Ruffe* on, that was right *Spanish*; which He wore *Erect*, and *stiff starcht*,

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that

that a man would have thought He had carry'd his *Head* in a *Paper Lanthorn*. He was a great Studier of *Set Faces*; and much affected with looking *Polittick* and *Big*. But for his *Arms and Body*, He had utterly lost or forgotten the use of them: For he could neither *Bow*, nor move his *Hat* to any man that saluted him: No, not so much as turn from One side to the Other: but sate as if He had been *Box'd up*, like a *Bartlemew Baby*. After this magnificent *Statue*, followed a swarm of *Gawdy Butterflie-Lacquais*: and his Lordship's Company in the Coach, was a *Buffoon* and a *Parasite*. *Oh blessed Prince!* (said I) *to live at this Rate of Ease and Splendor, and to have the World at Will!* What a Glorious Train is that! Beyond all doubt, there never was a great Fortune better bestow'd. With that, the old man took me up, and told me; that the Judgment I had made upon this Occasion, from one end to the other, was all *Dotage* and *Mistake*; save only when I said he had the World at will: And in that (says he) you have reason; for what is the *World*, but *Labour*,
Vanity,

Vanity, and Folly, which is likewise the Composition, and Entertainment of this Cavalier.

As for the *Train* that follows him; let it be examin'd, and my life for yours, you shall find more *Creditors* in't, than *Servants*: There are *Banquiers, Jewelers, Scriw'ners, Brokers, Mercers, Drapers, Taylors, Vintners*; and these are properly the *Staies, and Supporters* of *this animated Machine*. The *Money, Meat, Drink, Robes, Liveries, Wages*; All come out of *their Pockets*; They have his *Honour* for their *Security*; and must content themselves with *Promises*, and *fair words* for full *satisfaction*, unless they had rather have a *Footman* with a *Cudgel* for their *Pay-Master*. And after all, if this *Gallant* were taken to *shrift*, or that a *Man* could enter into the *Secrets* of his *Conscience*, I dare undertake, it would appear that *He that digs in a Mine for his Bread, lives ten thousand times more at Ease, than the other; with Beating of his Brains, Night and Day, for new Shifts, Tricks and Projects to keep himself above water.*

Observe his *Companions* now: his

M 2

Fool,

Fool, and his Flatterer. They are too hard for him ye see; and Eat, Drink, and make merry at his Expence. What greater Misery, or Shame in the World, than for a man to make a Friendship with such Rascals, and to spend his Time and Estate, in so Brutal, and insipid a Society! It costs him more (beside his Credit) to maintain that Couple of Coxcombs, than would have bought him the Conversation of a Brace of Grave and learned Philosophers. But will ye now see the Bottom of this Scandalous and Dishonourable Kindness? My Lord (says the Buffoon) you were most infallibly wrapt in your Mothers Smock; for let me be--- if ye have not set all the Ladies about the Court agog. The very Truth is (crys the Parasite) all the rest of the Nobility look like Corn-Cutters to you; and indeed, wherever you come, you have still the Eyes of the whole Company upon you. Go to, go to, Gentlemen (says my Lord) you must not flatter your Friends. This is more your Courtesie than my Desert; and I have an Obligation to you for your Kindness. After this Manner, these
Asses

Asses Knab and Curry one another, and play the Fools by turns.

The Old Man had his Words yet between his Teeth, when there past just by us a *Lady of Pleasure*, of so Excellent a Shape and Garb, that it was impossible to see her without a Passion for her, and no less impossible to look upon any thing else, so long as she was to be seen. They that had seen her once, were to see her no more, for she turn'd her Face still to *New-Comers*. Her Motion was graceful and free. One while she'd stare ye full in the Eyes, under Colour of opening her Hood, to set it in better Order. By and by, she'd steal a look at ye with one Eye, and a side Face, from the Corner of her Vizor; like a *Witch* that's afraid to be known when she comes from a *Cattermaul*. And then out comes the Delicate Hand, and discovers the more Delicious Neck, and Breasts, to adjust the Handkercher or the Scarf; or to remove some other Grievance that made her Ladyship uneasy. Her Hair was most artificially dispos'd into Careless Rings: And the best Red and White in Nature was in

M 3

her

her Cheeks; if that of her Lips and Teeth did not exceed it. In a word, all she lookt upon was her own; and This was the Vision, for my Money, from all the Rest. As she was marching off, I could not chuse but take up a Resolution to follow her. But my old man laid a Block in the way, and stopt me at the very starting; which was an Affront to a Man that was both in *Love*, and in *Haste*, that might very well stir his Choler. My Officious Friend (said I) *He that does not love a Woman, suck't a Sow.* And questionless, He must be either Blind or Barbarous, that's Proof against the Charms of so Divine a Beauty. Nor would any but a Spot, let slip the blessed Opportunity of so fair an Encounter. A handsome Woman! why *what was she made for, but to be loved?* And He that has Her, has all that's Lovely, or Desireable in Nature. For my own part, I would renounce the World for the Fellow of her, and never desire any thing either beyond her, or beside her. What Lightning does she carry in her Eyes! What Charms, and Chains in her Looks, and Motions,
for

for the very Souls of her Beholders! Was ever any thing so clear as her Forehead? Or so black as her Eye brows? One would swear, that her Complexion had taken a Tincture of Vermilion and Milk: and that Nature had brought her into the World with Pearl, and Rubies in her Mouth. To speak all in little, she's the Master-piece of the Creation, worthy of Infinite Praise, and Equal to our largest Desires, and Imaginations.

Here the Old Man cut me short, and bad me make an end of my Discourse, for thou art, said He, a Man of *much wonder*, and *small experience*, and deliver'd over to the Spirit of *Folly* and *Blindness*, Thou hast thy Eyes in thy Head, and yet not Brain enough to know either why they were given Thee, or how to use them; Understand then that the *Office* of the *Eye* is to see, but 'tis the *Priviledge* of the *Soul*, to *distinguish*, and *chuse*: whereas you either do the Contrary, or else Nothing, which is worse. *He that trusts his Eyes, exposes his Mind to a thousand Torments and Confusions.* He shall take Clouds, for

Mountains; Streight for Crooked; One Colour for Another, by reason of an Undue Distance, or an indispos'd Medium. We are not able sometimes to say which way a River runs, till we throw in a twig or straw to find out the Current. And what will you say now, if this Prodigious Beauty, your new Mistress, prove as Gross a Cheat and Imposture, as any of the Rest? She went to Bed last night as Ugly as a Witch; and yet this Morning she comes forth in your Opinion as Glorious as an Angel. - The Truth of it is, she hires all by the Day; and if you did but see this Puppet taken to pieces, you will find her little else but Paint and Plaister. To begin her Anatomy at the Head. You must know that the Hair she wears, is borrow'd of a Tire-Woman, for her own was blown off by an Unlucky Wind from the Coast of Naples. Or if she has any left, she keeps it private, as a Memorial of her Antiquity. She is beholden to the Pencil for her Eye-Brows, and Complexion. And upon the whole matter, she is but an old Picture refresh'd. But the wonder is to see a Picture, with Life, and

and Motion; unless perchance she has got the *Necromancer's Receipt*, that made himself young again in his *Glass Bottle*. For all that you see of her that's Good, comes from *Distill'd Waters*, *Essences*, *Powders*, and the like; and to see the Washing of her Face would fright the Devil. She abounds in *Pomanders*, *Sweet-Waters*, *Spanish-Pockets*, *Perfum'd-Drawers*; and all little Enough to qualify the *Poysonous Whiffs* she sends from her *Toes*, and *Arm pits*, which would otherwise out-stink Ten thousand *Pole-Cats*. She cannot chuse but *Kiss well*, for her *Lips* are perpetually bath'd in *Oyl*, and *Grease*. And he that embraces her, shall find the better half of her the *Tailors*, and only a *stuffing of Cotton and Canvas*, to supply the *Defects of her Body*. When she goes to Bed, she puts off one half of her Person with her *Shoos*. What do you think of your ador'd Beauty now? or have your Eyes betray'd ye? Well, well, confess your Error and mend it: and know that (without more Descant upon this Woman) 'tis the Design and Glory of most of the Sex to lead silly Men Captive.

Nay

170 *The fifth Vision of, &c.*

Nay take the best of them, and what with the Tronble of getting them, and the Difficulty of pleasing them, he that comes off best, will find himself a Loser at the Foot of the Accompt. I could recommend you here to other Remedies of Love, inseparable from the very Sex, but what I have said already, I hope, will be sufficient.

The End of the fifth Vision.

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THE
SIXTH VISION
OF
HELL.

Being one *Autumn*, at a Friend's House in the Countrey, (which was indeed a most delicious Retreat) I took a walk one Moon-light night into the Park: where all my past Visions came fresh into my Head again, and I was well enough pleas'd with the Meditation. At length the Humour took me to leave the Path, and go further into the Wood: what Impulse carried me to this, I know not. Whether I was mov'd by my good Angel, or some higher Power, but so it was, that in half a quarter of an hour, I found my self a great way from home, and in a place where 'twas no longer Night; with the Pleasantest Prospect round about

about me that ever I saw since I was born. The Air was calm and Temperate; and it was no small Advantage to the Beauty of the Place, that it was both Innocent, and Silent. On the one hand, I was entertain'd with the Murmurs of Crystal Rivulets; On the Other, with the whispering of the Trees; the Birds singing all the while either in Emulation, or Requital of the Other Harmonies. And now to shew the Instability of our Affections, and Desires; I was grown weary even of Tranquillity it self, and in this most agreeable Solitude, began to long for Company.

When in the very instant, (to my great wonder) I discover'd *two Paths* issuing from one and the same Beginning; but dividing themselves forwards, more and more, by degrees, as if they liked not One Another's Company. That on the *right Hand* was *Narrow*, almost beyond Imagination; and being very little frequented, it was so overgrown with *Thorns* and *Brambles*; and so stony withal that a Man had all the Trouble in the World to get into't.

One

One might see however, the Prints and Marks of several Passengers, that had rubb'd through, though with exceeding Difficulty ; for they had left pieces of Heads, Arms, Legs, Feet, and many of them their whole Skins behind them. Some we saw yet upon the way, pressing forward, without ever so much as looking back ; and these were all of them *Pale-fac'd, Lean, Thin, and Miserably Mortify'd*. There was no passing for *Horse-men* ; and I was told that *St. Paul Himself* left his Horse, when He went into't. And indeed, there was not the footing of any Beast to be seen. Neither Horse, nor Mule ; nor the Track of any Coach, or Chariot. Nor could I learn that any had past that way in the memory of man. While I was bethinking my self of what I had seen, I spy'd at length, a *Beggar*, that was Resting himself a little to take Breath ; and I ask'd him what Inns or Lodgings they had upon that Road ? His Answer was, that there was no stopping there, till they came to their Journey's End. For this (said he) is the way to *Paradise*, and what should they

they do with *Inns* or *Taverns*, where there are so few *Passengers*? Do not you know that in the Course of Nature, to *Dye* is to be *Born*; to *Live* is to *Travel*; and the *World* is but a great *Inn*, after which it is but one Stage either to *Pain* or *Glory*. And with these words he March'd forward, and bad me *God b'w'ye*; telling me withal, that it was time lost to linger in the way of *Vertue*, and not safe to entertain such *Dialogues* as tend rather to *Curiosity* than *Instruction*. And so he pursued his Journey, stumbling, tearing his *Flesh*, and *Sighing*, and *Groaning* at every step; and weeping as if he thought to soften the *Stones* with his *Tears*. This is no *Way* for me, thought I to my self; and no *Company* neither; for they are a sort of *Beggarly Morose People*, and will never agree with my *Humour*. So I drew back and strook off into the left hand way.

And there I found *Company* enough, and *Room* for more. What a *World* of *Brave Cavaliers*! *Gilt Coaches*, *Rich Liveries*, and *Hansome, Lively Lasses*, as glorious as the *Sun*! Some were

Singing

Singing and Laughing; Others tickling One another, and Tying; Some again, at their Cheese Cakes, and China-Oranges, or appointed a set at Cards: so that taking all together, I durst have sworn I had been in the Park. This minded me of the Old saying, Tell me thy Company, and I'll tell thee thy Manners: and to save the Credit of my Education, I put my self into the Noble Mode, and jogg'd on. And there was I at the first Dash up to the Ears, in Balls, Plays, Masquerades, Collations, Dalliances, Amours, and as full of Joy as my Heart could hold.

I was not here, as upon t'other Road, where folks went barefoot, and Naked, for want of Shoemakers and Taylors: for here were Enow, and to spare: Beside Mercers, Drapers, Jewellers, Bodyes-makers, Peruque-makers, Milleners, and a French Ordinary at every other Door. You cannot imagine the Pleasure I took in my New Acquaintance; and yet there was now and then, some Justling and Disorder upon the way: Chiefly between the Physicians upon their Mules, and the Infantry of the Lawyers, that

that march'd in great Bodies before the Judges; and contested for place. But the Physicians carry'd it in favour of their Charter, which gives them Privilege, to Study, Practise, and Teach the Art of Poisoning; and to read Lectures of it in the Universities. While this point of Honour was in Dispute, I perceiv'd divers crossing from one way to the Other, and changing of parties. Some of them stumbled, and recover'd: Others fell down-right. But the pleasantest Gambole of all, was that of the Vintners. A whole Litter of them tumbled into a Pit together, one over another, but finding they were out of their Element, they got up again as fast as they could. Those that were in the right-hand way, which was the way of Paradise, or Vertue, advanc'd very heavily, and made us excellent Sport. Prithee look what a Friday-face that Fellow makes? crys one; Hang Him, Prick-Ear'd Cur, says another; Dam'me, crys a Third, if the Rogue be not Drunk with Holy water; if the Devil had raked Hell he could not have found such a Pack of Ill lookt Rascals, says Another.

Some

Some of them stopt their Ears, and went on without minding us. Others we put out of Countenance, and they came over to us. And a Third sort came out of pure Love to our Company.

After this, I observ'd a great many People afar off in a *By-Path*, with as much *Contrition*, and *Devotion*, in their *Looks*, and *Gestures*, as ever I saw in Men. They walk'd *shaking their Heads*, and *lifting up their Hands to Heaven*; and they had most of them large *Ears*, and to my thinking *Geneva Bibles*. These, thought I are a People of singular Integrity, and strictness of Life, above their Fellows: but coming nearer, we found them to be *Hypocrites*: and that though they'd none of our *Company* upon the *Road*, They would not fail to *meet us* at our *Journey's End*. *Fasting*, *Repentance*, *Prayer*, *Mortification*, and other *Holy Duties*, which are the *Exercise* of Good Christians, in Order to their *Salvation*, are but a kind of *Probation* to these men, to fit them for the *Devil*. They were follow'd by a Number of *Devotes*, and *Holy Sisters*,
N that

that kiss the Skirts of their Garments all the way they went, but whether out of Zeal, *Spiritual*, or *Natural*, is hard to say; and undoubtedly, *some Womens Kisses* are worse than *Judas's*. For though *his Kiss* was *Treacherous* in the *Intention*, it was *right* yet in the *Application*: but This was one *Judas Kissing Another*, which makes me think there was more of the *Flesh*, than of the *Spirit* in the Case. Some would be drawing a Thread now and then out of the Holy-man's Garment; to make a Relique of. Others would cut out large Snips as if they had a Mind to see them Naked. Some again desir'd they would remember them in their Prayers; which was just as much as if they had commended themselves to the Devil by a Third Person. Some pray'd for good Matches for their Daughters; Others beg'd Children for themselves: And sure the Husband that allows his Wife to ask Children abroad, will be so Civil as to take them Home, when they are given him. In fine, these Hypocrites may for a while perchance impose upon the World, and Delude the Multitude; but no Mask, or Disguise

guise is proof against the all-piercing Eye of the Almighty. There are I must confess many Religious, and Godly men, for whose Persons and Prayers I have a great Esteem. But these are not of the *Hypocrites* Humour, to build their hopes and Ambition upon Popular applause, and with a Counterfeit Humility, to proclaim their weakness, and unworthiness; their Failings; Yea and their Transgressions in the Market-Place; All which is indeed but a *True Jest*; for they are really what they say, though they would not be thought so.

These went apart, and were look'd upon to be *neither Fish nor Flesh, nor Good Red Herring*. They wore the *Name of Christians*; but they had neither the *Wit*, nor the *Honesty* of *Pagans*. For *They* content themselves with the Pleasures of this Life, because they know no better. But the *Hypocrite* that's instructed both in the *Life Temporal* and *Eternal*, lives without either *Comfort* in the *One*, or *Hope* in the *Other*; and takes more pains to be damn'd, than a *Good Christian* does to compass his *Sal-*

vation. In short, we went on our way in Discourse. The *Rich* follow'd their *Wealth*, and the *Poor* the *Rich*; begging there what Providence had deny'd them. The *Stubborn* and *Obstinate* went a way by *Themselves*, for they would hear no Body that was wiser than themselves, but ran hudling on, and prest still to be foremost. The *Magistrates* drew after them, all the *Sollicitors*, and *Attorneys*. *Corrupt Judges* were carry'd away by *Passion* and *Avarice*. And *Vain* and *Ambitious Princes*, trayl'd along with them *Principalities* and *Commonwealths*. There were a World of *Clergy* upon *this Road* too. And I saw one full *Regiment of Souldiers* there, which would have been brave Fellows indeed, if they had but been half so good at *Praying*, and *Fighting*, as they were at *Swearing*. Their whole discourse was of their *Adventures*. How *Narrowly* they came off at such an *Affault*; What wounds they received upon t'other *Breach*; and then what a *Destruction* they made at such a time, of *Mutton*, and *Poultry*. But all they said, came in at one Ear, and went out at t'other.

Don't

Don't you remember, Sirrah, says one, how we claw'd it away at such a place! Yes, ye Damn'd Rogue you, crys t'other, when you were so drunk you took your Aunt for the Bawd. These and such as these were the only Exploits they could truly brag of.

While they were upon these Glorious *Rhodomantades*, certain generous Spirits from the *Right hand way*, that knew what they were by the Boxes of *Pass-Ports*, *Testimonials*, and *Recommendations* they wore at their Girdles, cry'd out to them; as if it had been to an *Attacque*: *Fall on, Fall on, my Lads, and follow me. This, this is the Path of Honour, and if you were not Poultrons you would not quit it for fear of a Hard March, or an ill Lodging. Courage, Camerades: and be assur'd, that this Combat well fought, makes all your Fortunes, and Crowns ye for ever. Here, ye shall be sure both of Pay, and Reward, without casting the Issue of all your Hazards and Hopes upon the Empty Promises of Princes. How long will you pursue this Trade of Blond and Rapine? And accustom your Ears, and Tongues to the*

Tragical out-cries of, Burn ; No Quarter ; Kill, or Dye. *It is not Pay, or Pil-lage, but Vertue that's a Brave Man's Recompence. Trust to her, and she'll not deceive ye. If it be the War ye Love, Come to Us ; Bear Arms on the right side, and we'll find you work. Do not you know, that Man's Life is a Warfare ? That the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, are Three Vigilant Enemies ? And that it is as much as his Soul is worth, to put himself but for one Minute out of his Guard. Princes tell ye, that your Blonds, and your Lives are Theirs, and that to shed the One, and lose the Other, in their Service, is no Obligation, but a Duty. You are still however to look to the Cause ; Wherefore turn head, and come along with us, and be happy. The Soul-diers heard all this with Exceeding Pa-tience and Attention : but the Brand of Cowardise had such an effect upon them, that without any more ado like men of Honour, they presently quitted the Road ; Drew ; and as bold as Lyons, charg'd headlong into a Tavern.*

After this, we saw a great Troop of Women, upon the High-way to Hell, with their

their *Bags*; and their *Fellows*, at their Heels, ever, and anon, hunching, and jostling one Another. On the *other side*; A number of *Good People*, that were almost at the End of their Journey, came over into the *wrong Road*; for the *Right-hand-way*, growing *Easier*, and *Wider* towards the *End*, and that on the *left hand*, on the contrary, *Narrower*, they thought they had been out of their way, and so came in to *Us*; As many of *Ours* went over to *Them*, upon the same Mistake. Among the rest, I saw a *great Lady*, without either *Coach*, *Sedan*, or any *Tiving Creature* with her, foot it all the way to *Hell*, which was to me so great a wonder, considering how she had liv'd in the World, that I presently look'd about for a *Publick Notary*, to make an *Entry* of it. The *Woman* was in a most *Miserable Pickle*; and I did not know what design she might *Drive on*, under that *Disguise*; but finding never a *Notary*, or *Register* at hand, though I mist my particular *Aim*, yet I was well Enough pleas'd with it, for I took it then for granted that I was in my ready way to *Heaven*.

But when I came afterwards to reflect upon the *Crosses*, *Afflictions*, and *Mortifications*, that Lye in the way to *Paradise*, and to Consider, that there was Nothing of that upon *this Road*: But on the Contrary, *Laughing*, *Singing*, *Frolicking*, and all manner of *Jollity*: This I must confess, gave me a *Qualm*, and made me a little doubtful whither I was going.

But I was quickly deliver'd of that Doubt, by a Gang of *Marry'd Men*, that we overtook with *their Wives in their Hands*, in Evidence of their *Mortifications*: My Wife's my Witness (cries one) that every day since I marry'd her has been a *Fasting-Day* to me; To pamper her with *Cock-Broth*, and *Jellies*. And my Wife knows how I have humbled my Body, by *Nakedness*; for I have hardly allow'd my self a Rag to my *Back-side*; or a *Shoo* to my *Foot*, to maintain her in her *Coach*, *Pages*, *Gowns*, *Petty-Coats*, and *Jewels*. So that upon the matter, I perceiv'd an *Unlucky hit with a Wife*, gives a man as much Right to the Catalogue of *Martyrs*, as if he had ended his days at the *Stake*.

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The Misery these poor Wretches endure'd, made me think my self in the Right again; till I heard a Cry behind me, *Make way there, make way for the 'Pothecaries.* Bless me, thought I, If *They* be here, we are certainly going to the *Devil.* And so it prov'd, for we were just then come to a little Door, that was made like a *Mouse-Trap*, where 'twas easie to get in; but there was no getting out again.

It was a strange thing, that scarce any Body so much as Dream'd of *Hell*, all the way we went, and yet every Body knew where they were, as soon as they came there: and cry'd out with one Voice, *Miserable Creatures! We are Damn'd, we are Damn'd.* That Word made my Heart Ake; And is it come to that? said I. Then did I begin with Tears in my Eyes, to reflect upon what I had left in the World. As my *Relations, Friends, Ladies, Mistresses,* and in fine, all my *old Acquaintance:* When with a Heavy Sigh, looking behind me, I saw the greater part of them *Positing* after me; It gave me, methought, some Comfort, that I should have so
good

good Company ; vainly imagining that even Hell it self might be Capable of some Relief.

Going further on ; I was gotten into a Crowd of *Taylors*, that stood up sneaking in a Corner, for fear of the Devils. At the first Door, there were *Seven Devils* taking the Names of those that came in : and they ask'd me *mine*, and my *Quality*, and so they let me pass. But examining the *Taylors* ; These *Fellows* (cry'd one of the Devils) *come in such shoals, as if Hell were made only for Taylors. How many are they ?* (said Another) Answer was made, *about a Hundred. About a Hundred ? They must be more than a Hundred, says i' other, if they be Taylors ; for they never come under a Thousand, or Twelve Hundred strong.* And we have so many here already, I do not know where we shall stow them. Say the word, my Masters, shall's let them in or no ? The poor *Prick-Lice* were damn'dly startl'd at that, for fear they should not get in : but in the End they had the Favour to be admitted. Certainly, said I, these Folks are but in an ill Condition, when 'tis a
Menace

The sixth Vision of Hell. 187

Menace for the Devils themselves to refuse to receive them; Thereupon a Huge, Over-grown, Club-footed, Crump-shoulder'd Devil, threw them all into a Deep Hole. Seeing such a Monster of a Devil, I ask'd him how he came to be so deform'd. And he told me, he had spoil'd his Back with Carrying of *Taylors*: For, said he, I have been formerly made use of as a Sumpter to fetch them: but now of late they save me that labour, and come so fast of themselves, that 'tis one Devils work to dispose of them. While the word was yet speaking, there came another Glut of them; and I was fain to make way, that the Devil might have Room to work in, who pil'd them up, and told me they made the best Fewel in Hell.

I pass'd forward then into a little *Dark Alley*, where it made me ^{over}ort to hear one call me by my Name, and with much ado I perceiv'd a Fellow there all wrapt up in *Smoke* and *Flame*. Alas! Sir, says he; *Have you forgotten your old Book-seller in Popes-Head-Alley?* I cry thee Mercy, good *Livewell*, quoth I, What?

What? art thou here? Yes, yes, Sir, (says he) 'tis e'en too true. I never dream'd it would have come to this. He thought I must needs pity him, when I knew him: but truly I reflected rather upon the Justice of his Punishment. For in a word, his Shop was the very Mint of *Hereſie*, *Schiſm*, and *Sedition*. I put on a Face of *Compaſſion* however, to give him a little Eaſe, which he took hold of, and vented his Complaint. Well Sir (ſays He) *I would my Father had made me a Hangman when he made me a Stationer*; for we are call'd to Accompt for Other Men's Works, as well as for our Own. And one thing that's caſt in our Diſh, is the ſelling of *Translations*, ſo *Dog-Cheap*, that every *Sot* knows now as much, as would formerly have made a *Paſſable Doct̃or*, and every *Naſty Groom*, and *Roddy Laquey* is grown as familiar with *heuer*, *Virgil*, *Ovid*, as if 'twere *Robin the Devil*; *The Seven Champions*; or a *Piece of George Withers*. He would have talk'd on, if a Devil had not ſtopt his Mouth with a Whiff from a Rowl of his own Papers and Choak'd him with the Smoke on't. The Peſtilent
Fume

Fume would have dispatch'd me too,
if I had not got presently out of the
Reach on't. But I went my way, say-
ing this to my self, If the *Book-seller* be
thus Criminal, what will become of the
Author?

I was deliver'd from this Medita-
tion, by the rueful Groans of a great
many Souls that were *under the Lash*,
and the *Devil* Tyrannizing over them
with *Whips* and *Scourges*. I ask'd what
they were, and it was told me, that
there was a *Plot* among the *Hackney-
Coach-men* to exhibit an *Information*
against the *Devils*, for taking the *Whip*
out of their hands, and *setting up a Trade*
they had never serv'd to, (which is di-
rectly Contrary to *Quinto Elizabethæ*)
Well, said I: but why are these tor-
mented here? With that, an old Sow-
look'd *Coach-man* took the Answer out
of the Devil's Mouth, and told me;
that it was *because they came to Hell on*
Horseback, which they pretended, was
a Priviledge that did not belong to
Rogues of their Quality. Speak truth
and be hang'd, cry'd the Devil; and
make an honest Confession here. Say,
Sirrah,

Sirrah, *How many Bawdy Voyages have you made to Hackney? How many Nights have you stood Pimping at Mary-bone? How many Whores and Knaves have you brought together? And how many Lyes have you told, to keep all private, since you first set up this scandalous Trade? There was a Coachman by, that had serv'd a Judge, and thought 'twas no more for his Old Master to fetch a Rascal out of Hell, than out of Newgate; which made this Fellow stand upon his Points, and ask the Devil how he durst give that Language to so Honourable a Profession: for (says he) who wears better Cloaths than your Coach-men? Are not we in our Velvets, Embroideries, and Laces? and as Glorious as so many Phaetons? Have not our Masters reason to be good to us, when their Necks are at stake, and their Lives at our Mercy? Nay, we govern those, many times, that Govern Kingdoms; and a Prince is almost in as much danger of his Coach-man, as of his Physician. And there are, that understand it too, and Themselves, and Us; and that will not stick to trust their Coach-men as far as they would do their*
Confessors.

Confessors. There's no Absurdity in the Comparison: for *if they know some of their Privacies, we know more; yes, and perhaps more than we'll speak of.* What have we here to do? cry'd a Devil that was ready to break his heart with Laughing. A *Coach-man* in his *Tropes and Figures?* An *Orator* instead of a *Waggoner?* The Slave has broke his Bridle, and got his head at Liberty, and now he'll never have done. No, why should he? (says another that had serv'd a great Lady more ways than One) is this the best Entertainment you can afford your Servants? your daily Drudges? I'm sure *we bring you good Commodity, well pack'd; well Condition'd; well Perfum'd; Tight, Neat, and Clean:* Not like your *City-ware* that comes dirty to you, up to the Hocks; and yet every *daggled Tail'd Wench, and Skip-Kennel,* shall be better us'd than *We.* Ah! The Ingratitude of this Place! if we had done as much for some body else, as we have done for you, we should not have been now to seek for our Wages. When you have nothing else to say, you tell me that I
am

I am punish'd for carrying the *Sick*, the *Gouty*, the *Lame*, to *Church*, to *Mass*; or *some stragling Virgins*, back again to their *Cloyster*: Which is a *Damn'd Lye*; for I am able to prove, that all my *Trading* lay at the *Play-houses*, *Bawdy-houses*, *Taverns*, *Balls*, *Collations*: Or else at the *Tour a-la-mode*, where there was still appointed some *After-meeting*; to treat of certain affairs, that highly import the *Interest* and *Welfare* of your *Dominions*. I have indeed carry'd my *Mistress* sometime to the *Church-Door*, but it signifi'd no more than if I had carry'd her to a *Conventicle*; for all her *business* there, was to *meet* her *Gallant*, and to *agree* when they should *meet* next; according to the way of *Devotion* now in *Mode*. To conclude; it is most certain, that I never took any *Creature* (knowingly) into my *Coach*, that had so much as a *Good Thought*. And this was so well known, that it was all one to ask, If a *Lady* were a *Maid*; or if she had ever been in my *Coach*. If it appear'd she had; He that marry'd her, knew before hand, what he had to trust to. And after all this
ye,

ye have made us a fair Requital. With That the Devil fell a Laughing, and with five or six Twinging Jerks, half fley'd the poor *Coach-Man*; so that I was e'en glad to retire; in pity partly to the *Coach-Man*, and partly to *my self*; for the *Carrying of a Coach-Man*, is little better than the turning up of a *Dunghill*.

My next Adventure was into a *Deep Vault*, where I began immediately to *shudder*, and *my Teeth chatter'd in my Head*. I ask'd the meaning of it; and there came up to me a Devil, with *Kib'd Heels*, and his *Toes all Mortify'd*; and told me that That Quarter was allotted to the *Buffoons* and *Drolls*, which are a People (says he) of so starv'd a Conceit, and so cold a Discourse, that we are fain to Chain and Lock them up, for fear they should spoil the Temper of our Fire. I ask'd if a man might see them. The Devil told me Yes, and shew'd me one of the lewdest *Ken- nels* in Hell. And there were they at it, pecking at One Another, and nothing but the same Fooleries over and over again, that they had practis'd upon
O Earth.

Earth. Among the *Buffoons*, I saw divers that pass'd here in the World for *Men of Honesty* and *Honour*: which were in, as the Devil told me, for Flattery, and were a sort of *Buffoons*, that goes betwixt *the Bark and the Tree*. But why are they condemn'd? said I. The *other Buffoons* are condemn'd (quoth the Devil) *for want of Favour*; and *These* for *having too much and abusing it*. You must know, they come upon us, still at *Unawares*; and yet they find all things in *Readiness*; the *Cloth* laid, and the *Bed* made, as if they were at home. To say the *Truth*, we have some sort of *Kindness* for them: for they save us a great deal of *Trouble* in *Tormenting* one another.

Do you see him there? That was a wicked and a partial Judge: and all he has to say for himself, is, that he remembers the Time when he could have broke the Neck of two Honest Causes, and He put them only out of Joynt. That good Fellow there, was a Careless Husband, and him we lodge too with the Buffoons. He sold his Wife's Portion, Wife and all, to please his Companions: and

and turn'd *both* into an *Annuity*. That *Lady* there (though a great one) is fain to take up too with the *Buffoons*, for they are both of a Humour: What *They* do with their *Talk*, *ſhe* does with her *Body*, and *ſeaſons it to all Appetites*. In a word, you ſhall find *Buffoons* in all Conditions; and in effect, there are nigh as many as there are Men and Women: for the whole World is given to *Jeering*, *Slandering*, *Backbiting*, and there are more *Natural Buffoons*, than *Artificial*.

At my going out of the *Vault*, I ſaw a matter of a Thouſand Devils following a *Drove of Paſtry-Men*, and Breaking their Heads as they paſſ'd along with *Iron Peels*. Alack! cry'd one of them, that was yet in a whole Skin, it is hard, the Sin of the *Fleſh* ſhould be laid to our Charge, that never had to do with *Women*. *Impudent, Naſty Rascals* (quoth the Devil) *who has deſerv'd Hell, if they have not?* How many thouſand men have theſe Slovens poiſon'd with the *Greafe* of their *Heads* and *Tails* inſtead of *Mutton-Sewet*? with *Snot-Pies* for *Marrow*? and *Flies*

for *Currans*? How many *Stomachs* have they turn'd into *Laystalls* with the *Dogs-flesh*, *Horse flesh*, and other *Carrion* that they have put into them? And do these Rogues complain (in the Devil's Name) of their Sufferings! Leave your Bawling, ye Whelps (says he) and know, that the Pain you endure, is nothing to that of your Tormentors. And for your Part (says he to *me*, with a fowre Look) because you are a Stranger, you may go about your Business; but *we have a Crow to pluck with these Fellows, before we part.*

I went next down a Pair of Stairs into a huge Cellar, where I saw men burning in unquenchable Fire; and one of them Roaring, Cry'd out, *I never over sold; I never sold, but at Conscionable Rates, why am I punish'd thus?* I durst have sworn it had been *Judas*, but going nearer to him to see if He had a *Red Head*, I found him to be a Merchant of my Acquaintance, that dy'd not long since. How now, old *Martin*, (said I) art thou there? He was *dogged* because I did not call him *Sir*, and made no Answer. I saw his Grief, and told him

him how much He was to blame, to cherish that *Vanity* even in *Hell*, that had brought him thither. And what do you think on't now (said I) *Had not you better have traded in Blacks than Christians? Had not you better have contented your self with a Little, honestly got, than run the hazard of your Soul for an Estate; and have gone to Heaven a foot, rather than to the Devil on horse-back?* My Friend was as mute as a Fish; whether out of Anger, Shame, or Grief, I know not. And then a *Devil in Office* took up the Discourse. *These Pick-Pocket Rogues, (says he) Did they think to govern the World with their own Weights and Measures, in Secula Seculorum? Methinks, the Blinking, and false Lights of their Shops, should have minded them of their Quarter, in the Other World, aforehand. And 'tis all a Case, with Jewellers, Goldsmiths, and Other Trades, that serve only to Flatter and Bolster up the World in Luxury, and Folly. But if People would be wise, these Youths should have little Enough to do. For what's their Cloth of Gold and Silver, their Silks, their Diamond,*

and Pearl which they sell at their own Price) but matter of meer *Wantonness*, and *Superfluity*? These are they that inveigle ye into all sorts of *Extravagant Expences*, and so ruine ye insensibly, under colour of *Kindness*, and *Credit*. For they set every thing at double the Rate; and if you keep not touch at your Day, your Persons are imprison'd, your Goods seiz'd; and your Estates extended. And *they that helpt to make you Princes before, are now the forwardest to put you into the Condition of Beggars.*

The Devil would have talk'd on, if I had given him the hearing, but there was such a Laugh set up on one side of me as if they would all have split; and I went to see what the matter was; for 'twas a strange thing, methought, to hear them so merry in Hell. The Business was, there were two men upon a Scaffold, in Gentile habits, gaping as loud as they could bawl. One of them had a great *Parchment* in his hand, display'd with divers Labels, hanging at it, and several Seals. I thought at first it might have been *Execution-day*, and took

took the *Writing* for a *Pardon* or *Re-prieve*. At every word they spoke, a matter of Seven or Eight Thousand Devils burst out a Laughing, as they would have crack'd their Sides. And This again made me think, it might be some *Jack-Pudding*, or *Mountebank*, shewing his Tricks, or his Attestations; with his Congregation of Fools about him. But nearer hand, I found my Mistake; and that the Devil's Mirth made the Gentlemen angry. At last I perceiv'd that this great Earnestness of theirs was only to make out their *Pedigree*, and get themselves pass'd for *Gentlemen*; the *Parchment* being a *Testimonial* from the *Herald's Office*, to that purpose. My Father (says he, with the *Writing* in's Hand) bore Arms for his Majesty in many Honourable Occasions of *Watching* and *Warding*; and has made many a Tall Fellow speak to the Constable; at all hours of the Night. My Uncle was the first man that ever was of the Order of the *Black Guard*: and we have had five brave *Commanders* of our *Family*, by my Father's side, that have serv'd the State

in the Quality of *Marshal's Men*, and *Turn-Keys*, and given his Majesty a fair accompt of all the *Pris'ners* committed to their Charge. And by my Mother's side, it will not be deny'd, but that I am honourably descended: For my *Grand-Mother* was never without a *Dozen Chamber-maids*, and *Nurses* in Family. It may be 'twas her Trade (quoth the Devil) to procure Services, and Servants, and consequently to deal in that Commodity. Well, well, (said the Cavalier) She was what She was; and I'm sure I tell you nothing but Truth. Her Husband wore a Sword by his Place, for he was a *Deputy-Marshal*; and to prove my self a Man of Honour, I have it here in Black and White, under the Seal of the Office. Why must I then be quartered among a Pack of Rascals? My Gentleman-Friend; (quoth the Devil) your *Grand-father* wore a Sword as he was *Usher* to a *Fencing-School*; and we know very well what his Son, and Grandchild can pretend to. But let that pass; you have led a Wicked and Infamous Life, and spent your time in Whoring, Drinking,

Blas-

Blaspheming, and in Lewd Company; and do you tell us now of the *Privileges* of your *Nobility*? Your *Testimonials*; and *the Seal of the Office*? A Fart for your *Privileges, Testimonials, Office and all*. *There is no Honour, but Vertue*. And if your Children, though they had a Scoundrel to their Father, should come to do honourable and worthy things, we should look upon them as Persons Sacred, and not dare to meddle with them. But Talking is Time lost; You were ever a Couple of Pitiful Fellows, and your Tayls scarce worth the scalding. *Have at ye*, (says he) and at that word, with a huge Iron Bar, He gave him such a Salute over the Buttocks, that He took two or three turns in the Air, Heels over Head, and dropt at last into the Common-shore; where never any Man as yet found the Bottom.

When his Companion had seen him Cut that Caper; This Usage (says he) may be well enough for a *Parchment Gentleman*: but for a *Cavalier of my Extraction, and Profession*, I suppose you'll treat him with somewhat more of
Civility,

Civility, and Respect. Cavalier (quoth the Devil) if you have brought no better Plea along with you, than the Antiquity of your House, you may e'en follow your Camerade, for ought I know, for we find very few ancient Families, that had not some Oppressour or Usurper, for their Founder: and they are commonly continued by the same means, they were begun. How many are there of our *Titular Nobility*, that write *Noble*, purely upon the Accompt of their *Violence* and *Injustice*? Their Subjects and Tenants, what with Impositions, hard Services, and Rackt Rents, are they not worse than Slaves? If they happen to have any thing Extraordinary, as a pleasant Fruit; A Handsome Colt; a Good Cow; and that the Landlord, or his sweet Lady take a liking to it, they must either submit to part with it *Gratis*, or else take their Pay in foul Language, or *Bastinadoes*. And 'tis well if they 'scape so: For many times when the Sign's in *Gemini*; their Wives and Daughters go to Pot, without any regard of Laws either Sacred or Prophane. What
 Damn'd

Damn'd Blasphemies and Imprecations^s
do they make use of, to get Credit with
a *Mistress* or a *Creditor*, upon a Faith-
less Promise! How intolerable is their
Pride, and Insolence, even towards
many Considerable Officers, both in
Church and State! for they behave
themselves as if all People below their
Rank and Quality in the World, were
but as so many Brutes, or Worse. As
if Humane Bloud were not all of a Co-
lour: As if Nature had not brought
them into the World the Common way,
or Moulded them of the same Mate-
rials with the meanest Wretches upon
the Earth. And then for such as have
Military Charges and Commands; How
many great Officers are there, that
without any Consideration of their
Own, or Their Princes Honour, fall
to Spoil and Pillage; Couzening the
State with false Musters, and the Soul-
diers of their Pay; and giving them
instead of their Due from the Prince, a
Liberty of taking what is not their
Due from the People; forcing them to
take the Bread out of the poor La-
bourers Mouths, to fill their own Bel-
lies,

lies, and protecting them when they have done, in the most Execrable Outrages imaginable. And when the poor Souldier comes at last to be dismiss'd, or disbanded; Lame, Sick, Beggarly, Naked almost, and Enraged; with Nothing left him to trust to, but the *High-way* to keep him from starving. What Mischief is there in the World, that these men are not the Cause of? How many good Families are utterly ruin'd and at this day in the Hospital, for trusting to their Oaths and Promises! and becoming bound for them, for vast Sums of Money to maintain them in Tipple, and Whores, and in all sorts of Luxury, and Riot? This Rhetorical Devil would have said a Thousand times more, but that his Companions call'd him off, and told him they had business elsewhere. The Cavalier hearing that, My Friend (said he) your Morals are very Good, but yet with your Favour, all men are not alike. *There's never a Barrel better Herring,* (said the Devil) You are all of ye tainted with *Original Sin*, and if you had been any better than your Fellows,
you

you had never been sent hither. But if you are indeed so Noble, as you say, you're worth the *Burning*, if 'twere but for your *Ashes*. And that you may have no Cause of Complaint, you shall see, we'll treat you like a Person of your Condition. And in that Instant, Two Devils presented themselves; the one of them Bridled, and Saddled; and the other doing the office of the Squire; holding the Stirrup with his left hand, and giving the Gentleman a Lift into the Saddle with the Other. Which was no sooner done, but away he went like an Arrow out of a Bow. I ask'd the Devil then into what Country he carry'd him. And he told me, Not far: for 'twas only matter of *Decorum*, to send the Nobility to Hell, a *Horse-back*. Look on that side now, says he, and so I did; and there I saw the poor Cavalier in a huge Furnace, with the first Inventors of Nobility, and Arms; As *Cain*; *Cham*; *Nimrod*; *Esau*; *Romulus*; *Tarquin*; *Nero*; *Caligula*; *Domitian*; *Heliogabulus*; and a World of other brave Fellows, that had made themselves famous by Usurpation, and Blood. The
Place

Place was a little too hot for me, and so I retir'd, meditating on what I had heard; and not a little satisfied with the Discourse of so Learned a Devil. Till that time, I took the Devil for a Notorious Lyar; but I find now that He can speak the Truth too, when He pleases; and I would not for all I am worth, but have heard him Preach.

When I was thus far, my Curiosity carried me still farther; and within Twenty Yards, I came to a huge Muddy, Stinking Lake, near twice as big as that at *Geneva*; and heard in't so strange a Noise, that I was almost out of my Wits, to know what it was. They told me that the Lake was stor'd with *Donegnaes* or *Gouvernantes*, which are turn'd into a kind of Frogs in Hell, and perpetually Drivelling, Sputtering, and Croaking. Methought, the Conversion was apt enough; for they are Neither Fish, nor Flesh, no more than Frogs; And only the lower Parts of them are Man's-Meat, but their Heads are enough to turn a very good Stomach. I could not but Laugh, to see
how

how they gaped and stretcht out their
Legs as they swam, and still as we came
Near, They'd Scud away and Dive.

This was no place to stay in, there
was so noisome a Vapour; and so I
strook off, upon the Left Hand; where
I saw a Number of Old Men, beating
their Breasts, and tearing their Faces;
with bitter Groans and Lamentations.
It made my Heart ake to see them, and
I ask'd what they were: Answer was
made, that I was now in the Quarter of
*the Fathers that Damn'd themselves, to
raise their Posterity; which were called
by some, The Unadvised.* Wretch that
I am! (cry'd one of them) The great-
est Penitent that ever liv'd, never suf-
fered the Mortification I have endur'd;
I have *Watch'd*, I have *Fasted*; I have
scarce had any *Cloaths* to my *Back*; My
whole Life has been a Restless Course
of *Torment*, both of *Body* and *Mind*:
and all This, to get *Money* for my *Chil-*
dren; that I might see them *well Mar-*
ry'd; *Buy them Places at Court*, or pro-
cure them some other Preferment in the
World: starving my self in the Con-
clusion, rather than I would lessen the
Provision,

Provision, I had made for my Posterity. And yet Notwithstanding this my fatherly care, I was scarce sooner Dead, than forgotten : and my *Next Heir* bury'd me without *Tears*, or *Mourning* ; and indeed without so much as paying of *Legacies*, or *Praying* for my Soul : as if they had already received certain Intelligence of my *Damnation*. And to aggravate my Sorrows, The *Prodigals* are now *squandring* and *consuming* that *Estate* in *Gaming*, *Whoring*, and *Debauches*, which I had scraped together by so much *Industry*, *Vexation*, and *Oppression*, and for which I suffer at this Instant such *Insupportable Torments*. This should have been thought on before (cry'd a Devil) for sure you have heard of the Old Saying, *Happy is the Child whose Father goes to the Devil*. At which word the *Old Misers* brake out into fresh Rage, and Lamentation, Tearing their Flesh, with Tooth and Nail, in so rueful a manner, that I was no longer able to endure the Spectacle.

A Little further, there was a *Dark Hideous Prison*, where I heard the *Clattering of Chains* ; the *Crackling of*
Flames ;

Flames ; the Slapping of Whips ; and a confused out-cry of Complaints. I askt what Quarter this was ; and they told me it was the Quarter of the O that I had's ! What are those said I ? Answer was made, that they were a Company of Brutish Sots , so absolutely deliver'd up to Vice, that they were damn'd insensibly , and in Hell before they were aware. They are now reflecting upon their Miscarriages, and Omissions, and perpetually crying out ; O that I had Examined my Conscience ! Oh that I had frequented the Sacraments ! Oh that I had humbled my-self with Fasting , and Prayer ! Oh that I had serv'd God as I ought ! Oh that I had Visited the Sick, and Reliev'd the Poor ! Oh that I had set a Watch before the Door of my Lips !

I left these late Repentants, (as it appear'd) in Exchange for worse, which were shut up in a Base Court , and the Nastiest that ever I saw. These were such as had ever in their Mouths, *God is merciful, and will pardon me.* How can this be (said I) that these people should be Damn'd ? When Condemna-

tion is an Act of *Justice*, not of *Mercy*; I perceive you are simple, (quoth the Devil) for half these you see here, are condemn'd with the *Mercy of God* in their Mouths. And to Explain my self, Consider I pray'e, how many Sinners are there, that go on in their Ways in spite of Reproof, and Good Counsel: and still this is their Answer; *God is merciful, and will not damn a Soul for so small a Matter.* But let them talk of *Mercy* as they please; so long as they persist in a wicked Life, we are like to have their Company at last. By your Argument (said I) there's no trusting to *Divine Mercy*. You mistake me (quoth the Devil) for *every good Thought, and Work, flows from that Mercy.* But This I say: He that perseveres in his Wickedness, and makes use of the Name of *Mercy*, only for a Countenance to his Impieties, does but Mock the Almighty, and has no Title to that *Mercy*. For 'tis vain to expect *Mercy* from above, without doing any thing in order to it. It properly belongs to the Righteous, and the Penitent; and they that have the most
of

of it upon the *Tongue*, have commonly the least thought of it in their *Heart* ; And 'tis a great aggravation of Guilt to Sin the more , in Confidence of an abounding Mercy. It is True that many are receiv'd to *Mercy*, that are utterly unworthy of it , which is no wonder, since No man of himself can deserve it ; But men are so Negligent of seeking it betime, that they put that off to the last, which should have been the first part of their business ; and many times their Life is at an End, before they begin their Repentance. I did not think so Damn'd a Doctor could have made so good a Sermon. And there I left him.

I came next, to a Noysome Dark hole, and there I saw a Company of *Dyers*, all in *Dirt* and *Smoke*, intermixt with the Devils, and so alike, that it would have posed the subtlest *Inquisitor* in *Spain*, to have said, which were the *Devils*, and which the *Dyers*.

There stood at my Elbow, a strange kind of *Mongrel Devil* , begot betwixt a *Black*, and a *White* ; with a Head so bestuck with little *Horns*, that it lookt

at a Distance like a *Hedg-Hog*. I took the boldness to ask him, where they quarter'd the *Sodomites*, the *Old Women* and the *Cuckolds*. As for the *Cuckolds*, (said he) they are all over Hell, without any Certain Quarter, or Station: and in truth, 'tis no easie matter to know a *Cuckold* from a *Devil*, for (like kind Husbands) they wear their Wives favours still, and the very same Head-pieces in Hell, that they wore living in the World. As to the *Sodomites*, we have no more to do with them, than needs must; but upon all Occasions, we either Fly, or Face them: for if ever we come to give them a Broad-side, 'Tis ten to one but we get a Hit betwixt Wind and Water; and yet we fence with our Tayls, as well as we can, and they get now and then a Flap o're the Mouth into the Bargain. And for the *Old Women*, we make them stand off; for we take as little pleasure in them, as you do: and yet the Jades will be persecuting us with their Passions; and ye shall have a *Bawd* of five and fifty, do ye all the *Gamboles* of a *Girl* of fifteen. And yet after all this, *There's not an Old Woman*

Woman in Hell; for let her be as old as Pauls; Bald, Blind, Toothless, Wrinkled, Decrepit; This is not long of her Age, shee'll tell you; but a terrible fit of sickness last year, that fetcht off her Hair, and brought her so low, that she has not yet recover'd her flesh again. She lost her Eyes by a hot Rheum: utterly spoil'd her Teeth with Cracking of Peach-stones, and Eating of Sweet-meats, when she was a Maid. And when the Weight of her Years has almost brought both Ends together, 'Tis nothing shee'l tell ye but a Crick she has got in her Back: And though she might recover her Youth again, by confessing her Age, she'l never acknowledge it.

My next Encounter was, a Number of People making their moan, that they had been taken away by sudden Death. That's an Impudent Lye (cry'd a Devil) saving this Gentleman's presence) for no man dyes suddenly. Death surprizes no man, but gives all men sufficient warning, and Notice. I was much taken with the Devil's Civility, and Discourse; which he pursu'd after this manner. Do ye Complain (says he) of
P 3 sudden

*sudden Death ? that have carri'd Death about you, ever since you were Born : That have been entertain'd with daily Spectacles of Carcases and Funerals : That have heard so many Sermons upon the subject ; and read so many good Books upon the Frailty of Life, and the Certainty of Death. Do ye not know that every Moment ye Live, brings ye nearer to your End ? Your Cloaths wear out ; Your Woods, and your Houses decay ; and yet ye look that your Bodies should be Immortal. What are the Common Accidents and Diseases of Life, but so many warnings to provide your self for a Remove ? Ye have Death at the Table, in your Daily Food, and Nourishment ; for your Life is maintain'd by the Death of Other Creatures. And you have the Lively Picture of it, every night for your Bedfellow. With what face then can you Charge your Misfortunes upon sudden Death ? that have spent your whole Life both at Bed, and at Board, among so many Remembrances of your Mortality. No, No ; change your stile, and hereafter confess your selves to have been Careless and Incredulous. You Dye, thinking
you*

you are not to Dye yet ; and forgetting that Death grows upon you, and goes along with ye from one End of your Life to the Other, without Distinguishing of Persons, or Ages ; Sex, or Quality : and whether it finds ye well , or Ill-doing ; As the Tree falls, so it lies.

Turning toward my left Hand , I saw a great many Souls that were put up in Gally-Pots , with *Assa fetida* , *Galbanum* , and a Company of Nasty Oyls that served them for Syrup. What a Damn'd stink is here (Cry'd I, stopping my Nose) we are now come undoubtedly to the Devils house of Office ; No, No, said the Tormentor, (which was a kind of a Yellowish Complexion'd Devil) 'Tis a Confection of Apothecaries. A sort of People , that are commonly Damn'd for Compounding the Medicines by which their Patients hope to be saved. To give them their due ; These are your only True , and Chymical Philosophers ; and worth a thousand of Raymond Lullius, Hermes, Geber, Ruspicella, Avicen , and their Fellows : 'Tis true, they have written fine things of the Transmutation of Metals ; but did they

P 4

ever

ever make any Gold? Or if they did,
 We have lost the Secret. Whereas
 your *Apothecaries*, out of a Little *Puddle water*; A *Bundle of Rotten sticks*; *a Box of Flies*; Nay out of *Toads, Vipers*, and a *Sir Reverence it self*, will fetch ye *Gold ready Minted*, and fit for the *Market*; which is more than all your *Philosophical Projectors* ever pretended to. There is no *Herb so Poysonous*, (let it be *Hemlock*) nor any *stone so dry*, (suppose the *Pumice* it self) but they'll draw *Silver* out of it. And then for *words*, 'tis Impossible to make up any word out of the four and twenty Letters; but they'll shew you a *Drug* or a *Plant* of the Name; and turn the *Alphabet* into as good *Money* as any's in your *Pocket*. Ask them for an *Eye-Tooth of a flying Toad*; they'll tell ye, yes, ye may have of it, in *powder*; Or if you had rather have the *Infusion of a Tench of the Mountains*, in a little *Eels-Milk*, 'tis all one to them. If there be but any *Money stirring*, you shall have what you will, though there be no such thing in *Nature*. So that it looks as if all the *Plants and stones* of the

the Creation, had their several powers and Vertues given them, only for the *Apothecaries* sakes; and as if *Words* themselves had been only made for their advantage. Ye call them *Apothecaries*; but instead of That, I pray'e call them *Armors*; and their *Shops* *Arsenals*. Are not their *Medicines* as *Certain Death* as *Swords*, *Daggers*, or *Musquets*? while their *Patients* are *Purg'd* and *Blooded* into the other World, without any regard either to *Distemper*, *Measure* or *Season*.

If you will now see the Pleasantest sight you have seen yet, walk but up these two steps, and you shall see a *Jury* (or *Conspiracy*) of *Barber Surgeons*, sitting upon *Life and Death*. You must think that any *Divertisement* there was welcome, so that I went up, and found it in Truth a very pleasant Spectacle. These *Barbers* were most of them *Chain'd* by the Middle; their *Hands* at Liberty; and Every one of them, a *Cittern* about his Neck; and upon his knees a *Chest-board*: and still as he reacht to have a Touch at the *Cittern*, the Instrument Vanisht; and so

so did the *Chefs-board*, when he thought to have a Game at *Dranghts*; which is directly *Tantalizing* the poor Rogues, for a *Cittern* is as natural to a Barber, as *Milk* to a Calf. Some of them were washing of Asses Brains, and putting them in again; and scouring of *Negroes* to make them *White*.

When I had laught my Fill at these fooleries, my next discovery was of a great many people, Grumbling and Muttering that There was no Body look't after them; No not so much as to torment them; *as if their Tails were not as well worth the Toasting, as their Neighbours*. Answer was made, that being a kind of Devils themselves, they might put in for some sort of Authority in the Place, and Execute the Office of *Tormentors*. This made me ask what they were. And a Devil told me (with Respect) that they were a Company of Ungracious, *Left-handed* Wretches, that could do Nothing aright. And their Grievance was that they were quarter'd by Themselves; but not knowing whether they were Men or no; or indeed what else

to make of them, we did not know how to Match them, or in what Company to put them. In the world they are lookt upon as *Ill Omens*; and let any man meet one of them, upon a Journey in the Morning, Fasting; 'tis the same thing as if a Hare had cross't the way upon him; He presently turns head in a Discontent, and goes to bed again. Ye know that *Scævola*, when he found his Mistake, in killing *Another*, for *Porfenna* (the Secretary, for the Prince) burnt his *Right-hand* in Revenge of the Miscarriage: Now the severity of the Vengeance, was not so much the Maiming or the Crippling of Himself, but the Condemning of himself to be for ever *Lest-handed*. And so 'tis with a Malefactor that suffers Justice; The Shame and Punishment, does not lye so much in the Loss of his *Right-hand*, as that the other is *Lest*. And it was the Curse of an old Bawd, to a Fellow that had vex'd her, *That he might go to the Devil by the stroke of a Lest-handed Man*. If the Poets speak Truth, (as 'twere a Wonder if they should not) The *Lest* is the *Unlucky side*; and there never

never came any good from it. And for my last argument against these Creatures; the *Goats*, and *Reprobates* stand upon the *Left-hand*: and *Left-handed-men* are, in Effect, a sort of Creature that's made to do Mischief; Nay whether I should call them Men, or no, I know not.

Hereupon, a Devil beckon'd me to come softly to him; and so I did, without a word speaking, or the least Noise in the World. Now (says he) if you'll see the Daily Exercise of *Ill-savour'd Women*, look through that *Lattice Window*. And there I saw such a Kennel of *Ugly Bitches*, you would have blest your self. Some with their *faces* so *pounced*, and *speckled*, as if they had been *scarify'd*, and newly past the *Cupping-Glass*; with a world of little *Plaisters*, *long*, *round*, *square*; and briefly, cut out into such Variety, that it would have posed a good *Mathematician* to have found out another Figure! and you would have sworn that they had been either at *Cats-play*, or *Cuffs*. Others were *scraping their Faces* with *pieces of Glass*: *tearing up their Eyebrows*:

brows by the Roots, like Mad : And some that had none to tear, were fetching out of their *black-Boxes*, such as they could get, or make. Others were *powd'ring*, and *curling* their *false Locks* ; or fast'ning their *new Ivory Teeth*, in the place of their *old Ebony Ones*. Some were *Chewing Lemmon-pill*, or *Cinamon*, to countenance a *soul breath* ; and raising themselves upon the *Ciopines*, that their View might be the fairer, and their Fall the Deeper. Others were quarrelling with their *Looking-Glasses*, for shewing them such *Hags Faces*, and cursing the *State of Venice* for Entertaining no better *workmen*. Some were *stuffing* out their *Bodies* like *Pack-saddles*, to cover secret Deformities : and some again had so many Hoods over their faces, to conceal the Ruines, that I could hardly discern what they were ; and These past for *Penitents*. Others, with their Pots of *Hogs Grease*, and *Pomatum*, were *sleeking* and *polishing* their faces, and indeed their *fore-heads* were *bright* and *shining*, though there were neither *Suns*, nor *Stars*, in *That Firmament*. Some there were (in Fine) that would

would have fetcht a man's Guts up at's mouth, to see them with their *Masques of After-Birth*; and with their *Menstruous Slibber Slobbers*, dawbing one another to take away the *Heats*, and *Bubos*. Nasty and abominable! I cry'd. Well (quoth the Devil) you see now how far a Womans Wit, and Invention will carry her to her own Destruction. I could not speak one word for astonishment at so horrid a Spectacle; till I had a little recollected my self; and then (said I) if I may deal freely without Offence; I dare Defie all the Devils in Hell, to out-do these Women. But pray'e let's be gone, for the sight of them makes my very Heart ake.

Turn about then, (said the Devil) and there was a *Fellow* sitting in a *Chair*; *all alone*; never a *Devil* near him; No *Fire*, or *Frost*; No *Heat*, or *Cold*; or any thing else, that I could perceive, to torment him: and yet crying and Roaring out the most hideously of any thing I had yet heard in Hell: Tearing his *Flesh*, and Beating his *Body*, like a *Bedlam*, and his *Heart*, all the while, Bleeding at his *Eyes*. Good Lord,

thought

thought I, what ails this Wretch, to yell out thus when no Body Hurts him? So I went up to Him; Friend (said I) what's the meaning of all this Fury, and Transport? for, so far as I can see, there's nothing to trouble you. *No, No,* (says he with a Horrid Out-cry, and with all the Extravagancies of a Man in Rage, and Despair) *you do not see my Tormentors; but the all-searching Eye of the Almighty sees my Pains, as well as my Transgressions, and with a severe, and Implacable Justice, has condemn'd me to suffer Punishments answerable to my Crimes.* Which words he utter'd with redoubled Clamours. *My Executioners are in my Soul, and all the Plagues of Hell in my Conscience. My Memory serves me instead of a Cruel Devil. The Remembrance of the Good I should have done, and Omitted; And of the Ill I should not have done, and did. The Remembrance of the wholesome Counsels I have rejected, and of the Ill examples I have given.* And for the Aggravation of my Misery; where my Memory leaves afflicting me, my Understanding begins; shewing me the Glories,*

ries, and Beatitudes I have lost, which others enjoy, who have gain'd Heaven, with less Anxiety and Pain than I have endur'd, to compass my Damnation. Now am I perpetually Meditating on the Comforts, Beauties, Felicities, and Raptures of Paradise, only to enflame, and exasperate my Despair in Hell: begging in Vain, but for one moments Interval of Ease, without obtaining any; for my Will is also as Inexorable, as either my Memory or my Understanding. And These (my Friends of the other World) are the Three Faculties of my Soul, which Divine Justice, for my Sins, has convert-ed into three Tormentors, that Torture me without Noise; Into three Flames, that burn me without consuming. And if I chance at any time to have the least Remission or Respite; The Worm of my Conscience gnaws my Soul, and finds it, to an Insatiable Hunger, an Immortal Aliment, and Entertainment. At that word, turning towards me with a Hellish Yell; Mortal (says he) learn, and be assured from me, that all those that either bury, or mis-employ their Talents, carry a Hell within themselves, and are
Damn'd

Damn'd even above ground ; and so He return'd to his Usual Clamours. Upon this, I left him, miserably sad and pen-sive. Well, thought I, what a weight of sin lies upon this Creatures Conscience ! Whereupon the Devil observing me in a muse, told me in my Ear, that this Fellow had been an Atheist, and believ'd neither God, nor Devil. Deliver me, then said I, from that Unsanctify'd Wisdom, that serves us only for our further Condemnation.

I was gone but a step or two aside, and I saw a world of people running after *Burning Chariots*, with a great many Souls in them, and the Devils tearing them with Pincers : and before them, march't Certain Officers, making *Proclamation* of their *Sentence*, which with much ado I got near enough to hear, and it was to this effect. *Divine Justice hath appointed this punishment to the Scandalous, for giving Ill examples to their Neighbours.* And at the same time, several of the *Damn'd* laid their sins to their Charge, and cry'd out, that 'twas long of them they were thus *Tormented.* So that the *Scandalous* were

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punish't

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punisht both for their own Sins, and for the Offences of those they had misled to their Destruction. And these are they of whom 'tis said, that they had better never have been born.

My very Soul was full of Anguish, to see so many Doleful Spectacles; and yet I could not but smile, to see the *Vintners* every where up and down Hell, as free, as if they had been in their *Taverns*, and only *Pris'ners upon Parole*. I askt how they came by that Priviledge; and a Devil told me, there was no need of shackling them, or so much as shutting them up; for there was no fear of their making a 'scape, that took so much pains in the World; and made it their whole business to come thither. Only, says he; if we can keep them from throwing *Water* in the *Fire*, as they do in their *Wines*, we are well enough. But if you would see somewhat worth the while, leave these fellows, and follow me; and I'll shew ye *Judas* and his *Brethren*, the *Stewards* and *Purse-bearers*: so I did as he bad me, and he brought me to *Judas* and his *Companions*, who had no *Faces*,
divers

divers of them, and most of them, *no Foreheads.*

I was well enough pleas'd to see him, and to be better inform'd; for I had ever Phanfied him to be a kind of an *Olive Colour'd Tawny Complexion'd fellow*, without a *Beard*; and an *Eunuch* in to the Bargain: which perhaps (nay probably) He was, for nothing but a *Capon'd*, a *Thing unman'd*, could ever have been guilty of so Sordid, and Treacherous a Villany, as to sell, and betray his Master with a Kiss; and after That so Cowardly as to hang himself in despair, when he had done. I do believe however, what the Church says of him, That He had a *Carrot Beard*, and a *Red head*; but it may be his *Beard* was *burnt*, and as he appear'd to me in Hell, I could not but take him for an *Eunuch*, which to deal freely is my Opinion of all the *Devils*, for they have no Hair; and they are for the most part *wrinkled*, and *Baker-leg'd*.

Judas was beset with a Great many *Money-mongers*, and *Purse-bearers*, -that were telling him stories of the Pranks

they had play'd, and the Tricks they had put upon their Masters, after his Example. Coming up to them, I perceiv'd that their Punishment was like that of *Titius*, who had a *Vultur* continually gnawing upon his *Liver*; for there were a Number of *Ravenous Birds* perpetually preying upon them, and tearing off their *Flesh*; which grew again as fast as they devour'd it; a Devil in the mean time crying out, and the Damn'd filling the whole place with Clamour and Horrour; *Judas*, with his *Purse*, and his *Pot* by his side, bearing a large part in the *Out-cry*, and *Torment*. I had a huge mind (methought) to have a word or two with *Judas*; and so I went to him with this Greeting: *Thou Perfidious, Impudent, Impious Traytor*, (said I) *to sell thy Lord and Master at so base a Price, like an Avaritious Rascal*. If men (said he) were not ungrateful; they would rather pity or commend me, for an Action so much to their Advantage, and done in Order to their Redemption. The Misery is Mine, that am to have no part my self in the Benefit I have procured to others.

Some

Some *Hereticks* there are, (I must confess to my Comfort) that adore me for't. But do you take *me* for the *only Judas*? No, No. There have been many since the Death of my Master, and there are at this day, more wicked and ungrateful, Ten thousand times than my self; that *buy* the Lord of Life, as well as *sell him*, Scourging and Crucifying him daily with more Spite and Ignominy than the *Jews*. The Truth is, I had an Itch to be fingering of Money, and Bartering, from my very Entrance into the *Apostleship*. I began, you know, with the *Pot of Oyntment*, which I would fain have sold, under colour of a *Relief* to the *Poor*. And I went on, to the *selling of my Master*, wherein I did the World a greater good than I intended, to my own irreparable ruine. My *Repentance*, now signifies Nothing. To conclude, *I am the only Steward that's condemn'd for Selling. All the rest are damn'd for Buying*: And I must entreat you to have a better Opinion of me, for if you look but a little lower here, you'll find people a Thousand times worse than my self. With-

draw then (said I) for I have had talk enough with *Judas*.

I went down then, some few steps, as *Judas* directed me; and There I saw a world of Devils upon the March, with *Rods*, and *Stirrup Leathers* in their Hands, lashing a Company of *handsom Lasses stark naked*, and driving them out of Hell (which methought was pity, and if I had had some of them in a Corner, I should have treated them better) with the *Stirrup Leathers*, they disciplin'd a *Litter of Bawds*. I could not imagine why these of all others, should be expell'd the place, and askt the Question. Oh, says a Devil, *These* are our *Factresses* in the *World*, and the best we have, so that we send them back again to bring more Grist to the Mill: And indeed, *if it were not for Women, Hell would be but thinly peopled*; for what with the *Art*, the *Beauty*, and the *Allurements* of the *Young Wenches*; and the *Sage Advice* and *Counsel* of the *Bawds*, they do us very good service. Nay; for fear any of our good Friends should tire upon the Road, they send them to us on *Horseback*, or bring them themselves,

selves, e'en to the very Gates, lest they should miss their way.

Pursuing my journey I saw a good way before me, a large Building, that lookt (methought) like some *Enchanted Castle*, or the *Picture of Ill luck*: It was all ruinous, the *Chimneys* down, the *Planchers* all to pieces, only the *Bars* of the *Windows* standing: The *Doors* all bedawb'd with dirt, and patcht up with *Barrel heads*, where they had been broken. The *Glass* gone, and here and there a *Quarrel* supply'd with *Paper*. I made no doubt at first but the house was forsaken; but coming nearer, I found it otherwise, by a horrible confusion of tongues and noises within it. As I came just up to the door; one open'd it, and I saw in the house many *Devils*, *Thieves*, and *Whores*. One of the craftiest Jades in the Pack, placed her self presently upon the Threshold, and made her address to my Guide and Me. Gentlemen, says she, *how comes it to pass, I pray'e, that people are damn'd both for giving and taking?* The *Thief* is condemn'd for *taking* away from another; and *we* are condemn'd for *giving* what

is our own. I do not find, truly, any injustice in our Trade; and if it be lawful to give every one their own, and out of their own; why are we condemn'd? We found it a nice point; and sent the Wench to *Counsel learned in the Law*, for a resolution in the Case. Her mentioning of *Thieves* made me inquire after the *Scriveners* and *Notaries*. Is it possible, (said I) that you should have none of them here? for I do not remember that I have seen so much as one of them upon the way; and yet I had occasion for a *Scrivener*, and made a search for one. I do believe indeed (quoth the Devil) that you have not found any of them upon the Road. How then? (said I) what are they all sav'd? No, no, (cry'd the Devil) but you must understand, that they do not *foot* it hither, as other Mortals; but come upon the *Wing*, in Troops like *Wild-Geese*, so that 'tis no wonder you see none of them upon the way. We have *millions* of them, but they cut it away in a trice, for they are damn'dly *rank wing'd*, and will make a flight, in the third part of a minute, betwixt *Earth* and

and *Hell*. But if there be so many (said I) how comes it we see none of them? For that (quoth the Devil) we change their names, when they come hither once, and call them no longer *Notaries*, or *Scriveners*, but *Cats*: and they are so good *Mousers*, that though this place is large, old, and ruinous; yet you see not so much as a *Rat* or a *Mouſe* in *Hell*: how full so ever of all other sorts of *Vermine*. Now ye talk of *Vermine* (said I) are there any *Catchpoles* here? No not one (says he) How so (quoth I?) when I dare undertake *there are five hundred Rogues of the Trade for one that's ought*. The reason is (says the Devil) that every *Catchpole* upon *Earth*, carries a *Hell* in's *Bosom*. You have still (said I, crossing my self) an aking tooth at those poor *Varlets*. Why not (cry'd he) for they are but Devils incarnate, and so damn'dly verſt in the art of tormenting, that we live in continual dread of loſing our places, and that his Infernal Majesty should take these Rascals into his Service.

I had enough of this, and travelling on, I saw a little way off, a great enclosure,

sure, and a world of Souls shut up in't ; some of them weeping and lamenting without measure , others in a profound silence. And this I understood to be the *Lovers Quarter*. It sadn'd me to consider, that Death it self could not kill the lamentations of Lovers. Some of them were discoursing their passions, and teasing themselves with *Fears* and *Jealousies* ; casting all their miseries upon their *appetites* and *phancies*, that still made the *Picture* infinitely fairer than the *Person*. They were for the most part troubled with a simple Disease, call'd (as the Devil told me) *I thought*. I askt him what that was , and he answer'd me , it was a Punishment suitable to their offence: for your Lovers, when they fall short of their Expectations, either in the pursuit , or Enjoyment of their Mistresses, they are wont to say, Alas ! *I thought* she would have lov'd me : *I thought* she would never have prest me to marry her : *I thought* she would have been a Fortune to me : *I thought* she would have given me all she had : *I thought* she would have cost me nothing : *I thought* she would have

askt

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askt me nothing: *I thought* she would have been true to my Bed: *I thought* she would have been dutiful and modest: *I thought* she would never have kept her Gallant. So that all their Pain and Damnation comes from *I thought* This or That, or So, or So.

In the middle of them was *Cupid*, a little beggarly Rogue, and as naked as he was born, only here and there cover'd with an old kind of *Embroidery*: but whether it was the workmanship of the *Itch*, *Pox*, or *Measles*, I could not perfectly discover; and close by him was this Inscription:

*Many a good Fortune goes to wrack:
And so does many an able Back;
With following Whores & Cards & Dice,
We're Pox'd and Beggar'd in a trice.*

Aha! (said I) by these *Rimes* methinks the *Poets* should not be far off; and the word was hardly out of my mouth, when I discover'd Millions of them through a *Park Pale*, and so I stopt to look upon them. (It seems in Hell they are not call'd *Poets* now, but *Fools*)

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Fools) One of them shew'd me the *Womans Quarter* there hard by, and askt me what I thought of it, and of the *handsome Ladies* in it. Is it not true (says he) that a *Buxom Lass* is a kind of *half-Chamber-maid* to a *man*? when she has stript him and brought him to Bed, she has done her business, and never troubles her self any further about the helping him up again, and dressing him. How now (said I) have ye your Quirks and Concepts in Hell? In troth ye are pleasant: I thought your edge had been taken off. With that, out stept the most miserable Wretch of the whole Company laden with Irons: Ah! (quoth he) I would to God the first Inventor of *Rimes* and *Poetry* were here in my Place, and then he went on with this following and sad Complaint.

A Complaint of the Poets in Hell.

Oh, this damn'd trade of *Versifying*
Has brought us all to Hell for *lying*!
For writing what we do not think;
Meerly to make the Verse cry *clink*,

For

For rather than abuse the meeter,
Black shall be *White*, *Paul* shall be *Peter*.
One time I call'd a *Lady Whore* ;
Which in my Soul she was no more
Than I am ; a brave Lais, no Beggar,
And true, as ever man laid leg o're.
Not out of malice, *Jove's* my witness,
But meerly for the Verses fitness.
Now we're all made, said I, if luck hold,
And then I call'd a fellow *Cuckhold* ;
Though the *Wife* was (or I'll be hang'd)
As good a *Wench* as ever twang'd.
I was once plaguily put to't ;
This would not hit, that would not do't ;
At last I circumcis'd ('tis true)
A *Christian*, and baptiz'd a *Jew*.
Nay I've made *Herod* innocent
For Riming to *Long-Parliament* :
Now to conclude, we are all damn'd ho,
For nothing but a game at *Crambo*.
And for a little jingling pleasure,
Condemn'd to Torments without mea-
sure :
Which is a little hard in my sense,
To fry thus for *Poetick Licence*.
'Tis not for sin of *Thought* or *Deed*,
But for bare *sounds*, and *words* we bleed :
While

While the Cur *Cerberus* lies growling
In consort with our *Cattermouling*.

So soon as he had done ; There is not
in the world (said I) a more ridiculous
phrensie, than yours, to be *poetizing* in
Hell. The humour sticks close sure, or
the fire would have fetcht it out. Nay
(cry'd a Devil) these *Versifiers* are a
strange Generation of *Buffoons*. The
time that others spend in *Tears* and
Groans for their *sins* and *follies*, these
Wretches employ in *Songs* and *Madri-
gals* ; and if they chance to light upon
the critical minute, and get a snap at a
Lady, all's worth nothing, unless the
whole Kingdom ring of it, in some mi-
ferable Sing-Song or other, under the
name forsooth of *Phyllis*, *Chloris*, *Silvia*,
or the like : and the goodly Idol must
be deckt and drest up with *Diamond*,
Pearl, *Rubies*, *Musque*, and *Amber*, and
both the *Indies* are too little to furnish
Eyes, *Lips*, and *Teeth*, for this *Imaginary*
Goddesse. And yet after all this *magnifi-
cence* and bounty, it would put the poor
Devil's credit upon the stretch, to take
up

up an *Old Petty-Coat* in *Long Lane*, or a pair of *Cast shoes*, at the next *Cobblers*. Besides; we can give no Account either of their *Country* or *Religion*. They have *Christian Names*, but most *Heretical Souls*; They are *Arabians* in their *Hearts*, and in their *Language*, *Gentiles*; but to say the Truth, they fall short of the *right Pagans* in their *Manners*. If I stay here a little longer, (said I to my self) This spiteful Devil will hit me over the Thumbs e're I'm aware; for I was half Jealous, that he took me already for a piece of a *Poet*.

For fear of being Discover'd, I went my way, and My Next Visit was to the *Impertinent Devotes*; whose very *Prayers* are made up of *Impiety*, and *Extravagance*. Oh! what *Sighing* was there and *Sobbing*, *Groaning*, and *Whining*! Their *Tongues* were tyed up to a perpetual silence; Their *Souls* Drooping, and their *Ears* condemn'd to hear eternally the hideous cries and Reproaches of a wheating Devil, greeting them after this manner. Oh, Ye Impudent and Profane Abusers of Prayer, and Holy Duties! that treat the Lord of Heaven
and

and Earth in His own House, with less respect than ye would do a Merchant upon the Change, sneaking into a Corner with your Execrable Petitions, for fear of being over-heard by your Neighbours; and yet without any scruple at all, ye can expose, and offer them up to that Eternal Purity! Shameless Wretches that ye are! Lord (says one) take the old man, my Father, to thy self, I beseech Thee, that I may have his Office and Estate. Oh, that this Uncle of mine would but march off! There's a Fat Bishoprick, and a good Deanery; I would the Devil had the Incumbent, so I had the Dignity. Now for a lusty Pot of Guineys, or a Luckie hand at Dice, if it be thy pleasure, and then I would not doubt of good Matches for my Children. Lord make me his Majesties Favourite and Thy Servant; that I may get what's convenient, and keep what I have gotten. Grant me This, and I do here engage my self, to entertain six Blue-Coats, and bind them out to good Trades; To set up a Lecture for every day of the Week; to give one Third part of my clear gains to Charitable Uses; and
another

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another towards the Repairing of Pauls ;
and to pay all honest Debts , so far as
may stand with my Private Convenience.
Blind and Ridiculous Madness ! for
Dust and Ashes thus to Reason and Con-
dition with the Almighty ! for Beggars
to talk of Giving , and obtrude their
Vain and unprofitable Offerings upon
the Inexhaustible Fountain of Riches
and Bounty ! to pray for Those things
as Blessings , which are commonly
show'd down upon us for our Confu-
sion and Punishment. And then in
Case your Wishes take effect , what
becomes of all the Sacred Vows and
Promises ye made , in storms , (perhaps
Sickness or Adversity ? so soon as ye
have gain'd your Port , recover'd your
Health, or Patch'd up a Broken Fortune,
you shew your selves, all of ye, a pack
of Cheats ; your Vows and Promises,
are not worth so many Rushes : They
are forgotten with your Dreams ; and
to keep a Promise upon Devotion , that
you made out of Necessity , is no Article
of your Religion. Why do ye not ask
for Peace of Conscience ? Encrease of
Grace ? The aid of the Blessed Spirit ?

R.

But

But you are too much taken up with the Things of this World, to attend those spiritual Advantages and Treasures; and to consider that the most acceptable Sacrifices and Oblations you can make to the Almighty are *Purity of Mind, an humble Spirit, and a Fervent Charity.* The Almighty takes delight to be often call'd upon, that He may often pour down his Blessings upon his Petitioners. But such is the Corruption of Humane Nature, That Men seldom think of him, unless under affliction; and therefore it is, that they are often Visited; for by *Adversity* they are brought to the Knowledge and Exercise of their *Duty*. I would now have you consider, how little *Reason* there is in your Ordinary *Demands*. But Case you have your Asking; what are you the better for the Grant; since it fails you at last; because you did not ask aright. When you die, your Estate goes to your Children; and for their parts, you are scarce cold, before you are forgotten. You are not to expect they should bestow much upon Works of Charity; for if nothing went that way

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way while you were living ; They'l Live after your Example when you are Dead. And beside ; there's no Merit in the Case. At this word some of the poor Creatures were about to Reply ; but the Devils had put Barnacles upon their Lips that hinder'd them.

From thence, I went to the *Witches* and *Wizards* ; such as pretend to cure Man and Beast by *Charms*, *Words*, *Amulets*, *Charaēters* : and These were all burning alive. These (says a Devil) are a Company of Couzening Rogues : the most accursed Villains in Nature. If they help one man, they kill another, and only remove the Disease from a *Worse* to a *Better* : And yet there's no great Clamour against them neither ; for if the Patient recover, he's well enough content, and the Doctor gets both Reputation and Reward for his Pains. If he dyes, his mouth is stop'r, and forty to one the next Heir does him a good turn for the Dispatch. So that *Hit* or *Miss* ; All is well at last. If you enter into a Debate with them about their Remedies, They'l tell you, *they learnt the Mystery of a certain Jew* ; and

R 2

There's

There's the *Original* of the *Secret*. Now to hear these *Quacks* give you the History of their Cures, is beyond all the *Plays* and *Farces* in the World. You shall have a fellow tell you of fifteen people that were run clean through the Body, and glad for a matter of three days to carry their Puddings in their Hands; that in four and twenty hours he made them as whole as Fishes, and not so much as a *Sear* for a Remembrance of the *Orifice*. Ask him *when* and *where*? you'll find it some Twelve Hundred Leagues off, in a *Terra Incognita*, by the Token, that at that time he was *Physician in Ordinary* to a great Prince that dy'd about five and twenty years ago.

Come, Come; (Cry'd a Devil) make an End of this Visit, and you shall see those now, that *Judas* told you were ten times Worse than himself. I went along with him, and he brought me to a passage into a great Hall, where there was a Damn'd smell of Brimstone, and a Company of *Match-makers*, as I thought at first; but they prov'd afterward to be *Alchymists*, and the Devils examining them

them upon *Interrogatories*, who were filthily put to't, to understand their *Gibberish*. Their *Talk* was much of the *Planetary Metals*; *Gold* they call'd *Sol*; *Silver*, *Luna*; *Tin*, *Jupiter*; *Copper*, *Venus*. They had about them, their *Fornaces*, *Crucibles*, *Coals*, *Bellows*, *Clay*, *Minerals*, *Dung*, *Man's Blood*, *Powders*, and *Alembicks*. Some were *Calcining*; Others *Washing*; Here *Purifying*; There *Separating*. *Fixing* what was *Volatile*, in one place; and *Rarifying* what was *Fixt* in another. Some were upon the *Work of Transmutation*, and *Fixing* of *Mercury* with monstrous *Hammers*, upon an *Anvile*. And after they had resolv'd the *Viscous matter*, and sent out the subtler parts, that they came to the *Coppel*, all went away in *Fume*. Some were again in a hot dispute: What *Fuel* was best; and whether *Raymund Lullius* his *Fire*, and *no Fire*, could be any thing else than *Lime*; or otherwise to be understood of the *Light Effective* of *Heat*, and not of the *Effective Heat* of *Fire*. Others were making their *Entrance* upon the *Great Work*, after the *Hermetical Method*. Here they were

watching the Progress of their Operations, and making their Observations upon *Proportions*, and *Colour*. While all the rest of these blind Oracles lay waiting for the Recovery of the *Materia Prima*, till they brought themselves to the last Cast both of their Lives and Fortunes: and instead of turning Base Metals and Materials into Gold; as they pretended; they made the Contrary Inversion, and were glad at length to take up with *Beggarly Fools*, and *False Coiners*. What a stir was there with crying out, ever and anon! *Look ye, look ye! The old Father is got up again; Down with him, Down with him; What Glossing, and Commenting upon the old Chymical Text, that says; Blessed be Heaven, That has order'd the most Excellent thing in Nature out of the Vilest. If so, (quoth one) let's try, if we can fetch the Philosophers stone out of a Common Strumpet, which is of all Creatures undoubtedly the Vilest. And the word was no sooner out, but a matter of Three and Twenty Whores went to Pot, but the Flesh was so Cursedly Mawmish and Rotten, that they soon gave*

gave over the Thought of that Projection. And then they entred upon a fresh Consultation, and concluded, *Nemine Contradicente*, that the *Mathematicians*, by that rule, were the only fit matter to work upon; as being most damnably dry, (to say nothing of their Divisions, among, and against themselves) so that with one Voice, they call'd for a parcel of *Mathematicians*, to the Fornace, to begin the Experiment. But a Devil came in just in the *God-speed*, and told them; *Gentlemen Philosophers*, (says he) if you would know the Wretched'st, and most contemptible thing in the World; It is an *Alchymist*: and we are of Opinion, that you'l make as Good *Philosophers stones*, as the *Mathematicians*. However, for Curiosity's sake, wee'l try for Once; and so he threw them all together into a great *Caldron*; and to say the Truth, the poor Snakes suffer'd very contentedly; out of a desire I suppose to help on toward the perfecting of the Operation.

On the other side, were a Knot of *Astrologers*, and one among the rest that

had study'd *Chiromancy* or *Palmistry* who took all the Damn'd by the hands one after another. One he told, that it was as plain as the Nose on his Face, that he was to go to the Devil, for he perceiv'd it by the *Mount of Saturn*. You (says he to another) have been a *Swindling Whoremaster* in your days; I see that by the *Mount of Venus* here, and by her *Girdle*; and in short, every Man's Destiny he read in his *Fist*. After him advanced another, Creeping upon all four; with a pair of *Compasses* betwixt his Teeth; his *Spheres* and *Globes* about him; his *Jacobs staffe* before him; and his *Eyes* upon the *Stars*, as if he were taking a *Height*, or making an *Observation*. When he had gaz'd a while, up he starts of a sudden, and wringing his Hands, *Good Lord* (says he) *What an Unluckie Dog was I!* If I had come into the World, but one half quarter of an hour sooner, I had been saved; for just then *Saturn* shifed, and *Mars* was lodg'd in the house of *Life*. One that follow'd him, bad his *Tormentors* be sure he was *Dead*, for (says he) I am a little doubtful of

it

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it my self; in regard that I had *Jupiter* for my *Ascendent*, and *Venus* in the *House of Life*, and no *Malevolent Aspect* to cross me. So that by the Rules of *Astrology*, I was to live, precisely, a *Hundred years and one; Two months, Six days, Four hours, and Three Minutes*. The next that came up was a *Geomancer*! one that reduced all his Skill to Certain little *points*, and by them would tell you, as well *things past*, as to *come*: These *points* he bestow'd at a *Venture*, among several unequal lines; some *long*, others *shorter*, like the *Fingers of a Man's Hand*; and then with a certain *Ribble-Rabble of Mysterious Words*, he proceeds to his *Calculation*, upon *Even or Odd*, and challenges the whole world to allow him the most *Learned*, and *Infallible* of the *Trade*.

There were Divers great Masters of the Science that follow'd him, As *Haly, Gerrard, Bart'lmew of Parma*, and one *Tondin*; a Familiar Friend, and Companion of the Great *Cornelius Agrippa*, the famous *Conjurer*, who though he had but *one Soul*, was yet burning in *four Bodies*. (I mean the *four Damnable Books*

Books he left behind him.) There was *Trithemius* too, with his *Polygraphy*, and *Stenography*: that had Devils now, his *Belly full*, though in his Life time his Complaint was, that He could never have enough of their Company. Over against him was *Cardan*; but they could not set their horses together, because of an old Quarrel: whether was the more Impudent of the Two. And there I saw *Misaldus*, tearing his Beard, in Rage, to find himself pump't dry; and that he could not fool on, to the end of the Chapter, *Theophrastus* was there too, bewailing himself for the Time he had spent at the *Alchymists Bellows*. There was also the Unknown Author of *Clavicula Solomonis*, and *The Hundred Kings of Spirits*; with the Composer of the Book, *Adversus Omnia pericula Mundi*. *Taystnerus* too, with his Book of *Physiognomy*, and *Chirromancy*; and he was doubly punish't, first for the *Fool he was*; and then for *those he had made*. Though to give the Man his Due, He knew himself to be a Cheat, and that he that gives a Judgment upon the Lines of a Face, takes but

but a very uncertain aim. There were *Magicians, Necromancers, Sorcerers, and Enchanters* innumerable, besides divers *private Boxes* that were kept for Lords and Ladies; and other Personages of great quality, that put their trust in these Disciples of the Devil, and go to *Strand-Bridge* or *Billeter Lane*, for resolution in cases of *Death, Love* or *Marriage*, and now and then to recover a *Gold Watch*, or a *Pearl Neck-lace*.

Not far from these, were a Company of *handsome Women*, that were tormented in the quality of *Witches*; which griev'd my very heart to see it: but to comfort me, What? (says a Devil) Have you so soon forgot the roguery of these Carrions? Have you not had tryal enough yet of them? they are the very poyson of life, and the only dangerous *Magicians* that corrupt all your senses, and disturb the faculties of your Soul; these are they that couzen your *Eyes* with *false appearances*, and set up your *Wills* in opposition to your *Understanding* and *Reason*. 'Tis right, said I, and now you mind me of it, I do very well remember, that I have found them

them so; but let's go on and see the rest.

I was scarce gone three steps further, but I was got into so hideous a dark place, that it was e'en a mercy we knew where we were, There was first at the entrance, *Divine Justice*, which was most dreadful to behold; and a little beyond stood *Vice*, with a Countenance of the highest Pride and insolence imaginable; There was *Ingratitude*, *Malice*, *Ignorance*, *obstinate* and *incorrigible Infidelity*, *brutish* and *head-strong Disobedience*, *rash* and *imperious Blasphemy*, with Garments dipt in Blood, Eyes sparkling, and a hundred pair of Chops, barking at Providence, and vomiting rage and *poysen*. I went in (I confess) with fear and trembling, and there I saw all the Sects of *Idolaters* and *Hereticks*, that ever yet appear'd upon the stage of the Universe: and at their feet in a glorious array, was lascivious *Barbara*, *second Wife* to the Emperor *Sigismund*, and the *Queen of Harlots*: one that agreed with *Messalina* in This, that *Virginity* was both a *burden* and a *folly*; and that in her whole life she was never either
wearied

wearied or satisfy'd ; but herein she went beyond her ; in that she held the mortality as well of the Soul as of the Body ; but she was now better instructed, and burnt like a bundle of Matches.

Passing forward still, I spy'd a fellow in a corner, all alone, with the flames about his ears, gnashing his teeth, and blaspheming through fury and despair. I askt him what he was, and he told me he was *Mahomet*. Why then (said I) thou art the damn'd Reprobate in Hell, and hast brought more Wretches hither than half the World beside: and *Lucifer* has done well to allot thee a Quarter here by thy self, for certainly thou hast well deserv'd the first place in his Dominions. But since every man chuses to talk of what he loves, I prethee good *Impostor* tell me, What's the reason that thou hast forbidden *Wine* to all thy *Disciples*? Oh (says he) I have made them so drunk with my *Alcoran*, they need no *Tipple*. But why hast thou forbidden them *Swines-flesh* too? (said I.) Because (says he) I would not affront the *Jambon*; for *Water* up-
on

on *Gammon*, would be *false Heraldry*. And beside I never lov'd my people well enough to afford them the pleasure, either of the *Grape* or the *Spare-Rib*. Nay, and for fear they should chance to grope out the way to Heaven, I have establisht my power and my Dominion by force of Arms; without subjecting my Laws to idle disputes and discourses of Reason. Indeed there is little of *Reason* in my *Precepts*, and I would have as little in their *Obedience*. A world of Disciples I have, but I think they follow me more out of *Appetite* than *Religion*, or for the *Miracles I work*. I allow them *Liberty of Conscience*: they have as many Women as they please, and do what they list, provided they meddle not with the Government. But look about ye now, and you'll find that there are more Knaves than *Mahomet*.

I did so, and found my self presently surrounded with a Ring of *Hereticks*, and their *Adherents*; many of which were ready to tear out the Throats of their *Leaders*. One among the rest was beset with a brace of Devils, and either of them a pair of Bellows, puffing into each

each ear *Fire* instead of *Air*, which made him a little *hot-headed*. There was another that, as I was told, was a kind of a *Simoniac*, and had taken up his seat in a *Pestilential Chair*; but it was so dark I could not well discern whether it was a *Pope* or a *Presbyter*.

By this time I had enough of Hell, and began to wish my self out again; but as I was looking about for a Retreat, I stumbled upon a *Long Gallery*, before I was aware: and there I saw *Lucifer* himself with all his *Nobility* about him *male* and *female*. (For let *marry'd men* say their pleasure, there are *she-Devils* too) I should have been at a damn'd loss what to do, or how to behave my self among so many strange Faces, if one of the *Ushers* had not come to me, and told me, that being a stranger, it was his Majesty's pleasure, I should enter and have free liberty of seeing what was there to be seen. We exchanged a couple or two of Complements, and then I began to look about me, but never did I see a Palace so furnisht, nor indeed comparable to it.

Our Furniture at the best is but a
choice

choice collection of *dead and dumb Statues*, or *paintings*, without *life, sense, or motion*: But *there* all the pieces were *animated*, and no trash in the whole Inventory. There was hardly any thing to be seen, but *Emperors and Princes*, with some few (perhaps) of their choicest Nobility and *Privados*. The first *Banque* was taken up by the *Ottoman Family*, and after them sat the *Roman Emperors*, in their order; and the *Roman Kings* down to *Tarquin the proud*; beside *Highnesses*, and *Graces*, *Lords Spiritual and Temporal* innumerable. My *Lungs* began now to call for a little *fresh air*, and I desir'd my Guide to shew me the way out again. Yes, yes, with all my heart (says he) follow me then: and so he carry'd me away by a *back passage* into *Lucifer's house of Office*, where there was I know not how many Tun of *Sir Reverence*, and Bales of *flattering Panegyricks*, not to be number'd; all of them *Licens'd*, and *Enter'd according to Order*. I could not but smile at this provision of *Tail-Timber*, and my Guide took notice of it; who was a good kind of a *Damn'd Droll*. But

I call'd still to be gone, and at length he led me to a little hole like the vent of a Vault, and I crept through it as nimbly as if the Devil himself had given me a lift at the crupper; when to my great wonder, I found my self in the *Park* again, where I begun my story: not without an odd medly of passions, partly reflecting upon what others endur'd; and in part upon my own condition of ease and happiness, that had deserv'd; perhaps, the contrary as well as they. This thought put me upon a Resolution of leading such a course of life, for the future, that I might not come to *feel* these torments in *Reality*, which I had now only seen in *Vision*.

And I must here entreat the Reader to follow my example, without making any further experiment; and likewise not to cast an *ill construction* upon a *fair meaning*. My design is to discredit, and discountenance the works of darkness, without scandalizing of Persons; and since I speak only of the *Damn'd*, I'm sure no honest man alive will reckon this discourse a Satyre.

The end of the sixth Vision.

S

T H E

THE
SEVENTH VISION
OF
HELL REFORM'D.

THere happen'd lately so terrible
an *Uproar*, and *Disorder* in *Hell*
that (though it be a place of
perpetual *Outrage*, and *Confusion*) the
oldest Devil there never knew the Fel-
low of it; and the Inhabitants expected
nothing less than an absolute *Topsy-Tur-*
vy, and *Dissolutjon of their Empire*. The
Devils fell upon the *Damn'd*; and the
Damn'd fell upon the *Devils*, without
knowing one from t'other: and all run-
ning *helter skelter*, to and again, like
Mad; for in fine, it was no other than
a general *Revolt*. This *Hurly burly* lasted
a good while, before any Mortal could
imagine the meaning of it; but at length
there came certain intelligence of a *mon-*
strous Talker; A *Pragmatical Medling*
Under-

Undertaker, and an *Old Bawd* of a *Gouvernante*, that had knockt off their Shackles, and made all this Havock: Which may give the Reader to understand what kind of Cattel these are, that could make Hell it self more dangerous and Unquiet.

Lucifer, in the mean time, went *Telping* up and down, and *Bawling*, for *Chains*, *Hand-Cuffes*, *Bolts*, *Manacles*, *Shackles*, *Fetters*, to tie up his *Pris'ners* again; when in the middle of his *Caryere*, He and the *Babler*, or *Talker* I told ye of, met full butt; and after a little staring one another in the Face, upon the Encounter, the *Babler* open'd. Prince mine; (says he) you have a pack of *Lazy*, *Droning Devils* in your *Dominions*, that look after Nothing, but sit with their Arms and Legs across, and leave all your affairs at *Six and Seven*. And you have divers abroad too, upon *Commission*, that have staid out their Time, and yet give you no Accompt of their Employment. The *Gouvernante*, who had been blowing the Coal, and *Whispering Sedition* from one to another chanc'd to pass by in the *Interim*,

and stopping short, address'd her self to *Lucifer* ; Look to your self ; (she cry'd) there is a *Desperate Plot* upon your *Diabolical Crown*, and *Dignity*. There are *Two Tyrants* in't : *Three Parasites* ; A *World of Physicians*, and whole *Legions of Lawyers*, and *Attorneys*. One word more in your Ear. There is among them, a *mungrel Priest* (a kind of a *Lay-Elder*) that will go near to sit upon your *Skirts*, if you have not a care of him.

At the very name of *Priest*, and *Lay-Elder*, *Lucifer* look't as *Pale as Death* : stood stone still ; as mute as a *Fish* ; and in his very looks, discover'd his *Apprehensions*. After a little pause, he rous'd himself, as out of a *Trance* ; A *Priest* do ye say ? a *Lay-Elder* ? *Tyrants*, *Lawyers* ? *Physicians* ? A *Composition to payson all the Devils in Hell*, and *purge their very Guts out*. With that away he went to visit the *Avenues*, and set his *Guards*, and who should he meet next, but the *Medler* ? in a monstrous hast, and hurry. Nay then (sayes he) here is the *Fore-runner of Ill luck*. But what's the *Mat-ter* ?

ter ? The Matter ? cry'd the *Medler* ;
 And then with a huge deal of tedious
 and Impertinent Circumstance , he up
 and told him, that a great many of the
Damn'd had Contriv'd an *Escape* ; and
 that there was a Design to call in *four*
 or *five Regiments* of *Hypocrites* , and *U-*
surers, under colour, forsooth, of Esta-
 blishing a better *Intelligence* betwixt
Earth and *Hell* , with a Hundred other
 Fopperies ; and had gone on till this
 time , if *Lucifer* would have found
 Ears. But he had other Fish to fry ;
 for Neck and All was now at Stake ;
 and so he went about his Business of
 putting all in a posture, and strengthen-
 ing his Guards. And for the further
 Security of his Royal Person , he en-
 ter'd into *his own immediate Regiment*,
 several *Reformadoes* of the *Society*,
 that he particularly knew to be no
 Flinchers.

He began his Survey in the *Vaults*
 and *Dungeons* , among his *Jaylers*,
 and *Pris'ners*. The *Make-Bate Babler*
 March't in the *Van* , breathing an Ayr
 that kindled , and Enflamed wherever
 he pass'd, without giving any Light (set-

ting People together by the Ears, they know not why) In the second Place the *Gouvernante* as full of *News*, and *Tittle-Tattle* as she could hold, and telling her Tale all the way she went. In the Breech of her follow'd the *Medler*, leering as he past along, first on one side, then on the Other, without ever moving his Head, and making fair with every Soul he saw in's way. He gave *One, a Bow; T' other a Kiss; Your most humble Servant, to a Third; Can I serve you, Sir, to a Fourth?* But every Complement was worse to the poor Creatures, than the Fire it self. Ah Traytor! says one; For Pity's sake, away with this new Tormentor! cries another. This Fellow is Hell upon Hell, says a Third. As he trudg'd on, there was a Rabble of Rascals got together; and in the middle of the Crowd, a most Eminent *Knight of the Post*, (a great Master of his Trade) that was reading a *Lecture to that Venerable Assembly, of the Noble Mystery of Swearing and Lying*; and would have taught any Man in one Quarter of an Hour, to prove any thing upon Oath, that he never saw,

law, nor heard of in his Life. This Doctor had no sooner cast his Eye upon the *Intermedler*, but up he started in a Fright. How now? says he; *Is that Devil here?* I came hither on purpose to avoid him; and if I could but have dream't, he'd have been in Hell, beyond all Dispute, I'd have gone my self to Paradise.

As He was speaking, we heard a great, and a confused Noise of *Arms*, *Blows*, and *Out-cries*; and presently we discover'd several Persons falling one upon Another like Lightning; and in short with such a Fury, that 'tis not for any Tongue or Pen to describe the Battel. One of them appear'd to be an *Emperour*; for he was crown'd with *Lawrel*, and surrounded with a grave sort of People, that lookt like *Counsellors* or *Senators*; and had all the *Old Statutes*, and *Records* at their Fingers End, by which they endeavour'd to make it out; *That a King might be kill'd in his Personal Capacity, and his Politick Capacity never the worse for't.* And upon this point, were they at *Daggers Drawn* with the *Emperour*. *Lucifer*
S 4 came

came then roundly up to him, and with a Voice that made Hell quake; What are you, Sir, (says he) that take upon you thus in my Dominions? I am the Great *Julius Cæsar* (quoth he) that in this general tumult, thought to have reveng'd my self upon *Brutus*, and *Cassius*, for Murdering me in the Senate, under colour (forsooth) of asserting the *Common-Liberty*: Whereas these Traytors did it meerly out of *Envy*, *Avarice* and *Ambition*. It was the *Emperour*, not the *Empire* they hated. They pretended to destroy *Me*, for Introducing a *Monarchy*; but did they overthrow the *Monarchy* it self? No, but on the Contrary, they confirm'd it; and did more Mischief, in taking away my *Life*, than I did in dissolving their *Republick*. However, I dy'd an *Emperour*, and these Villains carry'd only the Infamy and Brand of *Regicides*, to their Graves, and the World has ever since, ador'd my *Memory* and abhorr'd theirs. Tell me (quoth he) ye cursed Blood Hounds; (turning towards them) Whether was your Government better, think ye, in the hands of your Senators; a company of
talking

talking Gown-men, that knew not how to keep it; or in the Hands of a Souldier, that won it by his Merit? It is not the Drawing of a Charge, or the making of a fine Oration, that fits people for Government; nor will a Crown sit well upon the Head of a Pedant; but let him wear it that deserves it. He is the true Patriot that advances the Glory of his Country, by Actions of Bravery and Honour. Which has more Right to rule, think ye, He that only knows the Laws, or he that Maintains them? The one only Studies the Government; The other Protects it. Wretched Republick! Thou call'st it Freedom to obey a Divided Multitude, and slavery to serve a single Person; and when a company of Covetous little Fellows are got together, they must be stiled Fathers of their Country, forsooth; And shall one Generous Person take up with the Name of Tyrant? Oh! how much better had it been for Rome to have preserv'd that one Son that made her Mistress of the World, than that Multitude of Fathers, who by so many Intestine Wars, render'd her but a Step-Mother to her own Children. Barbarous, and Cruel that you are! so much

much as to mention the name of a Commonwealth, considering that since the People tasted of Monarchy, they have prefer'd even the worst of Princes, as Nero, Tiberius, Caligula, Heliogabalus, &c. before your Tribe of Senators.

This discourse of Caesar's strook Brutus with exceeding shame and confusion; but at length with a feeble and trembling Voice, he deliver'd himself to this Effect. 'Gentlemen of the Senate (says he) do ye not hear Caesar? or will ye add sin to sin, and suffer all the blame to be cast upon the Instruments, when you your selves were the Contrivers of the Villany? Why do ye not answer? for Caesar speaks to you, as well as to us. Cassius and my self were but your Bravos, and govern'd by your Persuasions and Advice, little dreaming of that insatiable Ambition that lay lurking under the Gravity of your long Beards and Robes. But 'tis the practice of you all, to arraign that Tyranny in the Prince, which you would exercise your selves: in Effect, when you have gotten Power, and the Colour of Authority in your hands, it is
more

‘more dangerous for a Prince not to
 ‘comply with you, than for a Vassal to
 ‘rebel against his *Prince*. To what end
 ‘serv’d your perfidious and ungrateful
 ‘Treason? Make answer to *Cæsar*. But
 ‘for our parts, in the Conscience of our
 ‘sin, we feel the severity of our Punish-
 ‘ment.

At these words a *hollow-Ey’d super-*
cilious Senator (that had been of the
 Conspiracy, and was then *blazing* like
 a *Pitch Barrel*) rais’d himself, and with
 a faint Voice, askt *Cæsar* what reason
 he had to complain? ‘For *Prince* (*says*
 ‘*he*) if King *Ptolomy* murther’d *Pom-*
 ‘*pey the Great*, upon whose Score he
 ‘held his Kingdom: why might not
 ‘the *Senate* as well *kill you*, to recover
 ‘what you had taken from them?
 ‘And in the case betwixt *Cæsar* and
 ‘*Pompey*, let the Devils themselves be
 ‘Judges. As for *Achillas* (*who was one*
 ‘*of the Murtherers*) what he did, was
 ‘by *Ptolomy’s* Command, and then he
 ‘was but a *Free-booter* neither, a Fellow
 ‘that got his Living by Rapine and
 ‘Spoil: but *Cæsar* was undoubtedly
 ‘the more infamous of the Two. ’Tis
 ‘true

'true, you wept at the sight of *Pom-*
 'pey's Head, but such Tears as were
 'more treacherous than the Steel that
 'kill'd him. Ah cruel compassion and
 'revengeful Piety! that made thee a
 'more barbarous Enemy to *Pompey*,
 'dead than living. Oh that ever two
 'Hypocrite Eyes should creep into the
 'first Head of the World; To con-
 'clude, the Death of *Cæsar* had been
 'the *Recovery* of our *Republick*, if the
 'Multitude had not call'd in others of
 'his Race to the Government, which
 'render'd *thy Fall* the very *Hydra* of
 'the *Empire*.

We had had another Skirmish upon
 these Words, if *Lucifer* had not com-
 manded *Cæsar* to his Cell again, upon
 pain of Death; and there to abide such
 correction as belong'd to him, for slight-
 ing the warnings he had of his Disaster.
Brutus and *Cassius* too were turn'd over
 to the *politick Fools*: and the *Senators*
 were dispatched away to *Minos* and
Radamanthus, and to sit as *Assistants*
 in the *Devil's Bench*.

After this I heard a murmuring noise,
 as of People talking at a distance, and
 by

by degrees I made it out that they were wrangling and disputing still louder and louder, till at length it was but a word and a blow, and the nearer I came, the greater was the Clamour. This made me mend my pace; but before I could reach them, they were all together by the Ears in a *blondy Fray*: They were Persons of great Quality all of them, as *Emperors*, *Magistrates*, *Generals of Armies*. *Lucifer* to take up the Quarrel, commanded them *Peace*, and *Silence*, and they all obey'd, but it vext them to the Hearts to be so taken off in the full *Cariere* of their *Fury* and *Revenge*. The first that open'd his mouth, was a Fellow so martyr'd with Wounds and Scars, that I took him at first for an *Indigent Officer*, but it prov'd to be *Clitus* (as he said himself) And one at his Elbow told him, he was a saucy Companion, for presuming to speak before his time; and so desir'd Audience of *Lucifer*, for the *high and mighty Alexander the Son of Jupiter*, and the *Emperour and Terrour of the World*: He was going on with his *Qualities* and *Titles*; but an Officer gave the word, *Silence*,

lence, and bad *Clitus* begin, which he took very kindly, and told his story.

‘If it may please your Majesty (*says he*) I was the first Favourite of this ‘Emperour; who was then Lord of all ‘the known World; bare the Title of ‘*the King of Kings*, and boasted himself ‘for the *Son of Jupiter Hammon*; and ‘yet after all this Glory and Conquest, ‘he was himself a Slave to his Passions; ‘He was Rash, and Cruel, and consequently, Incapable either of Counsel, ‘or Friendship. While I liv’d, I was ‘near him, and serv’d him faithfully; ‘but it seems, he did not Entertain me, ‘so much for my Fidelity, as to augment the Number of his Flatterers: ‘But I found my self too honest for a ‘Base Office; and still as he ran into ‘any foul Excesses, I took a Freedom ‘with all possible Modesty, to shew ‘him his Mistakes. One day, as he was ‘talking slightly of his Father *Phillip* ‘(*that brave Prince*, from whom he received as well his Honour as his Being) I told him frankly what I ‘thought of that *Ingratitude*, and *Vanity*, and desir’d him to treat his
‘Dead

'Dead Father with more Reverence;
 'as a Prince worthy of Eternal Ho-
 'nour, and Respect. This Commen-
 'dation of *Philip*, so inflam'd him, that
 'presently he took a Partisan and
 'struck me dead in the place with his
 'own hand. After this; pray'e where
 'was his Divinity, when he gave *Abdo-*
 '*lominus*, (a poor Garden-Weeder)
 'the Kingdom of *Sidonia*: which
 'was not, as the World would have it,
 'out of any Consideration of his Ver-
 'tue, but to Mortifie and take down
 'the Pride and Insolence of the *Per-*
 '*sians*. Meeting him here just now in
 'Hell, I askt him what was become of
 'his Father *Jupiter* now? that he lay
 'so long by't; and whether he were
 'not yet convinc'd that all Flatte-
 'rers were a Company of Rascals, who
 'with their *Incense* and *Altars*, would
 'perswade him that he was of *Divine*
 '*Extraction*, and *Heir* apparent to the
 '*Throne and Thunder of Jupiter*. This
 'now was the Ground of our Quar-
 'rel. But Invectives apart; who but a
 'Tyrant would have put a *Loyal Subject*
 'to *Death*, only for his *Affection*, and
 'Regards

' Regards to the Memory of his Dead
 ' Father ? how barbarously did he treat
 ' his Favourites *Parmenio, Philotas, Calisthenes, Amintas, &c.* so that good
 ' or bad is all a case, for 'tis crime enough
 ' to be the Favourite of a Tyrant : As
 ' in the course of humane life, every
 ' man dies because he is mortal, and the
 ' disease is rather the pretext of his
 ' death, than the cause of it. You find
 now, (says *Satan*) that *Tyrants* will
 shew their people many a *Dog trick*,
 when the humour takes them. The
 good they hate, for not being wicked ;
 and the bad, because they are no worse.
 How many Favourites have you ever
 seen come to a fair and timely end ?
 Remember the Emblem of the *Sponge*,
 and that's the use that *Princes* make of
 their Favourites, they let them suck and
 fill ; and then squeeze them for their own
 profit.

At that word there was heard a la-
 mentable cry, and at the same time a
 venerable old man, as pale as if he had
 no blood in his veins, came up to *Lucifer*, and told him, that his Emblem of
 the *Sponge* came very pat to his Case ;
 for

For (says he) *I was a great Favourite, and a great Hoarder of Treasure : a Spaniard by birth, the Tutor and Confident of Nero ; and my name is Seneca. Indeed his bounties were to excess, he gave me without asking, and in taking I was never covetous but obedient. It is in the nature of Princes, and it befits their quality, to be liberal where they take a liking, both of Honour and Fortunes : and 'tis hard for a Subject to refuse, without some reflection upon the generosity or discretion of his Master. For 'tis not the Merit, or Modesty of the Vassal, but the Glory of the Prince that is in question : and he is the best Subject, that contributes the most to the Splendor, and Reputation of his Sovereign. Nero indeed gave me as much as such a Prince could bestow ; and I manag'd his Liberalities with all the moderation imaginable : yet all too little, to preserve me from the strokes of envious and malicious tongues ; which would have it, that my philosophizing upon the contempt of the World, was nothing else but a meer imposture, that with less danger and notice, I might feed and entertain my Avarice,*

T

and

and with the fewer *Competitors*. Finding my credit with my Master declining, it stood me upon, to provide some way or other for my quiet, and to withdraw my self from being the *mark* of a *publick* *envy*. So I went directly to *Nero*, and with all possible respect and humility made him a *Present* back again of his *own* *bounties*. The truth is, I had so great a *passion* for his *service*, that neither the *severity* of his *Nature*, nor the *debauchery* of his *Manners* could ever deter me from exhorting him to nobler courses, and paying him all the duties of a *Loyal Subject*. Especially in cases of *Cruelty* and *Blood*, I laid it perpetually home to his *Conscience*, but all to little purpose; for he put his *Mother* to death, laid the *City* of *Rome* in *ashes*, and indeed depopulated the *Empire* of *honest* *men*. And this drew on *Piso's* *Conspiracy*, which was better laid than executed: for upon the discovery, the prime instruments lost their lives; and by *Divine Providence* this Prince was preserv'd, in order (as one would have thought) to his repentance and change of life. But upon the issue, the *Conspiracy*

racy was prevented, and Nero never the better. At the same time he put *Lucan* to death, only for being a better Poet than himself. And if he gave me my choice what death to dye, it was rather cruelty than pity; for in the very deliberation which Death to chuse, I suffer'd all even in the terrour and apprehension that made me refuse the rest. The election I made, was to bleed to Death in a Bath, and I finisht my own dispatches hither; where to my further affliction, I have again encountred this Infamous Prince, studying new cruelties, and instructing the very Devils themselves in the Art of tormenting.

At that word Nero advanc'd, with his *Ill favour'd Face*, and *shrill Voice*. 'It is very well (*says he*) for a Princes Favourite, or Tutor to be wiser than his Master; but let him manage that advantage then with respect, and not like a rash and insolent Fool make proclamation presently to the World, that he's the wiser of the two. While *Seneca* kept himself within those bounds, I lodg'd him in my bosome, and the love I had for that man was

T 2

'the

' the Glory of my Government; but
 ' when he came to publish once (what
 ' he should have dissembled or con-
 ' ceal'd) that it was not *Nero*, but *Se-*
 ' *neca* that rul'd the Empire, nothing
 ' less than his Blood could make satisf-
 ' faction for so intolerable a scandal,
 ' and from that hour I resolv'd his ru-
 ' ine. And I had rather suffer what I
 ' do, a hundred times over, than enter-
 ' tain a Favourite that should raise his
 ' credit upon my Dishonour. Whether
 ' I have reason on my side or no, I ap-
 ' peal to all this Princely Assembly:
 ' Draw near I beseech ye, as many as
 ' are here, and speak freely, my Royal
 ' Brethren; Did ye ever suffer any Fa-
 ' vourite to scape unpunisht, that had
 ' the Impudence to write [*I and my*
 ' *King*?] to make a *Stale of Majesty*, and
 ' to publish himself a *better States-man*
 ' than his *Master*? No, no, (they cry'd
 out all with one Voice) it never was,
 and never shall be endured, while the
 World lasts: For we have left our Suc-
 cessors under an Oath, to have a care
 on't: 'Tis true, a *Wise Counsellour at a*
Princes Elbow, is a Treasure, and ought

to be so esteem'd, while he makes it his business to cry up the abilities and justice of his Sovereign: but in the instant that his vanity transports him to the contrary; *away with him to the dogs*, and *down with him*, for there's no enduring of it.

'All this (*cry'd Sejanus*) does not
'yet concern me; for though I had in-
'deed more brains than *Tiberius*, yet I
'so order'd it, that he had the credit
'in publick of all my private Advices,
'and so sensible he was of my services,
'that he made me his Partner and
'Companion in the Empire: he caus'd
'my Statues to be erected, and invetted
'them with sacred Priviledges. *Let Se-*
'*janus Live*, was the daily cry of the
'People; and in truth, my well being
'was the joy of the Empire; and far
'and near there were publick Prayers
'and Vows offer'd up for my health.
'But what was the end of all? when I
'thought my self surest in my Master's
'Arms and favour, he let me fall, nay he
'threw me down, caus'd me to be cut
'in pieces, delivering me up to the fu-
'ry of a barbarous and enraged Multi-
tude,

‘tude, that drag’d me along the Streets;
‘and happy was he that could get a
‘piece of my flesh to carry upon a
‘Javelins point in triumph. And it had
‘been well if this inhumane cruelty
‘had stopt here; but it extended to
‘my poor *Children*, who, though un-
‘concern’d in my *crimes*, were yet to
‘partake in my *fate*. A Daughter I had,
‘whom the very Law exempted from
‘the stroke of *Justice*, because of her
‘*Virginity*; but to clear that scruple,
‘she was condemn’d first to be *ravisht*
‘by the *Hangman*, and then to be *be-*
‘*headed*, and treated as her Father.
‘My first failing was upon temerity and
‘pride; I would out-run my destiny;
‘defie Fortune: and for *Divine Provi-*
‘*dence* I lookt upon it as a *ridiculous*
‘*thing*. When I was once out of the
‘way, I thought doing worse was some-
‘what in order to being better; and
‘then I began to fortifie my self by vio-
‘lence, against craft and malice. Some
‘were put to *death*, others *banisht*, till
‘in fine, all the Powers of Heaven and
‘Earth declar’d themselves against me.
‘I had recourse to all sorts of ill peo-
‘ple,

'ple, and means. I had my *Physician*
 'for *poysoning* ; my *Assassine* for *revenge*.
 'I had my *false Witnesses* and *corrupt*
 'Judges ; and in truth, what Instru-
 'ments of wickedness had I not ? And
 'all this not upon choice or inclination ;
 'but purely out of the necessity of my
 'condition. When ever I should come
 'to fall, I was sure to be forsaken both
 'of good and bad ; and therefore I
 'shun'd the *better sort*, as those that
 'would only serve to accuse me ; but
 'the *lewd* and *vicious* I frequented, to
 'encrease the number of my *Complices*,
 'and make my *party* the *stronger*. But
 'after all : if *Tiberius* was a *Tyrant*, I'll
 'swear he was never so by my advice ;
 'But on the contrary ; I have suffer'd
 'more from him for *plain dealing* and
 'disswading him, than the very subjects
 'of his severity have commonly suffer'd
 'by him. I know, 'tis charg'd upon me,
 'that I stir'd him up to *cruelty*, to ren-
 'der him *odious*, and to ingratiate my
 'self to the people. But who was his
 'Adviser I pray'e, in this butcherly pro-
 'ceeding against me ! Oh *Lucifer*, *Lu-*
 'cifer ! You know very well that 'tis

T 4

' the

' the practice of Tyrants, when they
 ' do amiss themselves, and set their peo-
 ' ple a grumbling, to lay all the blame
 ' (and punishment too) upon the In-
 ' strument; and hang up the Minister
 ' for the Masters fault. This is the end
 ' of all Favourites, *crys one*; Not a
 ' half penny matter if they were all
 ' serv'd so, *says another*. And every
 ' *Historian* has his *saying* upon this *Ca-*
 ' *tastrophe*, and sets up a *Buoy* to warn af-
 ' ter ages of the *Rock of Court-favours*.
 ' The greatness of a Favourite *I must*
 ' *confess*, proclaims the greatness of his
 ' Maker; and the Prince that maintains
 ' what he has once rais'd, does but ju-
 ' stifie the prudence of his own choice:
 ' and when ever he comes to undo what
 ' he has done, publishes himself to be
 ' light and unconstant, and does as
 ' good as declare himself (*even against*
 ' *himself*) of the Enemies party.

Up stept *Plantian* then, (*Severus* his
Favorite) he that was tols'd out of a
Garret Window to make the people
 sport. *My condition in the World* (says
 he) *was perfectly like that of a Rocket*
or Fire-work: I was carry'd up to a Pro-
digious

digious Height in a moment, and all peoples Eyes were upon me, as a Star of the first Magnitude; but my Glory was very short-liv'd; and down I fell into Obscurity, and Ashes. After him, appear'd a number of other Favourites; and all of them bearkning to *Bellisarius* the Favourite of *Justinian*; who Blind as he was, had already knockt twice with his staff, and shaking his Head, with a weak and complaining Voice, desir'd Audience; which was at length granted him, Silence commanded; And he said, as follows.

' Princes (said he) before they destroy
' the Creatures they have rais'd, and
' chosen, should do well to consider, that
' Cruelty and Inconstancy is much a greater
' Infamy to a Prince, than the Worst
' effects of it can be to a Favorite. For my
' own part, I serv'd an Emperour, that
' was both a Christian, and a great Lover,
' and Promoter of Justice. And yet
' after all the services I had done him, in
' several Battels and Adventures, (inso-
' much that he was effectually become
' my Debtor, for the very glory of his
' Empire.) My Reward in the End, was
' to

' to have *my Eyes put out*, and (with a
 ' Dog and a Bell) to be turn'd a begging
 ' from Door to Door. Thus was that
 ' *Belizarus* treated, whose very Name
 ' formerly was worth an *Army*, and he
 ' was the *Soul* of his *Friends*, as well as
 ' the *Terrour* of his *Enemies*. But a Prin-
 ' ces *Favour*, is like *Quick-silver*, *Restless*,
 ' and *Slippery*, never to be fixed; never
 ' secured. Force it, and it spends it self
 ' in *Fumes*: *Sublime* it, and 'tis a *Mor-*
 ' tal *Poyson*. Handle it only, and it works
 ' it self into the very *Bones*; and all that
 ' have to do with it, *Live* and *Dye Pale*
 ' and *Trembling*.

At these Words, the whole Band of
 Favorites, set up a Hideous, and a Heavy
 Groan, trembling like *Aspen-leaves*, and
 at the same time, reciting several passa-
 ges out of the Prophet *Hibakkuk*,
 against *Careless* and *Wicked Governours*,
 By which Threatning is given to un-
 derstand, that the *Almighty*, when he
 has a mind to destroy a *Wicked Ruler*,
 does not always punish one *Potentate* by
 Another, and bring his Ends about by a
 Tryal of Arms, or the Event of a Battel:
 but many times makes use of things the
 most

most Abjeſt, and Vile, to Confound the Vanity and Arrogance of the Mighty; and makes even Worms, Flies, Caterpillers, and Lice to ſerve him as the Miniſters of his Terrible Juſtice: Nay, the Stone in the Wall, and the Beam in the Houſe, ſhall riſe in Judgment againſt them.

This Diſcourſe might have gone further, but that the Company preſently parted, to know the meaning of a ſudden Noiſe and Clatter they heard, that half deafn'd the Auditory. And what was it at laſt? but a ſcuffle between the Gown-men, and the Brothers of the Blade. And there were Perſons of great Honour and Learning, Young and Old, engag'd in the Fray: The men of War were at it daſhing with their Swords, and the Gentlemen of the long Robe, Fencing, ſome with Toſtatus; Others with huge Pandects, that with their old Wainſcot Covers, were as good as Bucklers, and would now and then give the Foe a Heavy Rebuke, over and above. The Combate had certainly been very Bloody, if one of Lucifer's Conſtables had not commanded them in the Kings
name

name to keep the Peace ; which made it a drawn Battel. And with That, one of the *Combatants*, with the best face he had, said aloud : if Ye knew (Gentlemen) either *Us*, or our *Quarrel*, you'd say we had reason, and perhaps side with us. At that instant, there appear'd, *Domitian*, *Commodus*, *Caracalla*, *Phalaris*, *Heliogabalus*, *Alcetes*, *Andronicus*, *Busiris*, and *Old Oliver*, with a World of great Parsonages more ; which when *Lucifer* saw, he dispos'd himself to treat that Majestical Appearance, as much to their satisfaction as was possible. And then came up a grave *Ancient man*, with a great *Train* at his Heels, that were all *Bloody*, and full of the Marks they had receiv'd under the Persecution of these *Tyrants*.

' You have here before you, (quoth
' the Old Man) *Solon* ; and these are
' the *Seven Sages*, *Natives* of *Greece*, but
' renown'd throughout the *Universe*.
' He there in the *Mortar* is that *Anaxar-*
' *chus* that was pounded to Death
' by Command of *Nicocreon*. He with
' the *Flat Nose*, is *Socrates* ; The little
' *Crump* *Shoulder'd* *Wretch*, was the Fa-
' mous

'mous *Aristotle* : and T'other there,
'*the Divine Plato*. Those in the Corner,
'are all of the same Profession too ;
'Grave and Learned *Philosophers* ; that
'have displeas'd *Tyrants*, with their
'*Writings* : and in fine, *the World* is
'stor'd with their *Works*, and *Hell* with
'the *Authors*. To come to the Point,
'(most mighty *Lucifer*) we are ail of
'us Dealers in *Politicks* ; Great *Writers*,
'and *Deep-read men* in the Maxims of
'*State and Government*. We have di-
'gested *Policy* into a *Method*, and laid
'down Certain *Rules*, by which Prin-
'ces may make themselves *Great*, and
'*Below'd*. We have advis'd them, Im-
'partially to administer *Justice* ; To re-
'ward *Vertue*, as well *Military*, as *Ci-
'vil* ; to Employ *Able-men*, Banish
'*Flatterers* ; To put men of *Wisdom*,
'and *Integrity* in Places of *Trust*. To
'*Reward*, or *Punish*, without *Passion* ;
'and according to the Merits of the
'Cause, as *God's Vicegerents*, And
'This now is our offence. We name no
'Body ; we design no Body ; but 'tis
'*Crime enough to wish well to the way*,
'and to the *Lovers of Vertue*. With
'that

‘ that, turning towards the *Tyrants*, Oh
 ‘ most unjust Princes; (said he) Those
 ‘ Glorious *Kings*, and *Emperours* from
 ‘ whom we took the *Model* of our *Laws*
 ‘ and *Instructions*, are now in a state of
 ‘ *Rest*, and *Comfort*, while you are tor-
 ‘ mented. *Numa* is now a *Star* in the *Fir-*
 ‘ *mament*, and *Tarquin* a *Fire-brand* in
 ‘ *Hell*. And the *Memory* of *Augustus* and
 ‘ *Trajan* is still fresh and fragrant, when
 ‘ the *Names* of *Nero*, and *Sardanapalus*
 ‘ are more *Putrid* and *Odious*, than their
 ‘ *Bodies*.

When *Dionysius* the *Tyrant* heard this,
 (with his *Companions* about him) *Flesh*
 and *Blood* could hold no longer; and he
 cry'd out in a *Rage*, ‘ *That Roguy Philo-*
 ‘ *sopher has told a Thousand Lies*. *Legis-*
 ‘ *lators, with a Pox!* Yes, yes, they are
 ‘ *sweet Legislators*, and *Princes* have ma-
 ‘ ny a fair *Obligation* to them. No, no,
 ‘ *Sirrah*, (says he to *Solon*) You are all of
 ‘ you a *Company* of *Quacks*; Ye prate,
 ‘ and speculate of things ye don't under-
 ‘ stand; and with your damn'd *Morali-*
 ‘ *ties* set the *People* agog upon *Liberty*;
 ‘ cry up the *Doctrine* of *Free-born Sub-*
 ‘ *jects*, and then our *Portion* is per-
 ‘ *secution*

'*secution in one World, and Infamy in*
'*t'other.*

' We shall have a fine time on't, my
' most Gracious Prince (*cry'd Julian*
' *the Apostate, staring Lucifer in the face*)
' when these *Dung-hill Pedants*, a Com-
' pany of *Cock-brain'd*, *Ridiculous*,
' *Mortify'd*, *ill-bred*, *Beggarly Tatter-*
' *demallions*, shall come to erect a Com-
' mittee for *Politicks*, and pass Sentence
' upon *Governours*, and *Governments*;
' stiling themselves (*forsooth*) the *Sup-*
' *porters* of both; without any more
' skill than my Horse in what belongs to
' either. Tell me (*says he*) if a Brave
' Prince had not better be *Damn'd*,
' than subject himself to hear one of
' these *Turdy-Facy-Paty-Nasty Lousy-Far-*
' *tical Rascals*, with a *Scabb'd Head*, and
' a *Plantation of Lice* in his *Beard*;
' and his *Eyes* crept into the *Nape* of
' his *Neck*, pronouncing for an *Apho-*
' *rism*; That *A Prince that looks only*
' *to One, is a Tyrant*; and that a *True*
' *King is the Shepherd, and Servant of*
' *his People*. Ah, *Rash*, and besotted
' *Coxcombs*! If a *King looks only to*
' *others, who shall look to him?* As if
' *Princes*

' Princes had not Enemies enough
 ' abroad; without being so to them-
 ' selves too. But you may write your
 ' Hearts out, and never the nearer.
 ' Where's our *Sovereignty*? if we have
 ' not our Subjects *Lives*, and *Estates* at
 ' our *Mercy*. And where's our absolute
 ' Power? if we submit to the Coun-
 ' sels of our Vassals, If we have not
 ' to satisfy our Appetites, Avarice and
 ' Revenge, we want Power to dis-
 ' charge the Noblest Ends of Govern-
 ' ment. These *Contemplative Idiots*
 ' would have us make choice of *Good*
 ' *Officers*, to keep the *Bad* in Order:
 ' which were a Madness in our Con-
 ' dition. Let them be *Complaisant*, and
 ' no Matter for any other Merit, or
 ' *Vertue*. A Parcel of Good Offices, hand-
 ' somely dispos'd among a Pack of Cheats,
 ' and Atheists, will make us a party
 ' another Day; whereas all is lost, that's
 ' bestow'd upon honest men; for they're
 ' our Enemies; Speak Truth then all
 ' of ye, and shame the Devil, for the
 ' Butcher fats his sheep only for the
 ' Shambles.

I have said enough, I suppose, to stop
 your

your Mouths; but here's an Orator will read you another-gates Lecture of *Politicks*, than any you have had yet, if you'll give him the hearing. *Photinus*, advance (said *Julian*) and speak your Mind; whereupon there appear'd a *Brazen fac'd Fellow*, with a *hanging look*, and twenty other marks of a *Desperate Villain*: who with a *Hellish Tell*, and *three or four wry mouths for a Prologue*, brake into his Discourse.

The Wicked Advice of one of Ptolomey's Courtiers about the Killing of Pompey: taken out of Lucan's Pharsalia, Lib. 8.

' **M** E thinks, under Favour, (most
' Renowned *Ptolomy*) we are
' now slipt into a debate, a little beside
' the business. The question is, *whether*
' *Pompey should be delivered up to Cæ-*
' *sar, or no*; that is to say, whether in
' *reason of State*, it ought to be done;
' and we are formalizing the matter,
' whether in point of *equity and justice*
' it may be done. *Bodies Politick have*
' *no souls, and never did any great Prince*

V

' turn

' turn a Council of state into a Court of
 ' Conscience, but he repented it. King-
 ' doms are to be govern'd by Politicians,
 ' not by Casuists; and there is nothing
 ' more contrary to the true interest of
 ' Crowns and Empires, than in publick
 ' cases, to make a scruple of private du-
 ' ties. The Argument is this; Pompey is
 ' in distress: and Ptolomy under an Ob-
 ' ligation; so that it were a violation of
 ' Faith and Hospitality, not to relieve
 ' him. Now give me leave to reason in
 ' the other way. Pompey is forsaken,
 ' and persecuted by the Gods; Caesar up-
 ' on the Heels of him with victory and
 ' success. Shall Ptolomy now ruine him-
 ' self, to protect a Fugitive, against both
 ' Heaven, and Caesar! I must confess,
 ' where honesty, and profit are both of
 ' a side, 'tis well; but where they disa-
 ' gree, the Prince that doth not quit his
 ' Religion, for his convenience, falls into
 ' a direct conspiracy against himself. He
 ' shall lose the Hearts of his Souldiery,
 ' and the reputation of his power. Where-
 ' as on the contrary, the most hateful
 ' Tyrant in the world shall be able to
 ' keep his head above water, let him
 ' but

'but give a general Licence to commit
'all sort of Wickedness: you'l say 'tis
'Impious: but I say what if it be? who
'shall call you to accompt? These deli-
'berations are only for *Subjects*, that
'are under *Command*; and not for *Sove-*
'*raign Princes*, whose *will* is a *Law*.

Exeat Aula

Qui volet esse pius.

He was never cut out

For a Court, that's devout.

'In fine, since either *Pompey* or *Pto-*
'*lomy* must suffer, I am absolutely for
'the saving of *Ptolomy*, and the present-
'ing of *Pompey's* head, without any
'more ado, to *Cesar*. *A Dead Dog will*
'*never bite*.

Photinus had no sooner made an end,
but *Domitian* appear'd in a monstrous
Rage, and lugging of poor *Suetonius* af-
ter him *like a Bear to the Stake*. 'There
'is not in nature (says he) so damn'd a
'Generation of *Scribbling Rogues*, as
'these *Historians*. We can neither be
'quiet for them, *Living*, nor *Dead*; for
V 2 'they

‘they haunt us in our very *Graves*; and
 ‘when they have vented the *Humour*,
 ‘and *Caprice* of their own Brains, that
 ‘forsooth must be called, *The life of such*
 ‘an *Emperour*. And for an instance, I’ll
 ‘shew ye what this *Impertinent Chroni-*
 ‘cler says of my self, *He had squander’d*
 ‘away his treasure (says he) in expensive
 ‘*Buildings, Comedies, and Donatives to*
 ‘the *Souldiers*.

Now would I fain know which way
 it could have been better employed.

‘In another place, he says, that *Do-*
 ‘mitian had some thoughts of easing him-
 ‘self in his *Military Charges*, by reducing
 ‘the number; but that he durst not do,
 ‘for fear some of his *Neighbours* should
 ‘put an affront upon him. So that to lick
 ‘himself whole, he fell to raking and scra-
 ‘ping whatever he could get, either from
 ‘*Dead or Living*; and any *Rascals Testi-*
 ‘mony was proof enough for a *Confisca-*
 ‘tion; for there needed no more to undo
 ‘an honest man, than to tell a tale at
 ‘*Court* that such a one had spoken ill of
 ‘the *Prince*.

‘Is this the way of treating *Majesty*?
 ‘what could this impudent *Pedant* have
 ‘said

' said worse, if he had been speaking of
' a *Pick Pocket* or a *Pirate*? But *Princes*
' and *Thieves* are all one to them.

' He says further, that *Domitian* made
' *seisure* of several *Estates*, without any
' sort of *Right* whatsoever; and there
' went no more to his *Title*, than for a
' false witness to depose, that he heard the
' *Defunct* declare, before he dy'd, that he
' made *Cæsar* his *Heir*. He set such a *Tax*
' upon the *Jews*, that many of them de-
' ny'd their *Religion* to avoid it; and I
' remember that when I was a young *Fel-*
' low, I saw an old man of fourscore and
' ten taken upon suspicion by one of *Do-*
' mitian's *Spies*, and turn'd up in a pub-
' lick *Assembly*, to see if he were circum-
' cised.

' Be ye now *Judges*, *Gentlemen* of the
' *Black Guard*, if this be not a most in-
' tolerable indignity. Am I to answer
' for the actions of my inferiour Officers?
' It amazes me that my Successors should
' ever endure these scandalous reports
' to be published, especially against a
' Prince that had laid out so much Mo-
' ney in repairing the *Libraries* that
' were burnt.

It is very true (said *Suetonius* in a doleful tone) and I have not forgotten to make mention of it to your Honour. But what will you say, if I shew you in a Warrant under your Hand, this execrable and impious Blasphemy? It is the command of your Lord and God. And in fine, if I speak nothing but truth, where's your cause of complaint? I have written the Lives too of the great *Julius Caesar*, and the divine *Augustus*, and the world will not say but I have done them right. But for your self, and such as you, that are effectually but so many incarnate and crowned Plagues, what fault have I committed in setting before your eyes those Tyrannies, which Heaven and Earth cannot but look upon with Dread and Horror?

This discourse of *Suetonius* was interrupted by the Babler, or Bonteseau, that rounded *Lucifer* in the Ear, and told him, 'Look ye, Sir, (*says he, pointing with his finger*) that limping Devil 'there, that looks as if he were sur-
'bated with beating the Hoof, has
'been abroad in the world this twenty
'years, and is but just now come back
'again.

‘ again. Come hither Sirrah , crys *Lucifer* ; and so the poor Cur went wriggling and glotting up toward his Prince. ‘ You are a fine Rogue to be sent of an ‘ Errand, are ye not? (says *Lucifer*) to ‘ stay twenty years out , and come back ‘ again e’en as wise as ye went : What ‘ souls have ye brought now ? or what ‘ news from t’other World ? *Ha !* Your Highness (quoth the Devil) has too much honour and justice to condemn me unheard. Wherefore be pleased to remember that at my going out , you gave me charge of a certain Merchant ; *It cost me the first ten years of my time to make him a Thief, and ten more to keep him from turning honest again , and restoring what he had stoln.* A fine fetch for a Devil this, is it not ? cry’d *Lucifer*. But *Hell* is no more the *Hell* it was when I knew it first, than *Chalk* is *Cheese* : And the Devils now adays are so damn’dly insipid and dry , they’re hardly worth the roasting. A senseless Puppy to come back to me with a story of *Waltham’s Calf*, that went nine mile to suck a Bull. But he’s not Master of his Trade yet ; and with that *Lucifer* bad one of his

Officers take him away and put him to School again ; for I perceive he's a Rascal, says he, and *he has e'en been roguing at a Play-house, when he should have been at Church.*

In that instant, from behind a little hill, a great many *Men* came running as hard as they could drive after a company of *Women* ; The *Men* crying out, *Stop, Stop* ; and the *Women* crying for *Help*. *Lucifer* commanded them all to be seiz'd, and askt what was the matter. Alas, alas ! (cry'd one of the men, quite out of breath) *These Carrions have made us Fathers, though we never had Children.* Govern your Tongue, Sirrah (cry'd a *Devil of Honour*, out of respect to the Ladies) and speak truth ; for 'tis utterly impossible you should be *Fathers* without *Children*. Pardon me, said the Fellow, we were *marry'd men*, and *honest men*, and *good house-keepers*, and have born Offices in the *Parish*, and have *Children* that call us *Father* ; But 'tis a strange thing, we have been *abroad* some of us by the *seven years together* ; Others as long *Bed rid* ; and so impotent that the *Civilians* would have put us
inter

inter frigidos & maleficiatos: and yet our Wives have brought us every year a *Child*, which we were such Fools as to keep and bring up, and give our selves to the Devil at last to get them Estates; out of a charitable perswasion (forsooth) they might yet be our own, though for a Twelve Month together (perhaps) we never so much as examin'd whether our *Wives* were *Fish* or *Flesh*. But now since the *Mothers* are *Dead*, and the *Children* grown up, we have found the Tools that made them. One has the *Coach-man's Nose*, another the *Gentleman Usher's Legs*; a third a *Cousin German's Eyes*. And some we are to presume, conceiv'd purely by strength of *imagination*, or else by the *Ears* like *Weazels*.

Thereupon appear'd a little Remnant of a man; a dapper Spaniard, with a kind of a *Besome Beard*, and a *Voice* not unlike the *Tapping* of a *foysling Cur*. As he came near the Company he set up his Throat, and call'd out: Ah Jade, says he, I shall now take you to task, ye Whore you, for making me *Father* my *Negro's Bastard*, and for the *Estate* I settled

settled upon him, I did never misdoubt
foul play, but should never have
dreamt of *That Ugly Toad*, when there
was such choice of *handsome, lusty young
Fellows* about us; but it may be she had
them too. I curst the *Monks* many and
many a time, I remember, to the Pit of
Hell, Heaven forgive me for't: for the
Strumpet would be perpetually gad-
ding abroad, under colour of going
to Confession, and in sooth I was never
any great Friend to *Penance* and *Morti-
fication*. And then would I be easing
my mind ever and anon to this *curst
Moor*. I cannot imagine (said I) where
this Mistress of thine should commit all
the sins that she goes every hour of the
day to *confess* at yonder *Monastery*.
And then would this *Dog-Moor* an-
swer me, Alas good Lady! I would
e'en venture my Soul with hers with all
my heart; she spends all her time you
see in holy Duties. I was at that time
so innocent, that I suspected nothing
more than a pure Respect and Civility
to my *Wife*; but I have learnt better
since, and that effectually his Soul and
hers were commonly ventur'd in the
same

same Bottom ; yes, and their Bodies too, as I perceive by their *Magpy Issue*, for the *Bastards* take after both *Father* and *Mother*.

So that at this rate, cry'd the *adopted Fathers*, the *Husband* of a *Whore* has a pleasant time on't. First he's subjected to all the *Pukings*, *Longings*, and *peevish importunities*, that a *breeding Woman* gives those about her till she's *Laid* ; and then comes the *squalling* of the *Child*, and the *Twittle-twattle-Gossippings* of the *Nurse* and *Midwife*, that must be well treated too, well lodg'd, and well paid. A *sweet Baby*, says one (to the *Jade* the *Mother* on't) 'tis e'en as like the *Father* as if he had spit it out on's mouth : It has the very *Lips*, the very *Eyes* of him, when 'tis no more like him, than an *apple* is like an *Oyster*. And in conclusion, when we have born all this, and twenty times more in t'other World with a *Christian* *Patience*, we are hurry'd away to *Hell*, and here we lie a *Company* of *Damn'd Cuckolds* of us ; and here we are like to lie, for ought I see, in *Sæcula Sæculorum* : which is very hard, and in truth out of all reason.

I cut this Visit short, to see what news in a *deep Vault* near at hand, where we heard a great *bustle* and *contest* betwixt divers *Souls* and the *Devils*. There were the *Presumptuous*, the *Revengeful* and the *Envious*, gaping and crying out as they would break their hearts. *Oh, that I could be born again!* says one; *Oh, that I might go back into the World again!* says another; *Oh, that I were but to dye once more!* crys a third. Infomuch that they put the *Devils* out of all *Patience*, with their impertinent and unprofitable *Wishes* and *Exclamations*. Hang your selves, cry'd they, for a *pack of cozening, bawling Rascals*: *You live again? and be born again?* and what if you might do't a thousand times over? You would only dye at last a thousand times greater *Villains*, than now you are, and there would be no clearing *Hell* of you with a *Dog-whip*. However, to try you, and make you know your selves; we have commission to let you *Live again* and *Return*. Up then ye *Varlets*, go, be born again: Get ye into the *World* again. Away, cry'd the *Devils*, with a lusty lash at every word, and

and thrust hard to have got them out. But the poor Rogues hung an Arse, and were struck with such a Terror, to hear of *Living again*, and *Returning*, that they sunk into a Corner, and lay as quiet upon'r, as Lambs.

At length, one of the Company that seem'd to have somewhat more Brain, and Resolution than his Fellows, enter'd very gravely upon the *Debate*, whether they should go out or no. 'If I should now, says he, at my Second Birth, come into the World a Bastard; The shame would be mine, though my Parents committed the fault: and I should carry the Scandal, and the Infamy of it to my Grave. Now put Case, my Mother should be honest, (for that's not impossible) and that I came into the World, Legitimate; how many Follies, Vices, and Diseases are there that run in a Blood! who knows, but I should be Mad, or Simple? Swear, Lye, Cheat, Whore? Nay if I came off with a Little Mortification of my Carcass, as the Stone, the Scurvy, or the Noble Pox, I were a happy Man. But oh the Lodging, the Diet, and the Cookery

' *Cookery* that I am to expect for a mat-
 ' ter of *Nine Months* in my *Mother's*
 ' *belly* : and then the *Butter* and *Beer*
 ' that must be spent to sweeten me,
 ' when I change my *Quarter*. I must
 ' come *Crying* into the *World*, and live
 ' in ignorance even of what *Life* is, till I
 ' dye ; and then as ignorant of *Death*
 ' too, till 'tis past. I Phansie my *Swad-*
 ' *ling Clouts* and *Blankets* to be worse
 ' than my *Winding-sheet* ; My *Cradle*
 ' represents my *Tamb*. And then who
 ' knows, whether my *Nurse* shall be
 ' *sound*, or *No* ? Shee'l over-lay me
 ' perhaps ; leave me some four and
 ' twenty hours, it may be, without clean
 ' *Clouts*, and a *Pin* or two all the
 ' while perchance up to the *Hilts* in my
 ' backside. And then follows *Breeding*
 ' of *Teeth*, and *Worms* ; with all the
 ' *Gripes*, and *Disorders* that are caus'd
 ' by *Unwholesome Milk*. These *Miseries*
 ' are *Certain*, and why should I run them
 ' over again ?

' If it happen that I pass the state of
 ' *Infancy*, without the *Pox*, or *Meazils* :
 ' I must be then pack't away to *School*,
 ' to get the *Itch*, a *Scald Head*, or a
 ' pair

' pair of *Kib'd Heels*. In Winter, 'tis ten
' to one you find me with a Snotty
' Nose; and perpetually under the Lash,
' if I either miss my Lesson, or go late
' to School. So that *Hang him for my*
' *part that would be born again*; for any
' thing I see yet.

' When I come up toward *Man*; the
' *Women* will have me as sure as a Gun,
' for they have a Thousand Ginns, and
' Devices to catch Wood-cocks; and
' if ever I come to set eye upon a Lass
' that understands *Dress* and *Railbery*,
' *I'm gone, if there were no more Lads*
' *in Christendom*. But for my part, I am
' as sick as a Dog, of *Powdering*, *Curling*,
' and playing the *Lady Bird*. I would
' not for all the World be in the *Shooma-*
' *kers stocks*, and Choak my self over-
' again in a *strait Doublet*; only to have
' the Ladyes say, *Look, what a delicate*
' *shape, and Foot that Gentleman has*.
' And I would take as little pleasure to
' spend six hours of the four and twenty,
' in picking Grey hairs out of my
' Head or Beard, or turning white in-
' to Black. To stand half ravish'd in the
' contemplation of my own shadow:
' To

' To dress fine, and go to *Church* only to
 ' see handsome Ladies: to correct the
 ' midnight Air with ardent sighs, and
 ' Ejaculations; and to keep company
 ' with Owls, and Batts, like a Bird of
 ' *Evil Omen*: To walk the round of a
 ' Mistress Lodging, and play at *Bo-peep*
 ' at the corner of every street; to adore
 ' her imperfections, (or as the Song
 ' says --- for her *Ugliness*, and for her
 ' want of Coin) To make Bracelets of
 ' her Locks, and truck a Pearl Neck-
 ' lace for a Shoo-string. At this rate,
 ' I say, Cursed again and again be he,
 ' for my part, that would live over again
 ' so Wretched a Life.

' Being come now to write *full Man*,
 ' If I have an *Estate*, how many *Cares*,
 ' *Suits* and *Wrangles* go along with it!
 ' If I have *None*, what *Murmuring*, and
 ' *Regret*, at my *Misfortunes*! By this
 ' Time, the Sins of my Youth are got-
 ' ten into my Bones; I grow Sowr, and
 ' Melancholy; Nothing pleases me; I
 ' curse *old Age* to Ten Thousand Devils,
 ' and the *Youth* which I can never reco-
 ' ver in my *Veins*, I endeavour to fetch
 ' out of the *Barber's Shop*, from Pe-
 ' ruques,

' *ruques, Razors, and Patches* to con-
 ' ceal, or at least disguise all the Marks
 ' and Evidences of Nature in her De-
 ' cay. Nay, when I shall have never an
 ' *Eye* to see with, nor a *Tooth* left in my
 ' head; *Gouty Legs; Wind-mills* in my
 ' Crown; my *Nose running like a Tap,*
 ' and *Gravel in my Reins, by the Busbel;*
 ' then must I make Oath that all this
 ' is nothing but meer Accident, gotten
 ' by Lying in the Field, or the like, and
 ' out-face the Truth in the very Teeth
 ' of so many undeniable Witnesses.
 ' *There is no Plague comparable to this*
 ' *Hypocrisie of the Members.* To have an
 ' *Old Fop* shake his heels, when he's
 ' ready to fall to pieces; and cry, *These*
 ' *Legs would make a shift yet to play with*
 ' *the best Legs in the Company;* and then
 ' with a lusty Thump on's Breast, fetch
 ' ye up a *Hem,* and cry, *Sound at Heart*
 ' *Boy,* and a thousand other Fooleries
 ' of the like Nature. But all this is no-
 ' thing to the Misery of an *Old Fellow*
 ' in *Love;* especially if he be put to
 ' *Gallant* it against a Company of *Young*
 ' *Gamesters.* Oh the inward shame and
 ' Vexation, to see himself scarce so
 X ' much

‘ much as Neglected. It happens some-
‘ times that a *Jolly Lady*, for want of
‘ better Entertainment, may content
‘ her self with one of these *Reverend*
‘ *Fornicators*, instead of a *Whetstone*;
‘ but alack, alack! the *poor Man* is
‘ weak though willing; and after a whole
‘ Night spent, in cold, and frivolous
‘ Pretences, and Excuses, away he goes
‘ with Torments of *Rage* and *Confusion*
‘ about him, not to be exprest; and
‘ many a heavy Curse is sent after him for
‘ keeping a poor Lady from her natural
‘ Rest, to so little purpose. How often
‘ must I be put to the Blush too, when
‘ every Old Toast shall be calling me Old
‘ Acquaintance, and telling me, Oh Sir,
‘ ’tis many a fair Day since you and I
‘ knew one another first. I think ’twas
‘ in the four and thirtieth of the Queen,
‘ that we were School-fellows. How the
‘ World’s alter’d since! &c. And then
‘ must my head be turn’d to a Memento
‘ Mori; My flesh dissolv’d into Rheums;
‘ My Skin, Withered and Wrinkled; with
‘ a staff in my hand, knocking the
‘ Earth at every trembling step, as if I
‘ call’d upon my Grave to receive me:
‘ walking

‘ walking like a *Moving Phantasm*, my
 ‘ *Life* little more than a *Dream*; My
 ‘ *Reins* and *Bladder* turn’d into a Per-
 ‘ fect *Quarry*; and the *Urinal*, or *Piss-*
 ‘ *pot* my whole *Study*. My next Heir
 ‘ watching, every Minute, for the long-
 ‘ look’t for, and happy hour of my De-
 ‘ parture; and in the mean time, I’m
 ‘ become *the Physician’s Revenue*; and
 ‘ *the Surgeons practice*, with an *Apothe-*
 ‘ *caries Shop* in my *Guts*; and every old
 ‘ *Jade* calling me *Grandfire*. No, no;
 ‘ I’ll no more *Living* again, I thank ye:
 ‘ *One Hell* rather than *two Mothers*.

‘ Let us now consider the *Comforts*
 ‘ of *Life*: The *Humours*, and the *Man-*
 ‘ *ners*. He that would be *Rich*, must
 ‘ play the *Thief*, or the *Cheat*. He that
 ‘ would rise in the world, must turn *Pa-*
 ‘ *rasite*, *Informer*, or *Projecter*. He that
 ‘ *Marries*, ventures fair for the *Horn*,
 ‘ either before, or after. There is no
 ‘ *Valour*, without *Swearing*, *Quarrelling*,
 ‘ or *Hectoring*. If ye are poor, No body
 ‘ *Owens* ye. If *Rich*, you’ll know No body.
 ‘ If you dye *Young*, what pity it was
 ‘ (they’ll say) that he should be cut off
 ‘ thus in the *Prime*. If *Old*, he was e’en
 X 2 ‘ past

'past his best ; there's no great Miss
 'of him. If you are Religious, and fre-
 'quent the Church and the Sacraments,
 'You're an Hypocrite ; And without
 'this, you're an Atheist, or an Heretick.
 'If you are Gay, and pleasant, you pass
 'presently for a Buffoon : and if Pensive,
 'and reserv'd, you are taken to be soure,
 'and Censorious. Courtesie is call'd Collo-
 'guing and Currying of Favour : Down-
 'right Honesty, and plain-dealing, is in-
 'terpreted to be Pride, and ill-manners.
 'This is the World ; and for all that's
 'in't, I would not have it to go over
 'again. If any of ye, My Masters (said
 'he to his Camerades) be of another
 'Opinion, hold up your hands. No,
 'No (they cry'd all unanimously) No
 'more Generation-work, I beseech ye,
 'Better the Devils than the Mid-
 'wives.

After this, came a Testator, Cursing,
 and Raving, like a Bedlam, that He had
 made his last Will and Testament. Ah
 'Villain ! (said he) for a man to murder
 'himself as I have done ; If I had not
 'Seal'd, I had not dy'd. Of all things, next
 'a Physician, Deliver me from a Testa-
 'ment,

ment. It has kill'd more than the Pe-
 ' silence. Oh miserable Mortals ; let
 ' the *Living* take warning by the *Dead*,
 ' and make no *Testaments*. It was my
 ' hard luck , first to put my *Life* into
 ' the *Physicians Power*, and then by ma-
 ' king my *Will*, to sign the Sentence of
 ' *Death* upon my self, and my own Exe-
 ' cution. Put your Soul, and your Estate
 ' in Order (says the Doctor) for there's
 ' no hope of *Life* ; And the word was
 ' no sooner out , but I was so wise and
 ' devout (forsooth) as to fall immedi-
 ' ately upon the Prologue of my *Will*,
 ' with an *In Nomine Domini, Amen, &c.*
 ' And when I came to dispose of my
 ' *Goods* and *Chattels* I pronounc'd these
 ' Bloody words (*I would I had been*
 ' *Tongue-ty'd when I did it*) I make and
 ' constitute my *Son*, my *Sole Executor*.
 ' Item, to my *Dear Wife*, I give and Be-
 ' queath all my *Plays* and *Romances*,
 ' and all the *Furniture* in the *Rooms* up-
 ' on the *Second Story*. To my very good
 ' Friend T. B. my large *Tankard* for a
 ' Remembrance. To my Foot-boy Robin,
 ' five pound to bind him Prentice : To
 ' Betty that tended me in my sickness,

X 3

' my

' my little Candle Cup. To Mr. Doctor,
 ' my fair Table Diamond, for his Care
 ' of me in my Illness. After Signing,
 ' and Sealing, the Ink was scarce dry
 ' upon the Paper, but methought the
 ' Earth open'd as if it had been hungry to
 ' devour me. My Son and my Legatees
 ' were presently Casting it up, how
 ' many hours I might yet hold out. If
 ' I call'd for the Cordial Julep, or a little
 ' of Dr. Gilbert's Water; my Son was
 ' taking Possession of my Estate: My
 ' Wife so busie about the Beds, and
 ' Hangings, that she could not intend it.
 ' The Boy and the Wench could under-
 ' stand Nothing but about their Lega-
 ' cies. My very good Friend's Mind was
 ' wholly upon his Tankard. My kind Dr.
 ' I must confess took Occasion now and
 ' then, to handle my Pulse, and see whe-
 ' ther the Diamond were of the right Black
 ' Water, or no. If I askt him, what I might
 ' Eat; his Answer was; *Any thing, any*
 ' *thing, E'en what you please your self.* At
 ' every Groan I fetcht, they were calling
 ' for their Legacies; which they could
 ' not have till I was Dead.

' But if I were to begin the World
 again,

'again, I think I should make another
 'kind of *Testament*. I would say, *A*
 'Curse upon him that shall have my Estate
 'when I am Dead: And may the first
 'bit of Bread he eats out on't, choak him.
 'The Devil in Hell take what I cannot
 'carry away, and him too, that struggles
 'for't, if he can Catch him. If I dye,
 'let my Boy Robin have the Strappado,
 'three hours a day, to be duly paid him
 'during Life. Let my Wife dye of the
 'Pip, or the Mother (not a half penny
 'matter which) but let her first live long
 'Enough to Plague the Damn'd Doctor,
 'and indite him for poysoning her poor
 'Husband. To speak sincerely, I can
 never forgive that *Dog-Leach*. Was it
 not enough to make me Sick, when I
 was well, without making me Dead,
 when I was Sick? And not to rest there
 neither, but to persecute me in my
 Grave too? But to say the Truth, this
 is only Neighbours fare; for all those
 Fools that trust in them, are serv'd with
 the same sawce. A *Vomit* or a *Purge* is
 as good a *Pass-port* into the other World,
 as a Man would wish. And then when
 our heads are laid; 'tis never to be en-

dured, the *Scandals* they cast upon our *Bodies*, and *Memories*! Heaven rest his *Soul* (crys one) He kill'd himself with a *Debauch*. How is't possible (says another) to cure a man that keeps no *Diet*? He was a *Mad-man* (crys a Third) a meer *Sot*, and would not be govern'd by his *Physician*. His *Body* was as *Rotten* as a *Pear*: He had as many *Diseases* as a *Horse*: and it was not in the *Power* of *Man* to save him. And truly 'twas well that his *hour* was come, for he had better a great deal dye well, than live on as he did. Thieves and Murderers that ye are; You your selves are that *hour* ye talk of. The *Physician* is only *Death* in a *Disguise*, and brings his *Patients Hour* along with him. Cruel People! Is it not Enough to take away a man's *life*; and like *Common-Hangmen* to be paid for't when ye have done: but you must blast the *Honour* too of those you have dispatch't, to excuse your *Ignorance*? Let but the *Living* follow my *Counsel*, and write their *Testaments* after this *Copy*, they shall live long and happily; and not go out of the *World* at last, like a *Rat* with a *straw* in his *Arse* (as a learned *Author* has

has it) or be cut off in the Flower of their days, by these *Counterfeit Doctors of the Faculty* of the Close-stool.

The *dead Man* ply'd his Discourse with so much *Gravity* and *Earnestness*, that *Lucifer* began to believe what he said. But because *all Truths* are not to be spoken, especially among the *Devils*, where hardly any are admitted; and for fear of mischief, if the *Doctors* should come to hear what had been said, *Lucifer* presently order'd the Fellow to be Gagg'd, or put in security for his good Behaviour.

His mouth was no sooner stopt, but another was open'd; and one of the damn'd came running cross the Company, and so up and down, back and forward (like a Cur that had lost his Master) bawling as if he had been out of his Wits, and crying out, 'Oh! Where am I? Where am I? I am abus'd, I am chous'd: What's the meaning of all this? Here are *damning Devils*, *tempting Devils*, and *tormenting Devils*; but the Devil a Devil can I find of the *Devils* that brought me hither: They have gotten away my *Devils*: where
'are

'are they? give me my Devils again.

It might well make the Company stare to see a Fellow hunting for *Devils* in *Hell*, where they swarm in *Legions*. But as he was in his *Hurry* a *Gouvernante* caught him by the Arm and gave him, a *half turn*, and stopt him. Old *Lucky Bird* (says she) if thou wantest *Devils* here, where do'st expect to find them? He knew her as soon as he saw her. And 'Art thou *here*, old Belzebub, 'in a Petticoat? (*said he*) the very Picture of *Satan*; the Coupler of Male 'and Female; the Buckle and Thong 'of Lechery; the Multiplier of sin, 'and the Guide of Sinners; The Seafoner of Rotten Mutton; The Interpreter betwixt Whores and Knaves; 'The Preface to the Remedy of Love; 'and the Prologue to the Critical Minute. *Speak, and without more ado, 'tell me*; where are the Devils and 'their Dams that brought me hither? 'These are none of them. *No, no*; I 'am not such an Awfe as to be Trepan'd, 'and spirited away by *Devils* with *Tails, 'Horns, Bristles, Wings*, that smell as if 'they had been smoakt in a *Chimney-Corner*.

' Corner. The Devils that I look for, are
 ' worse than these. Where are the *Mo-*
 ' *thers* that play the *Bawds* to their own
 ' *Daughters* ? and the *Aunts* that do as
 ' much for *their Nieces*, and make them
 ' caper and sparkle like Wild-fire ? *The*
 ' *Blackey'd Girls*, that carry fire in their
 ' Eyes, and strike as sure as a *Launce*
 ' from the *Rest* of a Cavalier ? Where
 ' are the *Flatterers*, that speak nothing
 ' but *pleasing things* ? *The Make-bates and*
 ' *Incendiaries*, that are the very *Canker*
 ' of *Humane Society* ? Where are the
 ' *Story-Mongers* ? *The Masters of the Fa-*
 ' *culty of Lying* ? *That Report more than*
 ' *they Hear*, *Affirm more than they Know*,
 ' and *swear more than they Believe*. *Those*
 ' *slandrous Back-biters*, that, like *Vulturs*,
 ' prey only upon *Carrion* ? Where are
 ' the *Hypocrites* that turn *Devotion* into
 ' *Interest*, and make a *Revenue* of a *Com-*
 ' *mandment* ? That pretend *Ecstasie*,
 ' when they are *drunk* ; and utter the
 ' *Fumes and Dreams* of their *Luxury*
 ' and *Tipple*, for *Revelations* ? That
 ' make *Chappels* of their *Parlours* ;
 ' *Preachments* of their *ordinary Enter-*
 ' *tainments* : and every thing they do

' is

'is a Miracle. They can Divine all
 'that's told them; and raise people to
 'Life again, that counterfeit sick, when
 'they should work; and give an honest
 'Man to the Devil with a *Deo Gratias*.
 'These are the Devils I would be at:
 'These are they that have damn'd me;
 'look them out, and find them for me,
 'ye impudent Hag, or I shall be so bold
 'as to search your French Hood for
 'them. And with that word he fell on
 upon the poor *Gouvernante*, tore off her
Head Geer, and laid about him so furiously,
 that there would have been no
 getting him off, if *Lucifer* had not made
 use of his *Absolute Authority* to quiet
 him.

Immediately upon the composing of
 this Fray, we heard the shooting of
Bars and Bolts, the opening of *Doors*
 and *Hinges* that creakt for want of
 Grease, and a strange Humming of a
 great Number of People. The first that
 appear'd were a company of *Bold, Tal-*
kative, and painted Old Women; but as
 bonny and gamesome, tickling and toying
 with one another, as if they had never
 seen *Thirteen*; and carrying it out with
 an

an Air of much satisfaction and content. The *Babler* was somewhat scandaliz'd at their Behaviour; and told them how ill they did to be merry in *Hell*: and several others admir'd it as much, and askt them the reason of it, considering their *Condition*. With that, one of the Gang that was wretchedly *thin* and *pale*, and rais'd upon a pair of Heels that made her Legs longer than her Body, told *Lucifer*, with great Respect: that at their first coming, they were as sad as it was possible for a company of damn'd old *Jades* to be. But (says she) we were a little comforted, when we heard of no other Punishment here, than *Weeping* and *Gnashing of Teeth*; and in some Hope to come off upon reasonable Terms: for we have not among us all so much as a drop of moisture in our Bodies, nor a Tooth in our Heads. Search them presently (cry'd the *Intermedler*) squeeze the Balls of their Eyes, and let their Gums be examin'd, you'll find *Snaggs*, *Stumps*, or *Roots*; or enough of somewhat or other there to spoil the Jest. Upon the *Scrutiny*, they were found so dry, that they were good for
no-

nothing in the World, but to serve for *Tinder* or *Matches*, and so they were dispos'd of into the *Devils Tinder-Boxes*.

While they were casing up the *Old Women*, there came on a number of people of *several Sorts* and *Qualities*, that call'd out to the first they saw; *Pray'e, Gentlemen* (said they) *before we go any farther, will ye direct us to the Court of Rewards?* How's That (cry'd one of the Company) I was afraid we had been in *Hell*, but since you talk of *Rewards*, I hope 'tis but *Purgatory*; Good, Good, (said the whole Multitude) you'll quickly find where you are: *Purgatory!* (cry'd the *Intermedler*) you have left that up the Hill there, upon the *Right Hand*. This is *Hell*, and a place of *Punishment*; Here's no *Registry of Rewards*. Then we are mistaken (said he that spake first.) How so? (cry'd the *Intermedler*) You shall hear, (said the other) We were in the other World intituled to *the Order of the Squires of the Pad*; and borrow'd now and then a small Sum upon *the King's Highway*: we understood somewhat too of the *Cross-bite*, and the use of the *frail Dye*. Some of our conscientious and

and charitable Friends, would fain have drawn us off from the Course we were in; and to give them their due, bestow'd a great deal of good counsel upon us to very little purpose; for we were in a pretty way of Thriving, and had gotten a habit, and could not leave it. We askt them, *What would you have us do?* Money we have none, and without it there's no living: *should we stay till it were brought, or come alone?* *How would ye have a poor Individuum Vagum to live?* *that has neither Estate, Office, Master, nor Friend to maintain him:* *and is quite out of his Element, unless he be either in a Tavern, a Bawdy-house, or a Gaming Ordinary?* Now, *That's the man that Providence has appointed to live by his Wits.* Our Advisers saw there was no good to be done, and went their way, telling us, that *in the other world we should meet with our Reward.*

They would tell us sometime, how base a thing it was to defame the *House*, and abuse the *Bed* of a *Friend*. Our answer was ready; 'Well; and had we 'not better do it there where the house 'is open to us, the Master and Lady 'kind;

' kind, the occasion fair and easie ; than
 ' to run a *Cattermawling* into a Family
 ' where every Servant in the House is a
 ' Spy, and (perhaps) a Fellow behind
 ' every Door in the House with a Dag-
 ' ger or Pistol in his hand to entertain
 ' us. Upon this our *Grave Counsellors* find-
 ing us so resolute , e'en gave us over,
 and told us as before ; that, *In the other*
World we should meet with our Reward.
 Now taking *This* to be the *other World*
 these honest men told us of, we are
 inquiring after the *Rewards* they pro-
 mis'd us.

Abominable Scoundrels ! said an *Offi-*
cer of Justice, there at Hand ; How ma-
 ny of your reprobated Companions,
 have squandred away their Fortunes
 upon *Whores* and *Dice*, exposing not on-
 ly their *Wives* and *Children*, but many
 a *Noble Family* to a shameful and irre-
 parable *Ruine* : and let any man put in
 a word of wholesome advice, their An-
 swer is , ' Tush, Tush, our *Wives* and
 ' *Children* are in the hands of *Provi-*
 ' *dence* ; and let him provide for the
 ' *Rooks*, that feeds the *Ravens*. Then
 was it told ye, *you should find your Reward*

in the other World; and the time is now come, wherein ye shall receive it: *Up then ye cursed Spirits, and away with them.* At which word, a Legion of Devils fell on upon the miserable Caitiffs, with Whips and Firebrands, and gave them their long expected Reward; And at every lash, a Voice was heard to say, *In the other World you shall receive your Reward.* These Wretches in the mean while, damning and sinking themselves to the pit of Hell, still as if they had been upon Earth, and vomiting their customary and execrable Blasphemies.

Just as this storm blew over, there drew near a multitude of Bailiffs, Sergeants, Catchpoles, and other Officers of prey, with the Thieves Devil, bound hand and foot, and a foul Accusation against him. Whereupon Lucifer with a fell countenance took his seat in a flaming Chair, and call'd his Officers about him. So soon as the Prince had taken his place, a certain Officer began his Report. 'Here is before thee (quoth he) 'a Devil (most mighty Lucifer) that 'stands charg'd with Ignorance in his
Y 'Trade;

' Trade; and the shame of his Quali-
 ' ty and Profession, instead of *damning*
 ' men, he has made it his business to
 ' *save* them. The word *save*, put the
 ' Court in such a Rage, that they bit
 ' their Lips, till the blood started, and
 ' the fire sparkled at their Eyes; and
 ' *Lucifer* turning about to his *Attorney*;
 ' *Who would ever have imagin'd*, said he,
 ' *that so treacherous a Rascal could have*
 ' *been harbour'd in my Dominions?* It is
 ' most certain, my gracious Lord, re-
 ' ply'd the *Attorney*, that this *Devil* has
 ' been very diligent in drawing people
 ' into *Thefts* and *Pilferies*, and then
 ' when they come to be discover'd, they
 ' are clapt up and hang'd, or some mis-
 ' chief or other. But still before *Execu-*
 ' *tion*, the *Ordinary* calls them to shrift,
 ' and many times the toy takes them in
 ' the head to *confess* and *repent*, and so
 ' they are *sav'd*. Now this silly *Devil*
 ' thinks that when he has brought them
 ' to *Steal*, *Murder*, *Coin*, and the like,
 ' he has done his part, and so he leaves
 ' them: whereas he should stick close to
 ' them in the Prison; and be tempting
 ' of them to despair, and make away
 ' them-

‘ themselves. But when they are once
 ‘ left to the *Priest*, he commonly brings
 ‘ them to a sight of their sins, and they
 ‘ scape. Now *this simple Devil* was not
 ‘ aware, it seems, that *many a Soul goes*
 ‘ *to Heaven from the Gallows, the Wheel,*
 ‘ *and the Faggot:* and this failing has
 ‘ lost your Highness many a fair Pur-
 ‘ chase. Here’s enough (cry’d the *Pre-*
 ‘ *sident*) and there needs no more Charge
 ‘ against him. The poor Devil thought
 ‘ it was high time to speak now, when
 ‘ they were just upon the point of pas-
 ‘ sing his Sentence; and so he cry’d out,
 ‘ My Lord (said he) I beseech you hear
 ‘ me; for though they say the Devil is
 ‘ deaf, it is not meant of your Greatness.
 So there was a general silence, and thus
 he proceeded.

‘ I cannot deny (my Lord) but *Tyburn*
 ‘ *is the way to Paradise, and many a man*
 ‘ *goes to Heaven from the Gallows.* But
 ‘ if you will let those that are *damn’d for*
 ‘ *condemning others*, against those that
 ‘ *are sav’d from the Gallows,* Hell will be
 ‘ found no Loser by me at the foot of
 ‘ the Accompt, How many *Marshal’s-*
 ‘ *men, Turn-Keys, and Keepers* have I sent

'ye for letting a *Coiner* give them the
 'slip now and then, with his *false Mo-*
 'ney (always provided they leave better
 'Money instead on't) How many *false*
 'Witnesses, and *Knights of the Post*, that
 'would set their Consciences like *Clocks*
 'to go faster or slower according as
 'they had *more or less weight*, and swear
 'ex tempore, at all *Rates and Prices!*
 'How many *Solicitors, Attorneys, and*
 'Clarks, that would draw ye up a *Decla-*
 'ration or an *Inditement so slyly*, that I
 'my self could hardly discover any *Er-*
 'rour in't; and yet when it came to the
 'Test, it was as plain as the *Nose on a*
 'mans face (that is to say again, Pro-
 'vided they were well paid for the *Fa-*
 'shion) How many *Jaylors* that would
 'wink at an *Escape* for a *Lusty Bribe?*
 'And how many *Attorneys* that would
 'give ye *dispatch* or *delay* thereafter as
 'they were greas'd? Now after all this,
 'what does it signifie, if *one Thief of a*
 'thousand comes to the *Gallows?* he only
 'suffers because he was *poor*, that there
 'may be the better trading for the *rich*,
 'and without any design in the *World*
 'to suppress stealing. Nay, *It often falls*
 'out,

'out, that they that bring the Malefactor
'to the Gibbet, are the worse Criminals
'of the two. But they are never lookt
'after; or if they should be, they have
'tricks and fetches enough to bring
'themselves off; so that it fares in this
'case, as it did with him that had his
'house troubled with *Rats*, and would
'needs take in a company of *Cats* to
'destroy them: The *Rats* would be
'nibbling at his *Cheese*, his *Bacon*, a *Crust*
'of *Bread*, and now and then a *Candle*
'End: But when the *Cats* came, down
'went a *Milk bowl*, away goes a *Brace* of
'*Partridges*, or a couple of *Pidgeons*, and
'the poor man must content himself to
'go supperless to bed. In the conclusion,
'the *Rats* were *Troublesome*, but the *Cats*
'were intolerable. And then there's
'This in't; suppose one poor fellow hangs
'and goes to *Heaven*; I do but give him
'in truck for two hundred at least, that
'deserv'd to be hang'd, but 'scape and go to
'Hell at last. Besides, a Thief upon a *Gib-*
'bet, is as good as a *Roasted Dog* in a *Pi-*
'geon-house; for ye shall immediately
'have two or three thousand *Witches* a-
'bout him, for snips of his *Halter*, an *Eye-*
Y 3 'Teeth,

'Tooth, or a Collop of his Fat, which
 'is of Sovereign use in many of their
 'Charms. But in fine, let me do what
 'I will, my services are not understood.
 'My Successor, it may be, will discharge
 'his Duty better, and indeed I am ve-
 'ry well content to lay down my Com-
 'mission; for (to say the Truth) I am in
 'years, and would gladly have a little
 'Rest now, in my old Age, which I ra-
 'ther propose to my self in the Ser-
 'vice of some Pretender, than where
 'I am.

Lucifer heard him with great pati-
 ence, and in the end, gave him all the
 satisfaction imaginable; strictly charg-
 ing the *evil Spirits* that had abus'd him,
 to do so no more, upon hazard of *Pains*
Corporal and Spiritual. And they de-
 sir'd him too, that he would not lay
 down his Employment, for he was
 strong enough yet to do very good ser-
 vice in it. But to think of *Easing him-*
self by going to a Pretender, he'd find
 himself mistaken, for 'twas a Duty he'd
 never be able to endure. Well! (says
 he) e'en what your Highness pleases.
 But truly I thought a Devil might have
 liv'd

liv'd very Comfortably in that Condition; for he has no more to do, that I can see, than to *keep his Ears open*, and *learn his Trade*. For put Case it should be some Pretender to a Good Office, or a *Fat Bishoprick* (though the *Fathers*, and *Councils*, are against Pretenders in This Case) I phansie to my self, all the pleasure, and Divertisement that may be. It is as good as going to School, for *these People teach the Devils their A B C*. And all that we have to do, is to *sit still*, and *learn*.

The *Vision* that follow'd this, was the *Demon of Tabaco*; which I must confess did not a little surprise me. I have indeed, often said to my self, *Certainly these Smokers are possess'd*; but I could never swear it till now. I have (said the Devil, by bringing this *Weed* into *Spain*, reveng'd the *Indians* upon the *Spaniards* for all the *Massacres* and *Butcheries* they committed there, and done them more Mischief, than ever *Colon*, *Cortes*, *Almero*, *Pizarro* did in the *Indies*: By how much it is more honourable to dye upon a *Swords Point*, by *Gunshot*, or at the Mouth of a *Can-*

non; than for a man to *Snivel* and *Sneeze* himself into another World; or to go away in a *Meagrim*, or a *Spotted-Feaver*, perchance; which is the *Ordinary effect of this poysonous Tabaco*. It is with *Tabaconists*, as 'tis with *Demoniacs* under an *Exorcism*; They *Fume*, and *Vapour*, but the *Devil sticks to them still*. Many there are that make a very *Idol* of it, they admire, they adore it, tempting and persecuting all people to take it, and the bare mention of it, puts them into an *Ecstasie*. In the *Smoke*, it is a *Probation for Hell*, where another day they must endure *Smoaking*; Taken in *Powder*, at the *Nose*, it draws upon *Youth* the *Incommodities* of old Age, in the perpetual *Annoyance* of *Rheum*, and *Drivel*.

The Devil of *Subornation* came next, which was a good complexion'd, and a well timber'd Devil; To my great Amazement I must acknowledge, for I had never seen any Devils till now, but what were extreme Ugly. The Air of his face was so familiar to me, that methought I had seen it in a Thousand several places; sometime under a Veil, sometime

sometime open ; now under one shape, and then under another. One while he call'd himself *Childs Play* ; Another while, *Kind Entertainment* ; Here, *Payment* ; there, *Restitution* ; and in a third place, *Alms* : but in fine, I could never learn his right Name. I remember in some places I have heard him call'd *Inheritance*, *Profit*, *Good Cheap*, *Patrimony*, *Gratitude*. Here he was call'd *Doctor*, there *Batchelor* ; with the *Lawyers*, *Solicitors*, and *Attorneys*, he past under the Name of *Right* ; and the *Confessors* call'd him *Charity*.

He was well accompany'd, and stil'd himself *Satans Lieutenant* : but there was a *Devil of consequence* that oppos'd him, might and main : and made This Proclamation of himself. *Be it known* (says he) *that I am the Great Embroyler, and Politick Entangler of Affairs. The Deluder of Princes, the Pretext of the Unworthy, and the Excuse of Tyrants. I can make Black White : and give what Colour I please to the foulest Actions in Nature. If I had a mind to overturn the World, and put all in a general Confusion, I could do it ; for I have it in my Power,*
to

to Banish Order and Reason out of it : To turn Sauciness , and Importunity into Merit ; Example into Necessity ; To give Law to Success ; Authority to Infamy ; and Credit to Insolence. I have the Tongues of all Counsellors at my Girdle, and they shall speak neither more nor less than just as I please. In short, That's Easie to me , which others account Impossible, and while I live , ye need never fear either Vertue, Justice, or Good Government in the World. This Devil of Subornation, that talks of his Lieutenantcy, what could he ever have done without me ? He's a Rascal that no Person of Quality would admit into his Company , if I did not fit him with Vizors and Disguises. Let him hold his Tongue then ; and know himself ; and let me hear no more of those Disputes about the Lieutenantcy of Hell, for I have Lucifer's broad Seal to shew for my Title to't.

For my part (cry'd another Mutinous Spirit) I am one of those *humble minded Devils* that can content my self to hold the Door upon a good Occasion ; or knock under the Table , and play at
small

small Game rather than stand out. But few words among Friends are best, and when I have spoken three or four, let him come up that lists, I am then (says he) the Devils Interpreter, and my business is to Gloss upon the Text; In which Case, the Cuckolds are exceedingly beholden to me; for I have much to say for the Honour of the Horn. How should a poor fellow that has a handsome Wench to his Wife, and never a penny to live on, hold up his head in the World, if it were not for that Quality? I have a pretty faculty in doing good Offices for Distressed Ladies, at a time of Need; and I make the whole Sex sensible how great a Folly and Madness it is to neglect those sweet opportunities. Among other Secrets, I have found out a way to establish an Office for Thievery, where the Officers shall be Thieves, and justify it when they have done. Here he stopt.

There was a short Silence, and then there appear'd another Devil of about a foot and a half long. I am (says he) a Devil but of a small size, and perhaps one of the least in Hell; and yet the Door opens to me as well as to another;

ther; for I never come *Empty banded*. Why, what have ye brought then? (says the *Intermedler*) and came up to him; What have I brought? (quoth he) I have brought an *Eternal Talker*, and a *Finical Flatterer*: They are two pieces that were in high *Esteem* in the *Cabinets* of two great *Princes*; and I have brought them for a *Present* to *Lucifer*. With That, *Lucifer* cast his *Eye* upon them, and with a *Damn'd Verjuice-Face*, as if he had bitten a *Crab*, You do well (says he) to say ye had them at *Court*; and I think you should do well to carry them thither again; for I had as live have their *Room* as their *Company*.

After him, followed another *Dwarff Devil*, complaining that he had been a matter of six years about so infamous a *Rascal*, that there was no good to be done with him, for the *Bad* as well as the *Better sort* were scandaliz'd at his *Conversation*. A mighty *Piece of Business*, cry'd the *Governante*, And could you not have gotten him a handsome *Office* or *Employment*? That would have made him good for something, and you might have done his business.

In

In the mean time the *Babler* went *whispering* up and down, and *finding Faults*, till at length he came to a *huge bundle of sleeping Devils* in a Corner that were *fugotted* up, and all *mouldy* and full of *Cobwebs*, which he immediately gave notice of, and they cut the *Band* to give them *Air*. With much ado, they awaked them, and askt *what Devils they were*; *what they did there*, and *why they were not upon Duty*. They fell a *Tawning*, and said that they were the *Devils of Luxury*: But since the *Women* have taken a *Phancy* to prefer *Guinies*, and *Jacobus's*, before their *Modesty* and *Honour*, there has been no need of a Devil in the case to tempt them: for 'tis but shewing them the *merry Spankers*, they'll *dare*, like *Larks*, and fall down before ye, and then ye may e'en do what you will with them, and take them up in a *Purse-Net*. *Gold supplies all Imperfections*; it makes an *Angel* of a *Crocodile*; turns a *Fool* into a *Philosopher*; and a *Dressing Box* well *lin'd* is worth *Twenty thousand Devils*. So that there is no *Temptation* like a *Present*, and take them from *Top* to *Bottom*,
the

the whole Race of Woman is frail, and one Thred of Pearl will do more with them than a Million of Stories.

Just as this Devil made an end, we heard *another* snorting; and 'twas well he did so, for we had trod upon his Belly else. He was laid hold on upon Suspicion that he slept *Dog-sleep*, or rather the *Sleep of a contented Cuckold*, that would spoil no Sport where he made none. I am (says he) *the Nuns Devil*, and for want of other Employment, I have been three Days asleep here as you found me. My *Mistresses* are now chusing an *Abbeſs*, and always when they are at that work, I make *Holy Day*: for they are all *Devils themselves* then; There is such *Canvaſing*, *Flattering*, *Importuning*, *Cajoling*, *making of Parties*; and in a word, so general a *Confuſion*, that a Devil among them would do more hurt than good. Nay, the *Ambitious* make it a point of *Honour* upon such an Occaſion, to ſhew that they can out-wit the Devil. And if ever *Hell* ſhould be in danger of Peace, It is my Advice, that you preſently call in a *Convention of Nuns* for the *Election of an Abbeſs*; which would moſt certainly
reduce

reduce it to its ancient state of *Sedition*, *Mutiny*, and *Confusion*, and bring us all, in Effect, to such a pass, that we should hardly know one another.

Lucifer was very well pleas'd with the *Advice*, and order'd it to be enter'd upon the *Register*, as a sure expedient to suppress any Disorders that might happen for the future to the Disturbance of his Government: after which he commanded the issuing out of a *Summons* to all his *Companies* and *Livery-Men*, who forthwith appear'd in prodigious Multitudes; and *Lucifer*, with a *Hideous* Yell, deliver'd himself most graciously, as follows.

The Decree of Lucifer.

TO our *Trusty* and *Despairing* *Legions*, and well beloved *Subjects*, lying under the *Condemnation* of *Perpetual Darkness*, that liv'd *Pensioners* to *Sin*, and had *Death* for their *Pay-master*, *Greeting*. This is to let you understand, that there are *two Devils* who pretend a claim to the Honour of our *Lieutenancy*; but we have absolutely refus'd to gratifie

tise either the One or the Other, in that point, out of a singular Affection and Respect to *Our right Trusty and well beloved Cousin*, a certain *She Devil* that deserves it before all others.

At this the whole Assembly fell to *whispering* and *muttering*, and staring one upon another; till at last *Lucifer* observing it, bad them never trouble themselves to guess who it might be, but fetch *Good Fortune* to him, known otherwise by the name of *Madam Prosperity*; who presently appear'd in the Tail of the Assembly, and with a proud and disdainful Air, march'd up and planted herself before the *degraded Seraphim*; who lookt her wistly in the Face, and then he went on in the Tone he first began.

It is our *Will, Pleasure, and Command*, that next and immediately under *Our proper Person*, you pay all Honour and Respect to the *Lady Prosperity*; and obey her, as the *most mighty and supreme Governess of these our Dominions*. Which Titles and Qualities, we have conferr'd upon her, as due to her merit, for *she hath damn'd more Souls than all you together*. She it is that makes them cast off
all

all fear of God, and love of their Neighbour. She it is that makes men place their Sovereign good in Riches. That engages and entangles mens minds in Vanity; strikes them blind in their Pleasures; Loads them with Treasure, and Buries them in sin. Where's the Tragedy that She has not play'd her part in? where's the Stability and Wisdom that She has not stagger'd? Where's the Folly that She has not improv'd and augmented? She takes no Counsel, and fears no Punishment. She it is that furnishes matter for Scandal, Experience for Story; that entertains the Cruelty of Tyrants, and bathes the Executioners in Innocent Blood. How many Souls, that liv'd innocent, while they were poor, have fallen into impiety and reprobation, so soon as ever they came to drink of the enchanted Cup of Prosperity! Go to then, be Obedient to Her, we charge ye all as to Our Self: and know, that They that stand their ground against Prosperity are none of your Quarry. Let them e'en alone; for 'tis but time lost to attempt them. Take example from that impertinent Devil, that got leave to tempt Job; he persecuted him, beggar'd him,

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cover'd

cover'd him all over with *Scabs* and *Ulcers*. So that he was ! if he had understood his business, he would have gone another way to work, and begg'd leave to have multiply'd *Riches* upon him ; and to have possess'd him of *Health* and *Pleasures*. That's the Tryal : and how many are there that when they thrive in the World, turn their backs upon *Heaven*, and never so much as name their *Creator* ; but in Oaths , and then too , without thinking on him ? Their Discourse is all of *Jollities*, *Banquets*, *Comedies*, *Purchases*, and the like. Whereas the *Poor Man* has *God* perpetually both in his *mouth* and *heart*. Lord (says he) *be mindful of me, and have mercy upon me, for all my trust is in thee*. Wherefore (says *Lucifer*, redoubling his accursed clamour) let it be publish'd forthwith throughout all our Territories , that *Calamities*, *Troubles*, and *Persecutions* are our mortal *Enemies* : for so we have found them upon Experience : they are the *Dispensations* of *Providence*, the *Blessings* of the *Almighty*, to fit Sinners for himself, and they that *suffer* them are enrolled in the *Militia of Heaven*.

Item ;

Item ; For the better Administration of our Government, it is our *Will* and *Pleasure*, and we do *strictly charge and command*, That our Devils give constant attendance in all *Courts of Judicature*, and they are hereby totally discharged from any further care of *little Petty-Foggers, Flatterers, and Envious Persons*, for they are so well acquainted with *Hell-Road*, that they'll guide one another without the help of a Devil to bring them hither.

Item ; We do *Ordain and Command*, That no *Devil* presume for the future to entertain any *Confident*, but *Profit* ; for That's the *Harbinger* that provides *Vice* the most *Commodious Quarter*, even in the *straitest Consciences*.

Item ; We do *Ordain* as a matter of great importance to the conservation of our Empire, that in what part soever of our Dominions, the *Devil of Money* shall vouchsafe to appear, *all other Devils* there present, shall *rise*, and with a *low Reverence*, present him the *Chair*, in token of their *submission* to his *Power and Authority*.

Item ; We do most expressly *Charge and Command* all our *Officers*, as well *Ci-*

vil as Military, to employ their utmost *Diligence and Industry*, for the establishing a *General Peace* throughout the *World*. For that's the time for *wickedness* to thrive in, and all sorts of *Vices* to prosper and flourish, as *Luxury, Gluttony, Idleness, Lying, Slandering, Gaming, and Whoring*; and in a word, *sin* is upon the *Encrease*, and *Goodness* in the *Wane*. Whereas in a state of *War*, men are upon the exercise of *Valour and Vertue*; calling often upon *Heaven*, in the *Morning*, for fear of being knockt on the *Head* after *Dinner*; and *honest men* and *actions* are rewarded.

Item; We do from this time forward discharge all our *Officers and Agents* whatsoever, from giving themselves any further trouble of tempting *Men and Women* to sins of *Incontinence*, forasmuch as we find upon *Experience*, that *Adultery and Fornication* will never be left, till the old *Woman* scratches the *Stool* for her *backside*. And though there may be several intervals of *Repentance*, and some faint *Purposes* of giving it over: yet the *Humour* returns again with the next *Tide of Blood*, and *Concupiscence* is as

Loyal

Loyal a Subject to us, as any we have in our Dominions.

Item ; In consideration of the *Exemption* aforesaid, by which means several poor *Devils* are left without present employment : And *forasmuch* as there are many *Merchants* and *Tradesmen* in London, Paris, Madrid, Amsterdam, and elsewhere, up and down the *World*, that are very charitably dispos'd to relieve People in want, especially young *Heirs* newly at Age, and *Spend-Thrifts*, that come to borrow money of them ; but the times being Dead, and little money stirring, all they can do is to furnish them with what the House affords ; and if a hundred Pound or two in *Commodity* will do them any good, 'tis at their service (they say.) This the *Galant* takes up at an excessive rate, to sell again immediately for what he can get ; and the *Merchant* has his *Friend* to take it off underband, at a third part of the value (which is the way of helping men in distress.) Now out of a singular *Respect* to the said *Merchants* and *Tradesmen*, and for their better encouragement ; as also to the end that the *Devils* aforesaid may not run into lewd courses, for want of business :
We

We Will and Require , That a Legion of the said Devils, shall from time to time be continually aiding and assisting to the said Merchants and Tradesmen , in the quality of Factors , to be reliev'd monthly by a fresh Legion, or oftener, if occasion shall require.

Item ; We will and Command that all our Devils of what Degree, or Quality soever, do henceforth entertain a strict Amity and Correspondence with our Trusty and Well-Beloved, the Usurers, the Revengeful, the Envious , and all Pretenders to great Places, and Dignities : and above all others, with the Hypocrites, who are the most Powerful Impostors in Nature, and so excellently skill'd in their Trade, That they steal away Peoples Hearts and Souls at the Eyes , and Ears , insensibly, and draw to themselves Adoration and Reward.

Item ; We do further Order, and Command, that all care possible be taken for the maintaining of Blabs, Informers, Incendiaries, and Parasites in all Courts and Palaces ; for thence comes Our Harvest.

Item ; That the Bablers, Tale-bearers, Mak-bates , and Instruments of Divorces,

ces,

ces, and Quarrels, be no longer call'd Fanns, but Bellows; in regard that they draw, and inflame, without giving any Allay, or Refreshment.

Item; That the Intermedlers be hereafter call'd, and reputed the Devil's Body-Lice, because they fetch Bloud of those that feed and nourish them.

Lucifer then casting a fowre Look over his Shoulder, and espying the Gouvernante: I'm of his Mind (quoth he) that said, Let God dispose of the Douegna's (or Gouvernante's) as he pleases; for I'm in no little Trouble how to dispose of these Confounded Carrions. Whereupon, the Damn'd cry'd out with one Voice: Oh Lucifer, let it never be said, that it rain'd Douegna's in thy Dominions. Are we not miserable enough without this new Plague of being bayted by Hags? Ah! Cursed Lucifer, (cry'd every one to himself) 'stow them any where, so they come not near me. And with that they all clapt their Tails between their Legs, and drew in their Horns, for fear of this new Torment. Lucifer finding how the Dread of the Old Women wrought upon the Devils, contented himself, at the present, to let it pass only

in terrorem ; but withal, he swore by the honour of his Imperial Crown, and as he hop'd to be sav'd, that what Devil, Devils Dam, or Reprobate soever, should in time to come be found wanting to his Duty ; and in the least degree disobedient to his Laws and Ordinances ; All, and every the said Devil, or Devils ; their Dams, and Reprobates so offending, should be deliver'd up to the torture of the Douegna ; and ty'd Muzzle to Muzzle ; so to remain in *Secula Seculorum* without Relief or Appeal ; any Law, Statute, or Usage to the Contrary Notwithstanding. But in the mean time, Cast them into that dry Ditch, (says he) that they may be ready for use upon any occasion.

Immediately, upon the Pronouncing of this Solemn Decree, *Lucifer* retir'd to his Cell ; The Weather clear'd up ; and the Company disperst in a fright, at so horrible a Menace, and so went about their business : When a Voice was heard out of the Clouds, as the Voice of an Angel, saying, *He that rightly comprehends the Morality of this Discourse, shall never repent the Reading of it.*

THE END.

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